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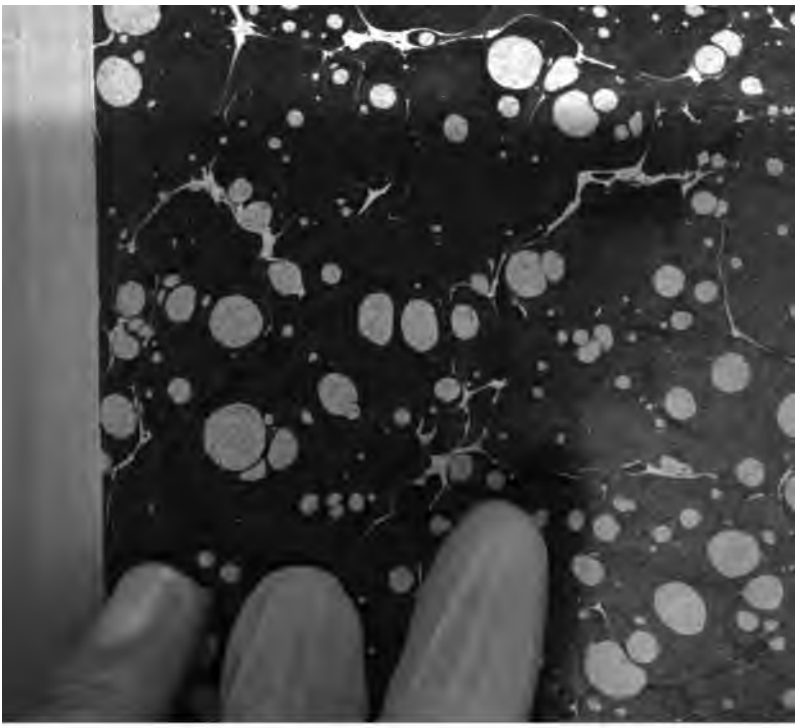

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

WITH MEMORIALS PREFIXED.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

VOL. X.

LONDON:
E. MOXON, SON, & Co., DOVER STREET,
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1873.

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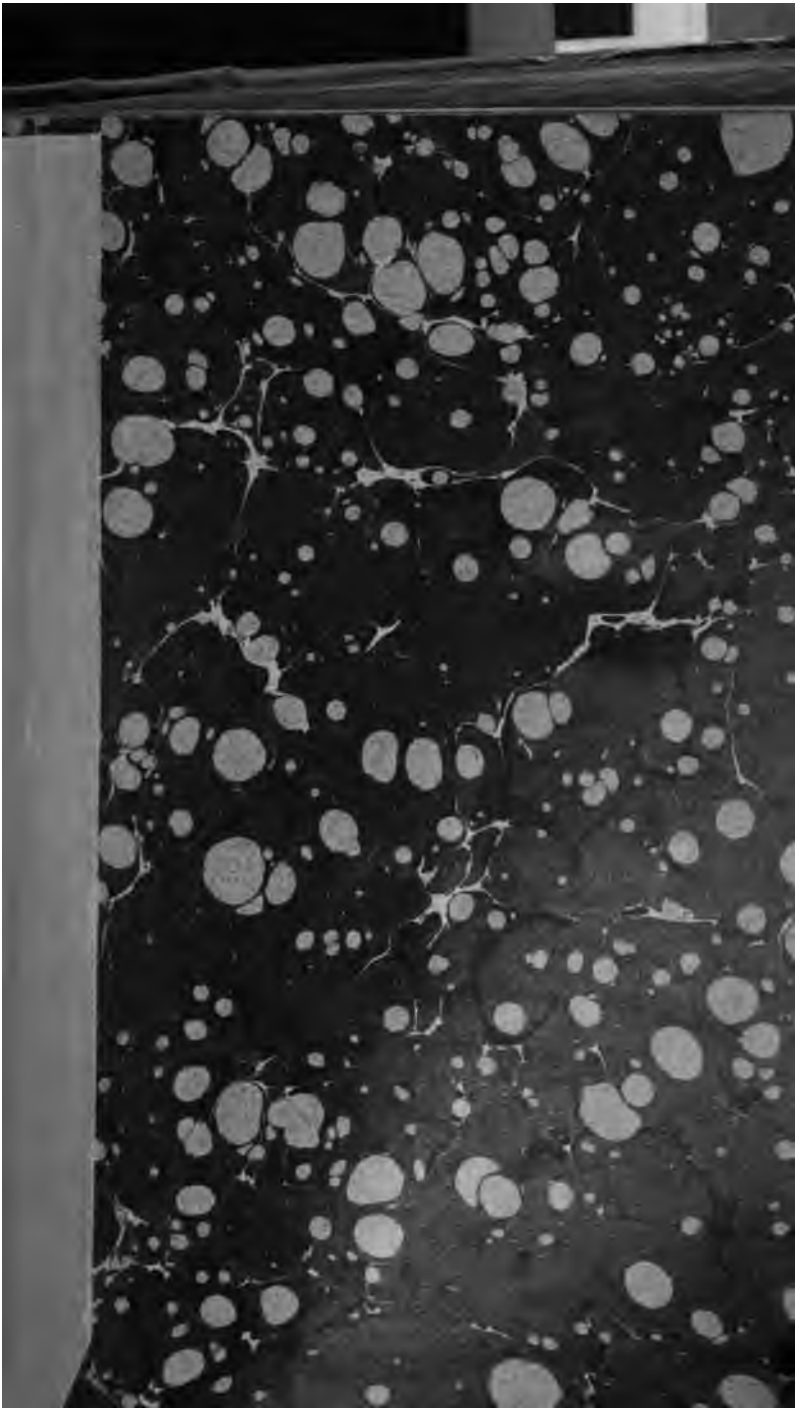

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PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

Some years have elapsed since the appearance of the first edition of the Memorials of Thomas Hood. The rapidity with which that edition was exhausted might perhaps be urged as an argument for the earlier arrangement of the fresh issue. It was felt, however, that the work, especially in that portion which treated of Hood's earlier life, was incomplete, and that there was a probability of an accession of further materials throwing a light on that period.

The justice of the conjecture has been proved by the important additions now made to the information about his early career. And if an excuse be needed for the delay in the production of this issue, it will be found in the fact that most interesting details have been supplied, even while the sheets were going through the press.

The abridgment *of this* edition consists only in the

exclusion of passages which touched on subjects common to letters addressed to different correspondents. Some notes, of no important bearing, have also been omitted. But to balance these curtailments some most characteristic bits have been added.

In order to render the edition complete, views of places that are intimately connected with the Memoir are given: and it is believed, that there is now little or nothing to be added to this popular record of the life of a Poet, who is so widely loved by English—and English-speaking—people, as Thomas Hood.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

In submitting the following memorials to the public, my sister and myself would wish, at the first outset, to warn those, who think to find in them fine biographical writing, that the book is not for them. We have seen too many great men fail in that art, and we feel no desire to emulate them. Our own part in this work is small, being restricted to such explanations and amplifications as were necessary to connect the letters, to which we have added, here and there, characteristic anecdotes, to which reference is made in them.

Our language we have endeavoured to render as simple as possible. If, therefore, at any time, it warms into a higher strain, it is solely at the promptings of the heart, and not by artistic design. Indeed, any such trick or premeditation could not have existed at the same time with the feelings called up by a task, how solemn, how sad, and how unutterably absorbing, none can tell, who have not experienced a like sensation of mingled pleasure and pain; for, although the latter predominate, there is some of the former in the performance *of such a labour of love*.

It is owing chiefly to this fact that the publication of these volumes has been so long delayed. To us, to turn over the MSS. for these pages—to consult the letters, written in that well-known, clear hand—was to recall to memory such a flood of recollections of dead joys, of long past sorrows, of gentle, loving deeds and words, that we may well claim to be excused if we were slow in our progress, and lingered somewhat over pages, that were often hidden from us by our tears.

Looking back now on my own emotion, while reading over these memorials, I can scarcely think how I should be so moved after the lapse of fifteen years, and I can fully realise how intensely painful must the compilation have been to my sister, who, as the elder, was more intimately connected with, and has a clearer memory of the events chronicled, than I.

We are well aware that there is considerable ground for the popular objection to Biographies, written by relatives; but we are of opinion, that, in this case, the advantages to be gained by the Editorship of some leading literary man of the day, are more than balanced by the intimate knowledge and understanding we have of all the incidents and acts of our father's life. Although, as will be seen, he numbered among his friends many distinguished writers, they can none of them know, nor could we impart to them our perceptions (if I may use the term) of that inner private life, which gave a stamp to the character his writings claimed for him—that of a benevolent, loving, Christian gentleman.

We are the better enabled to prepare these memo-

rials, because we were never separated, for any length of time, from our parents, neither of us having been sent to a boarding-school, or in our earlier years confined to that edifying domestic Botany Bay—the Nursery—where children grow up by the pattern of unwatched, uneducated, hired servants.

How our father ever made of us companions, and was ready in return to be our playfellow, will be mentioned elsewhere.

Having then undertaken this "labour of love" ourselves, in preference, with all humility nevertheless, to entrusting it to others, comparative strangers, however distinguished; we repose, hopefully, on the generosity and consideration of the English people, with whom we have ever found our father's name a passport to the sympathies.

As regards the form and arrangement of these pages, a few words only are necessary. Each Chapter, with the exception of the first, contains the events of a year; that having appeared to us the most simple and natural division. In the letters we have done our best to omit everything approaching to a repetition. If we have not, altogether, and at all times, succeeded, we can only plead as an excuse the difficulties we have had to encounter; and the same must be said for any passage, which may give unintentional pain to those mentioned in it.

The illustrations consist, in the first place, of two fac-similes; the one of a sheet of the "Song of the Shirt," as first written out, and the other of the sketch for his own monument drawn by our father towards

the close of his last illness. The remaining vignettes are from sketches rapidly dashed off by him for our amusement. Many of them are from sheets of similar oddities, which we used to find, to our huge delight, lying on our pillows occasionally of a morning. He had drawn them overnight, before going to rest, after the long hours of his literary labour were done. They may have perhaps too great a value in our eyes, but we have added them to complete the memorials, as indications, however slight, of the untiring humour, and self-forgetful thought for the pleasure of others, which could suggest and create them after the mental and physical labour of a weary night's composition.*

My mother was a fitting companion for such a husband: she shared his struggles, and soothed his sorrow, and was so much a part of his very existence, that latterly he could hardly bear her out of his sight, or write when she was not by him. We have been frequently obliged to omit large portions of his letters to her—it would have been sacrilege to alter them, and we did not feel it right to publish what was intended for her eyes alone—the tender epithets, and the love-talk; so fond, and yet so true. I quote here one passage, as a sample of those, which occur so frequently in the letters.

"I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you—and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender,

* Another reason for their insertion is, that they will give a fairer notion of his artistic skill, to which the cuts in the Comic Annuals did but inadequate justice.

sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly; but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received—next the remembrances of our dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old familiar love, —then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an after-thought that, whatever may befal me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness—worth—excellence—all that is wifely or womanly, from my pen."

Throughout his long illnesses she was his constant nurse, and unwearying companion, nor did she long survive him.

I must not close this preface (although it has already exceeded the limits I assigned it), without a grateful reference to Miss Eliza Cook, and the originators and promoters of the movement, which led to the erection of the noble monument to my father in Kensal Green; a monument which has not its pair in England, whether for the universal subscriptions which raised it, or for the chaste and unique novelty of its design.

From the managers and furtherers of the undertaking, or from the distinguished names on the subscription lists, it would be ungracious and invidious to select any for special notice; but a similar reason to that, which led me to connect my father's slight sketches with these memorials, induces me to select from the humbler names on the lists such donations as the fol-

lowing: "trifling sums from Manchester, Preston, Bideford, and Bristol—from a few poor needlewomen —from seven dressmakers—from twelve poor men."

I should be wanting indeed in appreciation of the people's love for my dead father, if I did not (by incorporating them with this work,) endeavour to rescue from oblivion these tokens of the gentle remembrance, by the poor, of the poet

"Who sang the Song of the Shirt."

T. H.

NOTE. The Vignette on the title-page is a sketch of the arms, which my father used to say he should adopt, if the Queen would give him a grant—"a heart, pierced with a needle threaded with silver tears,"—the motto, "He Sang the Song of the Shirt."

The crest was one he selected in jest, quoting Shakespeare—"The ox hath his bow, sir; the horse his curb; and the falcon her bells;" so why shouldn't the Hood have his hawk?

It is worth noticing that the little silhouettes of Animals, &c., interspersed among the other vignettes, were drawn long before "Punch" appeared with his spirited little black cuts.

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MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD.

CHAPTER I.

FROM 1799 TO 1835.

Birth and Parentage—Apprenticed to an Engraver—Goes to Scotland for his Health—Assistant Sub-Editor of "The London"—Acquaintance with the Reynolds' Family—"Odes and Addresses"—He marries Miss Jane Reynolds—Robert Street, Adelphi—Birth and Death of first Child—"Whims and Oddities"—"National Tales"—"Plea of the Midsummer Fairies"—Edits "The Gem"—"Eugene Aram"—Winchmore—Birth of second Daughter—Anecdotes, Fondness for the Sea, &c.—"The Comic Annual"—Acquaintance with the Duke of Devonshire—The Chatsworth Library Door—"Tylney Hall"—Connection with the Stage—Is presented to his Majesty King William IV.—Lake House, Wanstead—Anecdotes, &c.

THE public record of THOMAS HOOD has been long before the world—either in the quaint jests and witty conceits that enlivened many a Christmas fireside; or in the poems, which were his last and best legacy to his country. All that remains is the history of his private life—that "long disease," as it was truly called, so long, and so severe, that it was only wonderful that the sensitive mind and frail body had not given way before. From his earliest years, with the exception of a few bright but transient gleams, it was a hand to hand struggle with straitened means and adverse circum-

stances. It was a practical illustration of Longfellow's noble lines—

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

He possessed the most refined taste and appreciation for all the little luxuries and comforts that make up so much of the enjoyments of life; and the cares and annoyances, that would be scarcely perceptible to a stronger and rougher organisation, fell with a double weight on the mind overtasked by such constant and harassing occupation. He literally fulfilled his own words, and was one of the "master minds at journey-work—moral magistrates greatly underpaid —immortals without a living—menders of the human heart, breaking their own—mighty intellects, without their mite." The income his works have produced to his children, might *then* have prolonged his life for many years; although, when we looked on the calm happy face after death, free at last from the painful expression that had almost become habitual to it, we dared not regret the rest so long prayed for, and hardly won.

His life, like that of most modern literary men, was very barren of incident; there is therefore little to relate, save the ebb and flow of health and strength—

"As in his breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro."

The reader must bear this in mind, if wearied with the recurrence of the chronicle of sickness and suffering. With the distinct and even minute foreknowledge of organic and mortal disease, liable at any moment to a fatal and sudden termination, it must indeed have been a brave spirit to bear so cheerfully and courageously, as he did, that life, which was one long sickness. He knew that those dearest to him *were dependent on his* exertions, and his mental powers

were cramped and tied down by pecuniary necessity; while his bodily frame was enfeebled by nervousness and exhaustion.

My father's own joking account of his birth was, that as his grandmother was a Miss Armstrong, he was descended from two notorious thieves, *i.e.*, Robin Hood and Johnnie Armstrong. I have found his father's name mentioned in "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," by J. B. Nicholls, F.S.A.:—

"*August 20th.*—At Islington, of a malignant fever, originating from the effects of the night air in travelling, Mr. Thomas Hood, bookseller, of the Poultry. Mr. Hood was a native of Scotland, and came to London to seek his fortune, where he was in a humble position for four or five years. * * * His partner, Mr. Vernor, died soon afterwards. Mr. Thomas Hood married a sister of Mr. Vernor, junior, by whom he had a large family. He was a truly domestic man, and a real man of business. Mr. Hood was one of the 'Associated Booksellers,' who selected valuable old books for reprinting, with great success. Messrs. Vernor and Hood afterwards moved into the Poultry, and took into partnership Mr. C. Sharpe. The firm of Messrs. Vernor and Hood published 'The Beauties of England and Wales,' 'The Mirror,' 'Bloomfield's Poems,'* and those of Henry Kirke White. Mr. Hood was the father of Thomas Hood the celebrated comic poet."

The above account is tolerably correct, except that Mr. Hood married a Miss Sands, sister to the engraver of that name, to whom his son was afterwards articled. Mr. Hood's family consisted of many children, of whom two sons, James and Thomas, and four daughters, Elizabeth,

* The firm behaved very generously to Bloomfield, making him when the success of his *poems had commanded* a large sale, a handsome present *over and above the sum stipulated for* in the agreement.

Anne, Jessie, and Catherine, alone survived to riper age. At his house in the Poultry,* on the 23rd of May, as far as we trace, in the year 1799, was born his second son Thomas, the subject of this memoir. The first son, James, was supposed to be the most promising, fond of literature, and a good linguist, a more rare accomplishment then than now. He drew exceedingly well in pen and ink, and water-colours, as also did one or two of the sisters. The elder Mr. Hood was a man of cultivated taste and literary inclinations, and was the author of two novels which attained some popularity in their day, although now their very names are forgotten. No doubt his favourite pursuits and his profession influenced in no small degree the amusements and inclinations of his children; and, for those days, they must have been a very intellectual family.

James, showing early signs of consumption, was sent to his uncle Robert Sands' house at Sandhurst, for change of air. It was in returning from a visit there to see him that Mr. Hood, the elder, caught a violent cold from riding home outside a coach, and this proved the cause of his untimely death, an event much regretted by the literary world of those days, as he was an enterprising and strictly honourable man. He was one of the very first, if not *the* first, who opened the book trade with America.

After the sudden death of the father, the widow and her children were left rather slenderly provided for. My father, the only remaining son, preferred the drudgery of an engraver's desk to encroaching upon the small family store. He was apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, the engraver, and plied the burin for some years under his guidance, being subsequently transferred to one of the Le Keuxs. During this period he staid for some time with his uncle, and on one

* Now, the Admiralty Chart Office.

occasion, in joke, bound his own sisters, both good amateur artists, and several of his cousins, apprentices to himself in the same line. He drew up jocular indentures, still traditionally remembered, binding them to abstain from "bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and such idle diversions," and humorously rehearsing their duties. This they all signed, after marching in grotesque procession, bearing the implements of their art. He was a most devoted and excellent son to his mother, and the last days of her widowhood and decline were soothed by his tender care and affection. Her death was, I have often heard him say, a terrible blow to him. I have now in my possession a little sketch of his, of his mother's face as she lay in her coffin. His sister Anne did not survive her very long,* but I cannot ascertain the date of either of their deaths.

My father's own health was very infirm from his earliest years, and the sedentary employment of engraving was no light trial to it. He was, therefore, soon sent for change to some relations in Scotland, and his experiences there are humorously related in the "Literary Reminiscences." The following facts there omitted, however, occurred during his stay. His aunt being a rigid Sabbatarian, and "unco gude" woman, did not realise his love of fun, which evidently manifested itself thus early. She was temporarily laid up by illness, and debarred from attendance on her favourite "meenister," when her chief solace was to perch her nephew up at the parlour window, which commanded a good view of the stream of worshippers on their way to the kirk. Then

* The lines entitled "The Death-Bed," (in the "Englishman's Magazine,") and commencing

"We watched her breathing through the night,"

were written at the time of her *death*.

something like the following dialogue would ensue :—"Tammie, my man, keek out,—wha's that?"

"That's Bailie So and So's daughter, aunt, and isn't she making desperate love to young Somebody, who's walking by her side!"

"The graceless hizzie! I'd wauk her, gin *I* were her mammie! Keek out again, Tam."

"There's Mrs. Blank, aunt, and she's got on a grand silk gown, and such a velvet mantle!"

"Set us up, laddie! She indeed! the sillie wastrife bodie —she'd far better pay a' she's owing. Wha's neist?"

And so they would go on, the crabbed auld Scotchwoman little suspecting half the "stour" proceeded from the active imagination of her "nevoy," to heighten the fun and draw her out. The following letters were written to his friends at home during his sojourn in Dundee *:—

DUNDEE, *September*, 1815.

DEAR AUNTS,

I again take the pen for a double purpose—to endeavour to amuse both you and myself by a description of whatever attracts my notice. I am principally diverted here with the singular characters that come to lodge here in succession. When I first came we had a kind of itinerant minister, who loved his bottle,

> "And oft would rehearse
> In defence of his custom this scriptural verse,—
> 'Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake—'
> But in practice the little, but jolly divine,
> Would oft substitute whisky instead of the wine!"

---

* He was two years in Scotland, and made his first appearance in print there in 1814—first in the Dundee Advertiser, then edited by Mr. Rintoul, *and afterwards in a local magazine*. He did not however, he says, adopt *literature as a profession till long after*.—T. H.

Since then we have been enlivened by a French captain, who possessed in an eminent degree the gaiety and politeness peculiar to that nation; and I have been particularly amused with a pedantic Perth schoolmaster who went up to London during the vacation, and resided a fortnight in *Wapping*,—in order to improve himself in English! and said he was "vary sure he wadna be takken for a Scotsman." At present we have a Swiss, who appears to be an agreeable man, but I do not know how he may be on further acquaintance. The study of character (I mean of amusing ones) I enjoy exceedingly, and have had an ample field for speculation, for, independent of originality of character, their ideas are also frequently of the same stamp, as in the case of our hostess, who thinks that fresh beef will keep better than that which is salted—but you will perhaps think this notion took its rise in economy, and not in originality of idea.

About a week ago we had a company of Tumblers, who established a kind of lottery here at 1*s.* per ticket, and the chief prize, a cow and calf, valued at seven guineas! Now it agreed very well with the Scotch notion of economy to get seven guineas for a shilling, but on the other hand they considered the chance they had of perhaps losing their bawbees, and no doubt it cost a struggle before they determined on buying their tickets;—but when the drawing began, it was ludicrous to observe the whimsical effects of disappointment in the faces of some of the multitude. It was a scene indeed worthy the pencil of Hogarth! In the evenings it is a beautiful promenade before the barracks, where part of the 77th are at present quartered, and as they have a fine band which plays every evening, I am there almost every night. This, with walking, swimming, drawing, &c., constitute my *principal amusements* during my banishment. *When you have spare time* enough to write a few lines,

I shall be happy to hear from you, and I am, with love to all,

Your affectionate nephew,

THOMAS HOOD.

The smack I intended to send this by is detained, so that I have yet time to add more. As I am to remain and take my Christmas in the Land of Cakes, you will perhaps expect me to return a complete Scot,—but to tell you the truth, I approach it as yet in but a small degree. I sicken with disgust at the sight of a singed sheep's head, and notwithstanding the arguments of Lismahago and the preference of the mouse, which I admit is some support of them, I cannot bring myself to endure oatmeal, which I think harsh, dry, and insipid. The only time I ever took it with any kind of relish was one day on a trouting party, when I was hungry enough to eat anything. As to their dialect I have acquired rather more than I could wish, through the broad brogue of our landlady, whose blunders would do credit to an Hibernian.

* * * *

DUNDEE, *December*, 1815.

MY DEAR AUNTS,

I duly received your agreeable letter, which had it been an "Evening Lecture" would have come very *à propos*, as I received it on Sunday night. I received at the same time your handsome present, for which I beg leave to return you my best thanks. I am sorry to learn that my aunts, Ruth and Cundee, have been so ill, but rejoice to hear of their recovery, and hope that your roast beef and pudding will restore them to a perfect state of convalescence. As you seem to have some fears of submitting your letters *to my criticism, I must* assure you that you need be under

no apprehensions on that head, my own epistolary style being very indifferent, and I should fear by criticising to lose the pleasure of receiving your letters. Instead of giving you any regular description of this irregular town, I shall give you some extracts from my note-book, wherein I am endeavouring to describe it after the manner of Anstey's Bath Guide, in letters from a family (Mr. Blunderhead's) to their friends in London.

The town is ill-built, and is dirty beside
For with water it's scantily, badly supplied
By wells, where the servants, in filling their pails,
Stand for hours, spreading scandal, and falsehood and tales.
And abounds so in smells that a stranger supposes
The people are very deficient in noses.
Their buildings, as though they'd been scanty of ground,
Are crammed into corners that cannot be found.
Or as though so ill built and contrived they had been,
That the town were ashamed they should ever be seen.
And their rooted dislike and aversion to waste
Is suffer'd sometimes to encroach on their taste,
For beneath a Theatre or Chapel they'll pop
A sale room, a warehouse, or mean little shop,
Whose windows, or rather no windows at all,
Are more like to so many holes in the wall.
And four churches together, with only one steeple,
Is an emblem quite apt of the thrift of the people.

* * * *

In walking one morning I came to the green,
Where the manner of washing in Scotland is seen;
And I thought that it perhaps would amuse, should I write,
A description of what seemed a singular sight.
Here great bare-legged women were striding around,
And watering clothes that were laid on the ground.
While, on t'other hand, you the lasses might spy
In tubs, with their petticoats up to the thigh,
And, instead of their hands, washing thus with their feet,
Which they often will do in the midst of the street,
Which appears quite indelicate,—shocking, indeed,
To *those ladies who come from the* south of the Tweed!

* * * *

Like a fish out of water, you'll think me, my dear,
When our manner of living at present you hear;
Here, by ten in the morning our breakfast is done,
When in town I ne'er think about rising till one:
And at three, oh how vulgar, we sit down and dine,
And at six we take tea, and our supper at nine,
And then soberly go to our beds by eleven,
And as soberly rise the next morning by seven.
How unlike our great city of London, you'll say,
Where day's turned into night, and the night into day.
But indeed to these hours I'm obliged to attend,
There's so very few ways any leisure to spend,
For they ne'er play at cards, Commerce, Ombre, or Loo,
Though they often are carding of wool, it is true.
And instead of "piany's," Italian, sonatas,
At their spinning wheels sitting, they whistle like carters.

* * * *

A poor man who'd been reading the public events,
Amidst prices of stock, and consols, and per cents,
Observed Omnium, and anxious to know what it meant
With the news in his hand to a Bailie he went,
For he thought the best way to obtain information,
Was by asking at one of the wise corporation.
Mr. Bailie hum'd, ha'd, looked exceedingly wise,
And considered a while, taken thus by surprise,
Till at length the poor man, who impatient stood by,
Got this truly sagacious, laconic reply,—
"Omnium's just Omnium."
Then returning at least just as wise as before,
He resolved to apply to a Bailie no more!

* * * *

I have seen the Asylum they lately have made,
And approve of the plan, but indeed I'm afraid
If they send all the people of reason bereft,
To this Bedlam, but few in the town will be left.
For their passions and drink are so terribly strong
That but few here retain all their faculties long.
And with shame I must own, that the females, I think,
Are in general somewhat addicted to drink!

* * * *

Now I speak of divines, in the churches I've been,
Of which four are together, and walls but between,

So as you sit in one, you may hear in the next,
When the clerk gives the psalm, or the priest gives the text.
With respect to their worship, with joy I must say
Their strict bigoted tenets are wearing away,
And each day moderation still stronger appears,
Nor should I much wonder, if in a few years,
The loud notes of the organ the burthen should raise
Midst the chorus of voices, the homage, and praise.
For I cannot conceive for what cause they deny
The assistance of music, in raising on high
Our thanksgiving and psalms, as King David of old,
Upon numberless instruments played, we are told;
Nor to music can theme more sublime be e'er given,
Than of wafting the strains of the righteous to heaven.
They've a custom, a little surprising, I own,
And in practice I think found in Scotland alone.
For in England for penance, in churchyards they stand
In a sheet, while a taper they hold in their hand;
But here in the Church, if the parties think fit,
On a stool called the "Cuttie," for penance they sit,
And, as though absolution they thus did obtain,
Go and sin, then appear the next Sunday again!
Superstition as yet, though it's dying away,
On the minds of the vulgar holds powerful sway,
And on doors or on masts you may frequently view,
As defence against witchcraft, some horse's old shoe.
And the mariner's wife sees her child with alarm
Comb her hair in the glass, and predicts him some harm.
Tales of goblins and ghosts that alarmed such a one
By tradition are handed from father to son.
And they oft will describe o'er their twopenny ale
Some poor ghost with no head, or grey mare without tail,
Or lean corpse in night-cap, all bloody and pale!

* * * *

Some large markets for cattle or fairs are held here,
On a moor near the town, about thrice in a year.
So I went to the last, found it full, to my thinking,
Of whisky and porter, of smoking and drinking.
But to picture the scene there presented, indeed,
The bold pencil and *touches of Hogarth* would need.
Here you'd perhaps see a man upon quarrelling bent
In short serpentine curves, wheeling out of a tent,

(For at least so they call blankets raised upon poles,
Well enlightened and aired by the numerous holes,)
Or some hobbling old wife, just as drunk as a sow,
Having spent all the money she got for her cow.
Perhaps some yet unsold, when the market has ceased,
You may then see a novelty, beast leading beast!

* * * *

(No date.)

DEAR UNCLE,

Having heard from my aunts of the measles having attacked your family, we are anxious to hear how you all are, and I seize upon this opportunity to thank you for sending my box, and for the kind expressions contained in your last letter, but have been so variously engaged, besides being unwell, that I have not had time to write till now. I have the pleasure of informing you that my voyage to Scotland has done wonders for me, as, since my return, my neck has altogether healed, and my leg has gained so much strength that I have been enabled to walk several times to the West End and back, without any injury, and I certainly feel and look better than I have done for years. I now hope to be able to look after business a little, and to do well, both in that and in health. I did some things for Mr. Harris before I went to Scotland with which he was very well pleased, but have had no proofs, as I did them while H. was busy on the Battle of Waterloo, and could not prove for me. I desired him to send you a proof I did in Spring, which I suppose you have had. We had the pleasure of Mrs. Le Keux's company to dinner while she was in town, and I was happy to see that she looked much better than when I left the country. I have seen some of your last works, which I have greatly admired, and was much gratified by a sight of the printed papers you sent to my aunt's, containing eulo*giums, which, allow me to say,* I think you justly merit, and

believe me, gave me great and unfeigned pleasure. We beg that you will drop us a line or two by the first convenient opportunity to let us know how you all are. As for ourselves we are all well, and desire you will accept our love to you all. I am, in haste, dear uncle,

Your affectionate nephew,

THOMAS HOOD.

I hope to hear also that your farming is in a thriving condition.

My father must have returned to London about 1820. While residing at Islington, he became acquainted with the members of an Amateur Literary Society, and attended its meetings at the house of a friend. I am indebted to Miss Lawrence, whose historical works are well known, for this information, and for copies of two "Addresses," which my father wrote for the society, of which she is probably the sole surviving member. The first address was subsequently published, with alterations and additions, as "The Departure of Summer," in the London Magazine. The following lines, omitted in the revised poem, follow after "A welcome—nor unbidden guest." I have thought as they were among his earliest writings that they deserved to be enshrined here. The second address has not been before printed: it is headed, "Address to the Social Literary Society, July, 1820."

And now the slipper strikes the ground,
And now the blind man's eyes are bound,
They turn him round, and round, and round,
His horses are "black, white, and grey;"
He cannot guess the fingers three,
Sure token that he cannot see,
So let him catch the wight he may.
Ah! now "*pinch-spotted as* the pard,"
He asks them why they pinch so hard?

Now gaily claims the forfeit kiss
With eager lips, for blushing Miss
Must ransom silver thimbles so,—
And Time, as he goes laughing past,
Such eyes that shine, such cheeks that glow,
Regrets that he must fly so fast.

Now Winter joins a graver set,
Just met—perchance as we are met
In close divan—but not their parts,
So gravely ask if trumps be hearts?
Or hearts be trumps? spades, diamonds, clubs,
Or mourning fickle Fortune's rubs,
Sitting so wistfully and mute,
To trump, revoke, or follow suit.
'Tis theirs to speak of better things
Than o'en Court Honours, Knaves, and Kings—
Which, with the odd trick and the stake,
And all the rest, the Deuce may take—
'Tis theirs to ask if one may trace
The mind, the heart, within the face?
Or whether Satire's venom'd sting
From Envy and ill-nature spring?
If people fill the planets bright?
And whence their life, and heat, and light?
Then leave the skies, to ask, and shew
The springs from whence ideas flow.
Or cut vile Prejudice in shreds,
To analyse the Hydra's heads.
And what is Taste? and does the stage
Or pulpit most to mend the age;
Or musing o'er the olden time,
Talk o'er its chivalry sublime,
Or turn to Chymistry's deep page—
Then last, not least, they wisely ask,
What man himself—his moral nature?
Or view their country's laws and task
The Flaws in Civil Judicature.
Happy are those who thus can meet
And find such conversations sweet!
Happy are those who thus can chuse
Such blameless themes, that oft amuse,

And oft improve. No stories spring
From Envy's heart to Satire's tongue,
No praise oblique that ends in blame,
No Scandal, loving to condemn
All virtue but her own—the gem
That's foil'd upon another's shame.
No Pride disdaining to resign
Its very errors for the right,
Nor Anger with more heat than light,
Nor Vanity that burns to shine.
Thus, then, we meet, and if ye bring
Wit, Beauty, Sense, and ev'ry thing
Ye took away—and Mirth, and Health,
That have more honey-sweets than wealth.
Welcome! thrice welcome!—whether come
From Paris—Islington—or Rome,
Or even Como's far-famed lake,
A warm, and heartfelt Welcome take!

ADDRESS, &c.

Nature, like man, her summer coat puts on,
Her mourning's over—and the Winter's gone.
The Serpentine is clear—Hyde Park is green,
And verdant trees, in Tothill Fields, are seen,
And summer's warm, and vegetative pow'rs,
Are seen in Covent Garden's fruits and flow'rs.

Now, rouse the swallows from their torpid sleep,
And thro' the air in wanton circuits sweep;
The butterflies escape from winter cells,
And shine abroad—like other Beaux and Belles.
London's gay Ladybirds emerge in white,
And even City Drones prepare for flight.
Each busy Gad-fly her old plumage scours,
For "a-qu-a-tic trips," or dryland "tow'rs."
Some go to Bath, from mineral springs to sip,
And some in Nature's pickle-tub to dip.
Some, sick of London and of smoke, agree
To go to Margate—and be sick at sea!

Steam-boats and hoys are crammed with living freight,
Till Ocean groans, and grumbles at the weight!
Pouring from these—a vast migrating host,
They swarm, like locusts, all along the coast.
Princes, and Pedlars—all pursue the same,
Hunters they are, and Happiness the game.
Some look for Fortune in the fickle pack,
And some for Pleasure—on a donkey's back!
Some go to advertise a pretty face,
And some to deal in Cognac and lace;
Some seek for Husbands—some from Husbands run,
And some are done—"or done for"—"or undone."
Some sedentary souls, less given to roam,
Contented "ruralize" more near to Home.
In all those verdant meadows that abound
At Hackney—Islington—and all around,
Like sportive lambkins, or young calves at play,
They love to gambol in the summer hay.
That hay is fragrant, and the grass as green
As though Saint Paul's blue dome were quite unseen,
Or, lull'd by music, on the breeze that swells,
(The well-known harmony of old Bow Bells,)
They gaze, enraptur'd, on the prospect round,
A rural scene—with brick horizon bound!

All cockney beauties are to Cockneys sweet,
So Canonbury seems a country seat.
The pale New River is as bright a stream,
As mighty Tiber—the proud Roman's theme.
Nor Italy's sweet groves are half so good
As that green labyrinth at Hornsey Wood;
And say, what garden e'er was plann'd or penn'd,
Like that of Fleecy Hosey—at Mile End!
Where painted garden-pots the alleys fill,
In flaming rows—like Volunteers at drill,
And all the ground in rich devices spreads
Of ovals, circles, squares—nay, diamond beds!
But if in town predestin'd to remain,
To sigh "Oh, Rus.," but sigh, alas! in vain,
The Cit invests a sum in Purple Stocks,
And from his window hangs his Country Box.
There strives the smells of London to forget,
Snuffing the fragrance of the Mignonette,

And revelling in Fancy's airy food,
Enjoys a garden—in his hanging wood!

So certain students to a town confin'd,
(All Nature's charms and scenery resign'd,)
Enraptur'd, listened o'er their learned pages,
To grasshoppers that sung from paper cages!
But chief of all the joys that Cockneys know
In summer days—is gipseying to go,
Oh how delightful! underneath a tree
To sit, and sip—a rural cup of tea!
All on the grass—for table there is none—
And taking tea—as Adam must have done!

The Cit, uncoated sits apart to muse,
O'er Morning Chronicle—or Times, or News.
Silence! ye little ones! the mother cries,
And Granny chides, but with approving eyes,
E'en little Shock augments the merry scene,
In gambols with the urchins, on the green,
And William whispers to his Mary dear,
And Mary blushes, nor appears to hear,
With face averted, plucks a flow'r the while,
And strives to hide her blushes and her smile.
This, this is bliss! the best that Cockneys find,
(When nought is lost—nor kettle left behind.)

Such are the scenes, by Gipsey Parties made,
Such, Leslie's pencil hath of late pourtray'd.
Though Taste may smile at means, and modes of bliss,
Benevolence exults in scenes like this.
Not Italy's bright scenes could charm the eye,
If stained with Battle's sanguinary dye,
But, sure, that prospect will be counted bright,
Where hundreds roam, in innocent delight,
Where happy groups of fellow-beings throng
All blythe, and merry, as a Beggar's Song.

But whither, Muse, must Cockneys soon repair
For rural scenery—and country "hare!"
Where once *were avenues of trees*, so green,
Now dusty streets, and climbing bricks are seen.

On one sad field the teeming houses rise,
Another field, the fuming bricks supplies :
The chimneys smoke, where flow'rs were sweet before,
And (in a word) Moor Fields are fields no more.
But not alone the giddy, and the gay,
Exult and frolic in the summer ray.
The grave philosopher—the hoary sage,
Resign the closet, and the mouldy page.
"Adieu, they cry—ye dusty tomes, adieu,
Lo, Nature's volume's opened to our view,
Lessons in every leaf shall then be ours,
And morals, gather'd from the simplest flowers."
There will we gather, like the Bee, a store,
For Contemplation, when the summer's o'er.

Go, cries the Moralist—the fields invite,
Sip, while still young, each innocent delight.
Roam, like the Butterfly, from place, to place,
And gaze on Nature's ever-varied face.
Let Vision revel in her summer charms,
While glows the bosom, and the Fancy warms.
While day reviving—into splendour wakes
The vivid scenery of Western Lakes.
Or mark from Surrey's hills each fairy scene,
Or Windsor's Terrace—or delightful Sheen,
Where silver Thames, his winding waters leads,
Thro' fields of waving gold, and emerald meads,
Where snowy flocks, and browsing herds abound,
And clust'ring villages are scatter'd round,
Sacred to Peace, where honest hearts reside,
And Freedom dwells—the humblest peasant's pride!
There, mark the harmony of blended hues,
Of yellow, orange, purple, green, and blues.
Where light and shade, in partial streaks reflect,
And shed around the Magic of Effect.

Such are the scenes, the frequent scenes, that smile,
And bind the Briton to his native Isle.
The country of the Good, the Wise, the Brave,
And, oh! too beautiful to bear a slave!
Whose lovely daughters in each charm excel,
The fairest shrines where Virtue loves to dwell!

Long, long, my country, may thy prospects shine!
And all those blessings unimpaired be thine.
May honest industry its own obtain,
May Virtue triumph, Truth with Justice reign,
And Peace, with Freedom, flourish on thy shore,
Till thine, and Nature's charms, shall be no more!

But some to other lands for Pleasure roam,
Cloy'd with the scenes that Nature lends at Home.
Helvetia's scenery the Painter fires,
And classic Italy the Muse inspires,
To holy Palestine few pilgrims stray,
While France allures whole coveys of the gay.
These shining novelties the giddy please,
And empty Vanity is quite at ease.
Here Folly has its day, and Fashion rules,
The potent sovereign—the Pope of Fools,
That can its many votaries control,
Like Pius's great self from head to sole,
Can place them Purgatory's pains within,
And grant Indulgences—and sanction sin!

Yet, oh! that these would ne'er forget the lot,
The want, and woe in many a British cot,
Where manly hearts distil the big, round, tear,
And bleed, in silence, like the stricken deer.
Shall gay, ungalled hearts, go bounding by,
And heedless Wealth its patronage deny?
Sweep on, sweep on, ye citizens, nor look
On overflowing hearts, that swell the brook.
Seek other homes, on other pastures range,
And say, that Tyranny provoked the change,
Go, make your coward infamy your boast,
And fly, when Patriots are wanted most!

For us—now leaving literary flowers
For those of Nature and her summer bowers,
Our learned law, like Æsop's we unbend,
And in this rhyme our reasonings all end.
We go, where Fate *or Fortune* may decree,
And Heav'n attend our path where'er it be!

But when Dame Winter shall, in clogs, approach—
Wrapp'd in Bath Cloak, and calling "Hackney Coach!"
When summer's swallows shall forsake our shore—
And painted butterflies shall fly no more—
When grubs retire their secret cells within,
And London's Ladybirds—but not to spin—
When jolly farmers their October brew—
Then, this Society shall meet anew.
Then Social Harmony shall take the Chair,
And Learning's votaries be welcome there,
And smiling Mirth shall mingle with the rest,
A welcome, nor an uninvited guest.—
Friendship, and Argument in league shall sit,
And sober Judgment shaking hands with Wit;
And, as 'tis ours—and may be—ours alone
The charms of Female eloquence to own,
So thoughts shall rise, from Taste, and Feeling, sprung,
And set to music—on the Ladies' tongue.
Then Blackie shall exert his varied pow'rs,
And Barber's eloquence again be ours,
Lawrence shall lend his bucket for the well,
Where Truth, where naked Truth, is said to dwell.
Mackenzie, Harper, younger Lawrence, strive,
To draw her to the top, or else to dive,
And I—to occupy an idle time
May teach you all, as now—to prose in rhyme.—
Then hopes the Muse a merrier tale to tell,
Than now—when doom'd to finish with "Farewell!"

The following letter was written some years later, during a temporary stay in the country, though in what exact part cannot be ascertained :—

8th August, 1823.

MY DEAR BETSY,

You did right to let me hear from you, as it was a pleasure in addition to my being here—where I am picking up a month's health in a fortnight, so as to make me regret that my stay here must be necessarily so short as it will be. *My purpose is, to return* on Tuesday, on which night I expect

you will see me, if nothing occurs to prevent my departure from here, which is not likely. I did not write to let you know of my safe arrival, but took it for granted that you would not suppose I was killed by the way unless you heard from me to the contrary. I have found the place much pleasanter and prettier than I expected, certainly much more so than Sandhurst, perhaps on account of my company. It is low and flat; but there are trees enough to make it agreeable to one who has lived two years in Dundee, and then for a change I have a little nursing! The baby comes to me very cheerfully, and I can make shift to carry her up and down the garden, without cramping her, or breaking her limbs. Indeed I could pass a month of my life in my present way very willingly, and I think it would make my life a month longer, I eat, drink, and sleep so well. By the way of this last particular, it will surprise you to know that I rise amongst the first of the family, the maids excepted, so that I can almost fancy myself, *vide* Humphrey Clinker, the cock at Brambleton Hall. You will not have heard of my trip to Norwich with Mr. L., who was summoned there to the assizes. It is about 50 miles hence, and we drove it in a gig, through a most pleasant country. I was exceedingly amused for the four days we staid there. We went to the Cathedral by chance, one morning, when by good luck there was a grand Charity Musical Festival, as fine as an Oratorio. Then we went to the theatre, (where Miss Holdaway now is, and was, instead of playing Safie, as F. erroneously reports), and last of all to Finch's Gardens, a sort of twopenny Vauxhall, where I laughed heartily at the ridiculous attempt to rival Bish, &c. Finally, I am here again, so you see I have been in luck in coming *just when* I did, in all but one thing. *The account of Frankenstein is* not mine, but F.'s. I should *have spoken more favourably* of it, and Mr. Peake will take

it ill till the matter is explained, that it is not more kindly treated, for I understand it deserves no less. I sent him a plot made up from Reynolds' account and the newspapers, but for some reason he did not make use of it. I tried very much at Norwich to find out E. G., alias Mrs. R., but after a long hunt from street to street on the scent, I came at last to a wrong old Mr. R., who looked very ill-pleased at being called from his breakfast to a perfect stranger. I thought it must be his son I wanted, and told him so. He said he *had* no son, being an old bachelor! Dispirited by this unlucky result, I gave up the pursuit; otherwise I should have been happy to have brought to Mrs. R. an account of E. and her little girl, but she must take the will for the deed. Norwich is a very large place, and E. does not sit on a steeple, so there was little chance of finding her without her address.

I am glad to hear Kate is going back, for I was afraid she would lose all her acquirements if she stayed much longer at home. I should have been glad if the girls' holiday had happened when I was at home.

Your hopes about weather have had no effect, at least within our neighbourhood. It has been anything but summer with us; and heaven knows how the fruit is to ripen, or the harvest, if the sun continues to bear this wet countenance. I have taken a sketch or two—the church for Mr. L., the rectory for ——, and the house here for Mrs. Reynolds; but if you should be in Little Britain before I return, be "mum budget" as usual on this subject. I have no news, of course you cannot expect any from a county only famous for its turkeys. Jane is very well, the baby improves very much and will soon toddle—besides having *four teeth, which is a great* comfort to her victuals.

Pray give my kindest love to the girls at Brompton; ask

them to come home on the Sunday after I come home, if you be sending. Jane and Eliza desire their kind love, which with my own "I wrap under one kiver," and am, dear Betsy,

Your affectionate brother,

THOS. HOOD.

After practising as an engraver for a short time, an opening that offered more congenial employment presented itself at last, when he was about the age of twenty-one. By the death of Mr. John Scott, the editor of the "London Magazine," who was killed in a duel, that periodical passed into other hands, and became the property of my father's friends, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. The new proprietors soon sent for him, and he became a sort of sub-editor to the magazine.

I am exceedingly indebted to the kindness and courtesy of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey (who have both survived almost all their contributors) for several particulars relating to my father's early life. From the latter gentleman's letter on the subject I have ventured to quote largely.

"I remember," he says, "often having seen the late Mr. Hood when he was a mere boy at the house of his father, whom I had the pleasure of knowing intimately for many years. He was, as far as I can recollect, a singular child, silent and retired, with much quiet humour, and apparently delicate in health. He was educated at a school in the neighbourhood of London,* and at the age of fifteen or

* This school was at Clapham, and was kept by Dr. Wanostrocht—the father of the well-known cricketer, Felix. I can remember my father's pointing it out to me, while we were living at the latter place. At that time it was converted into a naval school, I think. Of many schoolboy tricks and adventures, related by him, I regret that I can recall only very faint recollections, *for they were very* laughable, and might go among the *exempla minora to prove the rule* "the child is father to the man." *Amongst other anecdotes, I remember* one in which he was the instigator

sixteen was articled to his uncle, Mr. Sands, as an engraver. His health, however, beginning to suffer from confinement, it was found necessary to put an end to that engagement, and he was sent to a relation in Scotland,* where he remained some years with great benefit. He returned to town about the beginning of the year 1821. In that year the "London Magazine" came into the hands of Mr. Taylor and myself, after the death of the editor, Mr. John Scott; and Mr. Hood was engaged to assist the editor in correcting the press, and in looking over papers sent for insertion. This was his first introduction to the literary world; and here he first amused himself by concocting humorous notices and answers to correspondents in the 'Lion's Head.' His first original paper appeared in the number for July, 1821, vol. iv. p. 85, in some verses 'To Hope.' I find nothing more of his until November of the same year, when his humorous 'Ode to Dr. Kitchener' appeared in the 'Lion's Head' of that month; a poem, 'The Departure of Summer,' in the body of the number, p. 493; and a 'Sentimental Journey from Islington to Waterloo Bridge,' in the same number, p. 508. From that time he became a regular contributor, and as many as twenty-four more papers of various kinds appeared, the last being 'Lines to a Cold Beauty,' in June, 1823, after which time I find no further production of his pen.

"Mr. Hood's connection with the 'London Magazine' led to his introduction to our friend Mr. Reynolds (and through

of a purely homœopathic revenge upon the footman, who was permitted to vend nuts, parliament, and marbles to the pupils. Monopoly of trade induced the man to raise the price above the "outside" standard, whereon characteristic retaliation was inflicted by raising the articles (that is the desk in which they were kept) by four cords to the schoolhouse ceiling. When the charges were lowered, the desk was permitted to follow their example.—T. H.

* *According to his own "Literary Reminiscences," he was for some time clerk in a merchant's office.*

him to his sister) and to the various contributors to the work, Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Hazlitt, Horace Smith, Judge Talfourd, Barry Cornwall, the Rev. H. F. Carey, Sir Charles A. Elton, Charles Phillips, Dr. Bowring, John Clare, Thomas De Quincey, George Darley, the Rev. Charles Strong, Wainwright, Hartley Coleridge, Bernard Barton, Richard Ayton, the Rev. Mr. Crowe, Rev. Julius Hare, Rev. Dr. Bliss, John Poole, Esq., &c. &c.

"At the end of the year 1824 the magazine passed into the hands of another person as proprietor and editor, and I have no means of ascertaining who were then its chief supporters; but I do not believe Mr. Hood contributed to it at all. Mr. Reynolds continued to write in that work till the end of the year 1824.

"My acquaintance with Mr. Hood ceased about the year 1823, till which time I had enjoyed the pleasure of constant communication with him. Soon afterwards I went into the country, and, I regret to say, I never saw him again."

My father's first acquaintance with my mother's family must have commenced somewhere in 1821, through her brother, John Hamilton Reynolds. The father, Mr. Reynolds, was head writing-master at Christ's Hospital, and with his family then resided in that very little Britain so quaintly and well described by Washington Irving in his "Sketch Book." Here, no doubt, many a cheerful evening was spent among such a pleasant circle of friends and acquaintances. John Keats, Edward Rice, and a Mr. Bailey were all familiar friends and constant correspondents of the young Reynoldses.* I think however my father's intimacy dated rather later, for

* I have heard since the publication of this first edition, from Lady Hill, the worthy wife of *Sir Rowland Hill*, the author of the Penny Post, that *her father, Mr. Pearson*, was an old and valued member of this *Society.*

I do not think he was well acquainted with any of the above mentioned trio. But about this time must have originated his long-standing friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Dilke, who were known to all parties.

John Hamilton Reynolds was himself a writer for the "London Magazine," in which appeared several articles from his pen under the signature of "Edward Herbert." He was also the author of a small volume of poems, "The Garden of Florence," which was favourably noticed at the time. To him, my father, in a very friendly manner, dedicated "Lycus the Centaur." A congeniality of pursuits and likings drew them together—a connection that was afterwards by my father's marriage with his sister to be still further strengthened. It was a pity it did not survive to the end, for on one side at least it was characteristically generous and sincere.

It was "in the pleasant spring-time of their friendship," and "with the old partiality for the writings of each other, which prevailed in those days," that conjointly with my uncle Reynolds, my father wrote and published, although anonymously, "Odes and Addresses to Great People." This had a great sale, and occasioned no little wonder and speculation as to the author, as will be seen from the following letter from S. T. Coleridge to Charles Lamb. It appears to have been sent for perusal, as the copy I have is in my father's handwriting.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

This afternoon, a little, thin, mean-looking sort of a foolscap sub-octavo of poems, printed on dingy outsides, lay on the table, which the cover informed me was circulating in our book-club, so very Grub-streetish in all its exteriors, in*ternal as well as external*, that I cannot explain by what

accident of impulse (assuredly there was no *motive* in play) I came to look into it. Least of all, the title, "Odes and Addresses to Great Men," which connected itself in my head with "Rejected Addresses" and all the Smith and Theodore Hook squad. But my dear Charles, it was certainly written by you, or under you, or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious and assimilative enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly, supposing you had left yourself in pledge in his lock-up house. Gillman, to whom I read the spirited parody on the introduction to Peter Bell, the "Ode to the Great Unknown," and to Mrs. Fry—he speaks doubtfully of Reynolds and Hood. But here come Irving and Basil Montagu.

Thursday night, 10 *o'clock*.—No! Charles, it is *you*. I have read them over again, and I understand why you have anon'd the book. The puns are nine in ten good, many excellent, the *Newgatory* transcendant! And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities, and contemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses—saving and except perhaps in the envy-addled brain of the despiser of your *lays*. If not a triumph over him, it is at least an ovation. Then moreover and besides, to speak with becoming modesty, excepting my own self, who is there but you who could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed?

Here's Gillman come up to my garret, and driven back by the guardian spirits of four huge flower-holders of omnigenous roses and honeysuckles (Lord have mercy on his hysterical olfactories! What will he do in Paradise? I must have a pair or two of nostril plugs or nose-goggles laid in his coffin), stands at *the door*, reading that to McAdam, and the *washerwoman's letter*, and he admits *the facts*. You are

found *in the manner*, as the lawyers say: so, Mr. Charles, hang yourself up, and send me a line by way of token and acknowledgment. My dear love to Mary. God bless you and your

Unshamabramizer,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER II.

ON the 5th of May, 1824, the marriage of my father and mother took place.* In spite of all the sickness and sorrow that formed the greatest portion of the after-part of their lives, the union was a happy one. My mother was a woman of cultivated mind and literary tastes, and well suited to him as a companion. He had such confidence in her judgment that he read, and re-read, and corrected with her all that he wrote. Many of his articles were first dictated to her, and her ready memory supplied him with his references and quotations. He frequently dictated the first draft of his articles although they were always finally copied out in his peculiarly clear neat writing, which was so legible and good, that it was once or twice begged by printers, to teach their compositors a first and easy lesson in reading handwriting.

* I have reason to believe that the match was not entirely approved of by my mother's family—not perhaps unreasonably, for it could not have seemed very prudent: but the attachment was strong and genuine on both sides, and so the course of true love at length reached its goal, though not perhaps running very smoothly. The poems, "I love Thee," "Still *flows the gentle streamlet* on," and several others, were written at this *time.*—*T. H.*

There has been so much pleasant interest in the few letters of my mother's, which appeared in the first edition of this work, that I am induced to print, *in extenso*, her first letter as my father's wife,—a letter that I think, even in these days, will be recognised as the sweet fresh letter of a womanly young bride.

HASTINGS, 10*th May*, 1824.

MY DEAR BETSY,

Your brother is going to write to the three girls in town, and so I have taken upon myself to give some little account of our proceedings and adventures. We had a lovely day for travelling on Thursday, though the morning lowered upon us so: the rain had laid the dust, and the sun came forth to cheer us immediately we left town. We did not stop at Tunbridge, as our post-boy chose to fix upon Woodsgate as our resting place to dine at. We reached Hastings about half-past nine, and I was sadly tired, as you may suppose. Our lodgings are very snug and comfortable, and Mrs. Fermor is a nice civil little woman; we enjoy the sea, the air, and our meals with all our might, and if I go on as I have set out, your brother has got as idle and gossiping a wife as you will find in the three kingdoms! The day after our arrival here, we went out for a sail in Tom Woodgate's new boat, and were invited on board a man-of-war, which had just come from Calais, where it had just taken the Duke of Cambridge. I was whipped up in the chair, and we were conducted over the vessel by as handsome a young lieutenant as you would wish to see! It was unlucky I was married, as such an adventure to a single woman would have been advantageous. We took wine and biscuits in the lieutenant's cabin, and just as we were about to leave *the ship, the captain* came on board. He begged we

would not hurry away, but we found they were going to sail immediately, and did not wish to be carried off to Portsmouth. Yesterday I was prevailed upon to take another sail, and got myself wet through, and a little frightened into the bargain, as we had a squall by way of a treat for me. Indeed, I almost suspected that your brother took me out with a hope that I should be washed overboard—and he play the young widower on the beach!

I am very much pleased with Hastings; we have had some beautiful walks, and have many more in store. I have not yet reached the castle, nor Charles Lamb's little church,* but the weather is very favourable to our little schemes, and we have no fault to find, but that a week has flown like a day, and we have only another to stay here. Your brother begs I will tell you that the town is empty, and that he is the handsomest man here! For this reason he drags me over the shingle every day, wearing out my shoes, that he may be seen!

I have heard from home to-day. My mother seems to have been very much fatigued after Thursday, and I am not surprised, as her feelings must have been much tried, and M.'s illness rendered the bustle greater than it would have been otherwise. I hope you all found the day as agreeable as such a day could be, for I know what a sister's feelings are upon such an occasion. But I hope you will all think that I am your sister indeed, ever ready to show you the affection of one, and *eager* to be beloved by you all. The love I bear for one you all love, and the happiness that I experience in being his wife, will always make me look upon you with affection; and I think I should be very ungrateful if I did not add that your kindness to me will be another motive that I shall love you all. I am getting serious; but you

* A fiction of Lamb's—see "My Literary Reminiscences" in "Hood's *Own*."

will forgive me, I hope, for my heart is very full, and if I touch it the happiness will overflow. You will laugh at me, perhaps, and talk about the honey-moon; but your brother and I have had many seasons of trouble and vexations that have made our present enjoyment greater. I must say to you all, get married as fast as you can; but don't marry unless you love the man, for then a married state *must* be miserable.

I hope you will write to us before we leave here, and say how the fifth went off, and if you liked our favourite, Edward Rice;* he read the marriage ceremony so beautifully that we wish to have it over again. Did not Jessie admire his voice? James Rice was on his best behaviour; but he is generally the terror of all single ladies, though a bit of a favourite with the married ones. We are very fortunate in our weather, only now and then a shower, which makes it fresher, and cools the air. I almost long to bathe, but have not courage. Yesterday, I had a bath without intending it, when we sailed, and I found it not so pleasant to carry my wet clothes home, especially as I had my habit on; my Leghorn was really sopped, as your brother expresses it. But nothing seems to trouble me here, for with idleness comes this extravagant indifference I suppose. I wish to write a few lines to your sisters on part of your brother's letter to them, and so must conclude this. I fear I have written you but a dull letter, but you must make allowance, only believing me your affectionate sister,

JANE HOOD.

Your brother sends his love to you; his intentions are good as to sending you a letter while here, but he is not settled enough he says; and is very difficult at taking to his pen now.

* *Subsequently Head Master* of Christ's Hospital.

Of late years my mother's time and thoughts were entirely devoted to him, and he became restless and almost seemed unable to write unless she were near.

The first few years of his married life were the most unclouded my father ever knew. The young couple resided for some years in Robert Street, Adelphi. Here was born their first child, which to their great grief scarcely survived its birth. In looking over some old papers I found a few tiny curls of golden hair, as soft as the finest silk, wrapped in a yellow and time-worn paper inscribed in my father's handwriting :—

" Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled;
Alas! my little dear dead child,
Death is thy father, and not me,
I but embraced thee, soon as he! "

On this occasion those exquisite lines of Charles Lamb's " On an infant dying as soon as born," were written and sent to my father and mother.

I much regret that there is so little record left of the pleasant days of this intimacy with Charles Lamb and his sister. It was a very lively and sincere friendship on both sides, and it lasted up to the time of Mr. Lamb's death. When my father lived at Winchmore, the Lambs were settled at Enfield, so that they were tolerably near neighbours. I give, however, a brief extract from a book entitled " Pen and Pencil," by Mrs. Balmanno. The article is headed, " Lamb and Hood," and is quoted almost *in extenso*, as the volume being published in New York, may not be easy of access :—

Bound in the closest ties of friendship with " The Hoods," with whom we also were in the habit of continually associating, we had the pleasure of meeting Charles Lamb at

their house one evening, together with his sister and several other friends, amongst whom was Miss Kelly, that most natural and unrivalled of English comic actresses.

In outward appearance Hood conveyed the idea of a clergyman. His figure slight, and invariably dressed in black; his face pallid; the complexion delicate, and features regular: his countenance bespeaking sympathy by its sweet expression of melancholy and suffering.

Lamb was altogether of a different mould and aspect. Of middle height, with brown and rather ruddy complexion, grey eyes expressive of sense and shrewdness, but neither large nor brilliant; his head and features well shaped, and the general expression of his countenance quiet, kind, and observant, undergoing rapid changes in conversation, as did his manner, variable as an April day, particularly to his sister, whose saint-like good-humour and patience were as remarkable as his strange and whimsical modes of trying them.

But the brother and sister perfectly understood each other, and "Charles" as she always called him, would not have been the "Charles" of her loving heart without the pranks and oddities which he was continually playing off upon her, and which were only outnumbered by the instances of affection, and evidences of ever watchful solicitude with which he surrounded her.

Miss Lamb, although many years older than her brother, by no means looked so, but presented the pleasant appearance of a mild, rather stout, and comely maiden lady of middle age.

Dressed with quaker-like simplicity in dove-coloured silk, with a transparent kerchief of snow-white muslin folded across her bosom, she at once prepossessed the beholder in her *favour by an aspect of* serenity and peace. Her manners

were very quiet and gentle, and her voice low. She smiled frequently, and seldom laughed, partaking of the courtesies and hospitalities of her merry host and hostess with all the cheerfulness and grace of a most mild and kindly nature.

Her behaviour to her brother was like that of an admiring disciple; her eyes seldom absent from his face. And when apparently engrossed in conversation with others, she would, by supplying some word for which he was at a loss, even when talking in a distant part of the room, show how closely her mind waited upon his.

Mr. Lamb was in high spirits, sauntering about the room, with his hands crossed behind his back, conversing by fits and starts with those most familiarly known to him, but evidently mentally acknowledging Miss Kelly to be the *rara avis* of his thoughts, by the great attention he paid to every word she uttered.

Truly pleasant it must have been to her, even though accustomed to see people listen breathless with admiration while she spoke, to find her words have so much charm for such a man as Charles Lamb.

Miss Kelly (charming, natural Miss Kelly, who has drawn from her audiences more heart-felt tears and smiles than perhaps any other English actress) with quiet good-humour listened and laughed at the witty sallies of her host and his gifted friend, seeming as little an actress as it is possible to conceive.

Once, however, when some allusion was made to a comic scene in a new play then just brought out, wherein she had performed to the life the character of a low-bred lady's maid, passing herself off as her mistress, Miss Kelly arose and with a kind of resistless ardour, repeated a few sentences *so inimitably, that* every*body* laughed as much as if the

real lady's maid, and not the actress, had been before them; while she who had so personated the part, quietly resumed her seat without the least sign of merriment, as grave as possible.

This little scene for a few moments charmed everybody out of themselves, and gave a new impetus to conversation. Mrs. Hood's eyes sparkled with joy, as she saw the effect it had produced upon her husband, whose pale face, like an illuminated comic mask, shone with fun and humour. Never was happier couple than "The Hood's;"* "mutual reliance and fond faith" seemed to be their motto.

Mrs. Hood was a most amiable woman—of excellent manners, and full of sincerity and goodness. She perfectly adored her husband, tending him like a child, whilst he with unbounded affection seemed to delight to yield himself to her guidance. Nevertheless, true to his humorous nature, he loved to tease her with jokes and whimsical accusations, which were only responded to by "Hood, Hood, how can you run on so?" "Perhaps you don't know," said he, "that Jane's besetting weakness is a desire to appear in print, and be thought a Blue."

Mrs. Hood coloured, and gave her usual reply; then observed laughingly: "Hood does not know one kind of material from another, he thinks this dress is a blue *print*." On looking at it I saw it was only a very pretty blue *silk*. The evening was concluded by a supper, one of those elegant social repasts which Flemish artists delight to paint; so fresh the fruit, so tempting the viands, and all so exquisitely arranged by the very hand of taste. Mrs. Hood has fre-

* Lamb's letter, subsequently quoted, is addressed to "The Hoods, Robert Street, Adelphi."

quently smiled when I have complimented her on setting out "picture suppers,"—this was truly one.

Mr. Lamb oddly walked round the table, looking closely at any dish that struck his fancy before he would decide where to sit, telling Mrs. Hood that he should by that means know how to select some dish that was difficult to carve, and take the trouble off her hands; accordingly, having jested in this manner, he placed himself with great deliberation before a lobster-salad, observing *that* was the thing.

Mr. Hood, with inexpressible gravity in the upper part of his face, and his mouth twitching with smiles, sang his own comic song of "If you go to France be sure you learn the lingo;" his pensive manner and feeble voice making it doubly ludicrous.

Mr. Lamb, on being pressed to sing, excused himself in his own peculiar manner, but offered to pronounce a Latin eulogium instead.

This was accepted, and he accordingly stammered forth a long string of Latin words; among which, as the name of Mrs. Hood frequently occurred, we ladies thought it in praise of her.

The delivery of this speech occupied about five minutes. On inquiring of a gentleman who sat next me whether Mr. Lamb was praising Mrs. Hood, he informed me that was by no means the case, the eulogium being on the lobster-salad! Thus, in the gayest of moods, progressed and concluded a truly merry little social supper, worthy in all respects of the author of "Whims and Oddities."

Then comes the following letter from Lamb to Hood.*

* *The letter was addressed outside to* "The Hoods," etc.—T. H.

TUESDAY, 18*th September*, 1827.

DEAR HOOD,

If I have anything in my head I will send it to Mr. Watts. Strictly speaking, he should have all my album verses, but a very intimate friend importuned me for the trifles, and I believe I forgot Mr. Watts, or lost sight at the same time of his similar souvenir. Jamieson conveyed the farce from me to Mrs. C. Kemble; he will not be in town before the 27th.

Give our kind loves to all at Highgate, and tell them that we have finally torn ourselves outright away from Colebrook, where I had *no* health, and are about to domiciliate for good at Enfield, where I have experienced *good*.

> "Lord, what good hours do we keep!
> How quietly we sleep!"

See the rest in the "Complete Angler."

We have got our books into our new house. I am a dray horse if I was not ashamed of the indigested dirty lumber, as I toppled 'em out of the cart, and blest Becky that came with 'em, for her having an unstuffed brain with such rubbish. We shall get in by Michael's mass. 'Twas with some pain that we were evulsed from Colebrook.

You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door-posts. To change habitations is to die to them; and in my time I have died seven deaths. But I don't know whether every such change does not bring with it a rejuvenescence. 'Tis an enterprise, and shoves back the sense of death's approximating, which, though not terrible to me, is at all times particularly distasteful. My house-deaths have generally been periodical, *recurring after* seven years, but this last is *premature by half that time*. Cut off is the flower of Cole-

brook! The Middletonian stream and all its echoes mourn. Even minnows dwindle. *A parvis fiunt minimi.*

I fear to invite Mrs. Hood to our new mansion, lest she should envy it and hate us. But when we are fairly in, I hope she will come and try it. I heard she and you were made uncomfortable by some unworthy to be cared for attacks, and have tried to set up a feeble counteraction through the "Table Book" of last Saturday. Has it not reached you, that you are silent about it? Our new domicile is no manor-house, but new; and externally not inviting, but furnished within with every convenience. Capital new locks to every door, capital grates in every room, with nothing to pay for incoming, and the rent £10 less than the Islington one. It was built a few years since for £500 expense they tell me, and I perfectly believe it, and I get it for £35 exclusive of moderate taxes. It is not our intention to abandon Regent Street and West End perambulations (monastic and terrible thought!) but occasionally to breathe the fresher air of the metropolis. We shall put up a bedroom or two (all we want) for occasional ex-rustication, where we shall visit, not be visited. Plays, too, will we see, perhaps our own, Urban Sylvani, and Sylvanus Urbanuses in turns. Courtiers for a sport, then philosophers, old homely tell-truths, and learn-truths in the virtuous shades of Enfield. Liars again, and mocking gibers in the coffee-houses and resorts of London. And can a mortal desire more for his biparted nature?

"O, the curds and cream you shall eat with us here!
O, the turtle-soup and lobster-salads we shall devour with you there,
O, the old books we shall peruse here!
O, the new nonsense we shall trifle over there!
O, Sir T. Browne! here!
O, Mr. Hood, and Mr. Jerdan there!
Thine, C. (Urbanus) L. (Sylvanus) (Elia Ambo)."

My father's "Literary Reminiscences," in "Hood's Own," are almost the sole memorials left of his acquaintance with all those, who form such a brilliant list in Mr. Hessey's letter,* But few now survive, nor are there any written memoranda upon which to found any chronicle of that period: living so near, and being on such intimate terms with many of them, was almost sufficient reason that but few letters remain to throw any light on the subject. Had they lived in the time of the penny post, there would probably have been a goodly collection of "notelets" or "chits," but in those days of heavy postage, a letter was a more serious undertaking.

In 1826 appeared the first series of "Whims and Oddities," which had a very good sale.

This first series took so well with the public, that a second edition followed,—and some time afterwards, in 1827, a second series appeared, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. This was followed by two volumes of "National Tales," a series of

* One of them—Wainwright—in the 7th vol. of "The London" (1823) criticises my father's bent and style with such an accurate perception of them, as to forestal all later critics. My father wrote occasionally under the name of Theodore M——.

"Young Theodore! young in years, not in power! Our new Ovid!—only more imaginative!—Painter to the visible eye—and the inward;—commixture of what the superficial deem, incongruous elements!—Instructive living proof how close lie the founts of laughter and tears! Thou fermenting brain—oppressed, as yet, by its own riches. Though melancholy would seem to have touched thy heart with her painful (salutary) hand, yet is thy fancy mercurial—undepressed;—and sparkles and crackles more from the contact—as the northern lights when they near the frozen pole. How! is the fit not on? Still is 'Lycus' without mate!—Who can mate him but thyself? Let not the shallow induce thee to conceal this thy depth. * * * * As for thy word gambols, thy humour, thy fantastics, thy curiously-conceited perceptions of similarity, in dissimilarity, of coherents in incoherents, they are brilliantly suave, innocuously exhilarating;—but not a step farther if thou lovest thy proper peace! Read the fine of the eleventh, and the *whole of the twelfth chapter of* 'Tristram Shandy;' and believe *them, dear Theodore!*"

stories, or rather novelettes, somewhat in the manner of Boccaccio. These are now utterly out of print: they were published by Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, then living in Bond Street.

The "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," a very favourite poem of his, appeared in 1827, but it did not exactly suit the public taste, and many copies remained unsold on the publisher's shelf. My father afterwards bought up the remainder of the edition, as he said himself to save it from the butter shops.

In the winter of 1827-28, my father had a very severe attack of rheumatic fever, and on his partial recovery he was ordered to Brighton to recruit his strength. Sea air always produced a beneficial effect on his health; and for many years he was in the habit of visiting Brighton, or his favourite haunt, Hastings, for a few weeks.

At the time I mention he was so weak as to be obliged to be lifted into the coach at starting, but the next day refreshed by the first breath of the bracing air, he was almost himself. At breakfast he offered to give my mother a few hints on buying fish, adducing his own superior experience of the sea, as a reason for informing her ignorance as a young housekeeper. "Above all things, Jane," said he, "as they will endeavour to impose upon your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition." My mother promised faithful compliance in the innocence of her heart, and accordingly when the fishwoman came to the door, she descended to show off her newly acquired information. As it happened, the woman had very little except plaice, and these she turned over and over, praising their size and freshness. But the obnoxious *red spots on every one* of them still greeted my mother's

dissatisfied eyes. On her hinting a doubt of their freshness, she was met by the assertion that they were not long out of the water, having been caught that morning. This shook my mother's doubts for a moment, but remembering my father's portrayal of the Brighton fishwomen's iniquitous falsehoods, she gravely shook her head, and mildly observed, in all the pride of conscious knowledge, "My good woman, it may be as you say, but I could not think of buying any plaice with those very unpleasant red spots!" The woman's answer was a perfect shout. "Lord bless your eyes, Mum! who ever seed any without 'em?"

A suppressed giggle on the stairs revealed the perpetrator of the joke, and my father rushed off in a perfect ecstasy of laughter, leaving my poor discomfited mother to appease the angry sea-nymph as she could. This was a standing joke for many years, in common with the story of the pudding, which will appear hereafter.

He enjoyed playing off little harmless jokes on my mother as before mentioned, who on her part bore them with the sweetest temper, joining in the laugh against herself afterwards with great good humour. She was a capital subject for his fun, for her implicit belief and faith in him never wavered, in spite of incessant tricks and continual assailments. She vowed seriously each time she discovered the deception, not to be deluded again, and seriously walked into the next trap! In his eyes her innocent face of wonder and amaze added greatly to the zest of the joke. Mrs. Balmanno says on this subject:—"Sometimes, perhaps, the jest was pointed a *little* too heavily, but never did the sweet face or gentle voice of Mrs. Hood betray anything like cloud or exasperation even when put to tests that would have proved *eminently* trying to the female patience *of many modern Griseldas!*"

My father's attachment to the sea, as I remarked before, was very great, and he seized every opportunity of getting

within reach of it.* He was much amused when one of his contemporaries, in a little sketch of his life, gravely asserted that he was destined for the sea, but would not carry out the intention, owing to his dislike of the great ocean. The only ground he could imagine there was for this assertion was, that in one of the comics he wrote a sort of burlesque account of first going to sea, with all its attendant horrors, to a landsman, of storm and sickness. But this I need hardly say was under a fictitious character, and quite the reverse of his own opinions. Although his life had twice been in danger owing to it, yet his love and relish for the sea and all belonging to it partook almost of yearning affection, which he has so beautifully expressed in a sonnet published in the last collection of poems, commencing—

"Shall I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love?"

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* *This cut was one of* several sketches drawn by my father to teach his *wife the names, &c., of the different* craft at Hastings.—T. H.

The allusion here is to the fearful storm he encountered in after years, when crossing to Rotterdam. But his first peril was of a different kind, as I remember hearing the story from his own lips. It occurred before his marriage, but in what year I cannot ascertain. He was in the habit of going frequently to Hastings, and there he enjoyed boating to his heart's content, accompanied by his favourite old boatman Tom Woodgate, whom he commemorated in a sea-side sketch. At this particular time my father had just recovered from a severe illness, and after a few days' stay at Hastings, he fancied a bathe in the open sea would do him good. He had often bathed so before; and being a good swimmer he used to go out in the boat some way from shore, and then undress and plunge in. This he accordingly did, being still weak, and when he came up from his first plunge he found himself under the boat. Knowing the full extent of his danger, he exerted all his remaining strength and dived again, when he succeeded in coming up at some distance from the boat. He said he saw water, "like a bubble" getting lighter above him; he could only compare it to the often described feelings of persons rescued from drowning, when the events of all their past life seem to flash before them in a moment. He was so utterly exhausted when he came up that he could scarcely support himself till the boat reached him. The boatman told him afterwards he was dreadfully frightened, for although the whole occurrence took place in perhaps less time than it takes to describe it, the interval was quite long enough for his experience to tell him that something was wrong. Great was his relief to see my father come up at a little distance, and lustily did he pull to his help. He owned that *he was speculating* how he was ever to go *back to Hastings with the* clothes and watch, as few would

have believed his story. Fortunately this tragical end was averted, but it was a warning to my father ever after. He perfectly understood the management of a boat, and would often take the helm, but he never attempted bathing in the open sea again.

During one of his visits to Brighton my father made acquaintance with an old lieutenant in the Coast Guard, a great oddity, who used to drop in of an evening for a quiet rubber. From him my father learned a curious song; about the only one he was ever known to sing, and quaint and characteristic enough it was. I give all the verses I have been able to recover.

"Up jumped the mackerel,
With his stripëd back,—
Says he 'Reef in the mains'l, and haul on the tack,
For it's windy weather,
It's stormy weather,
And when the wind blows pipe all hands together—
For, upon my word, it is windy weather!

"Up jumped the cod,
With his chuckle head,—
And jumped to the mainbrace to heave at the lead,
For it's windy weather, etc.

"Up jumped the flounder,
That swims by the ground,—
Crying, 'damme, old chucklehead mind how you sound,'
For it's windy weather, etc."

The verses, almost as numerous as the fishes in the sea, wound up with the following,

"Up leapt the whale,
The biggest of all,—
Crying out, 'maintop-gallant sheet why don't you haul?'
For it's windy weather, etc."

Now my father, curiously enough, with the most delicate perception of the rhythm and melody of versifying, and the most acute instinct for any jarring syllable or word, and peculiarly happy in the musical cadence of his own poetry, had yet not the slightest ear for music. He *could* not sing a tune through correctly, and was rather amused by the defect than otherwise, especially when a phrenologist once told him his organs of time and tune were very deficient.* My father used to say on the very rare occasions on which he was ever known to sing, that he chose this particular song because when he was out of tune no one could detect him, especially as he made a point of refusing all *encores!*

During his residence at Brighton on this occasion, the following two letters were written to Mr. Balmanno, and the third to Sir Thomas Lawrence. These are quoted from Mrs. Balmanno's book, "Pen and Pencil," named before.

25, KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON,
March 21*st*, 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We got down here safe, but heartily tired—I think Jane the most fatigued of the two—and took up our quarters for the night at the Norfolk. The next morning, to my own astonishment and my wife's, I got out and walked about a mile on the shingles, partly against a

* Several people observed this in him, and one, who was just safe-landed from a rhapsody on music, in which he had indulged before my father, who didn't sympathise, said—"Ah, you know, you 've no musical enthusiasm—you don't know what it is!" It was a dangerous thing to snub my father, for he generally gave as good as he took. In this instance he said—"Oh, yes, I do know it—it's like turtle soup—for every pint of real, you *meet with gallons of mock*, with calves' heads in proportion!"—*T. H.*

strong wind which now and then had the best of me. Here we are now settled in a nice lively lodging—the sea frothing about twenty yards in front, and our *side* window looking down the road westward, and along the beach, where at about 100 yards lies the wreck of a poor sloop, that came ashore the night we arrived—nobody lost. She looks somewhat like the "atomies" in Surgeons' Hall, with her bare ribs and backbones, and the waves come and spit at her with incurable spite. We have had one warm beautiful day quite like summer, with flies (the hack flies,) all about too; but to-day is cold—squally with rain. The effect of the sea upon me is almost incredible. I have found some strength and much appetite already, though I have but sniffed the brine a single time. The warm bath has removed all my stiffness—an effect I anticipated from something that occurred in the coach. The approach to the coast, even at half way, had such an effect on the claret jelly* that it took away all *its stiffness*, and let it loose in Mrs. Hood's bag. The "regal purple stream" has caused some odd results. Made my watch a stop watch by gumming up the works, glued Jane's pocket-book together; and fuddled a letter to Dr. Yates in such a style that I am ashamed to deliver it. Pray don't let Mrs. Balmanno take any reproach to herself for the misconduct of her jelly; I suspect it was so glad to set off it did not know whether it stood on its head or its heels. I rather think it was placed for safety bottom upwards; I forgot to say that the jelly got into Jane's purse and made all the money stick to it, an effect I shan't object to, if it prove permanent. Jane is delighted with Brighton, and wishes we could live there, regretting almost that I am not a boatman instead of an

* *A present* from Mrs. Balmanno.

author. Perhaps when my pen breaks down I may retire here and set up a circulating library, like Horace Smith;* I shall deliver your credentials to that gentleman to-morrow.

So far was written yesterday. I got up to-day, ate a monstrous breakfast and took a walk, but could not fetch up Horace Smith's, for I set out along the beach, which being *shingle* the fatigue was *double*. As yet I don't think I have any ankles. I don't bore myself yet with writing (don't tell Yates this!), but amuse myself with watching the waves, or a seagull, or the progress of a fishing boat—matters trifling enough, but they afford speculation seemingly to a score old smocked, glazed hatted, blue breeched boatmen or fishermen before my windows, and why not to me? There is great pleasure in letting a busy restless mind lie fallow a little, and mine takes to its idleness very complacently. Jane murmurs and wants books, (scandal!) *her* mind is so used to be idle it requires a change. She takes to her victuals as well as I do, and has *such* a colour, particularly on her *chin!* Here is a look out of our window,† raging main and all,—Jane made me draw it in my best style for your satisfaction. I leave to her the flaps to write upon, and subscribe myself with very best regards to Mrs. Balmanno and yourself, my dear friend,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

BRIGHTON,
24th March, 1828.

Many thanks, my dear Balmanno, for your very welcome letter—a treat even when letters are numerous, for

* This alludes to Mr. Smith's numerous publications.

† Here, in the original, *is a drawing of* a large French window opening on a *balcony, with a view of the sea.*

almost every house has a *bill* on the window. Along with yours came a lot of others, like an Archangel mail just *thawed*, and they served very much to relish my breakfast. "Literary Gazette," too, was a godsend, particularly as we afterwards exchanged it, or the reading of it, for the perusal of the "Times," with our fellow-lodger. I had among the rest an epistle from W. Cooke, and one from Ackerman recommending me to try Mahomet's vapour-baths here—that C. C. certainly put him up to it. But I trust I know better than to trust my carcase to the infidel. I might get into his hot well and come out a *muscle man?* The hot brine of the *Artillery* Baths (so called, I suppose, because they heat water for Perkins and his steam-guns) has done more good for me; taken the stiffness out of my limbs, but my ankles still suffer from a very *strong weakness*. Thank God, I have found out that I have a stomach; from the former state of my appetite, I seem now to have *three*, like a camel; and when the loaf comes up I take off a very large *impression*. For example, I have eaten to-day for dinner, a turbot, a tart, and a tough old fowl, that nothing but a coast appetite would venture on. But on the beach you may munch anything, even an old superannuated fisherman. I called on Horace Smith yesterday, but he was out; to-day I have had better luck, though he was out still, for we met at his door, and I gave him your letter on the steps. I was delighted with him and with *her*. He was all that is kind and gentlemanly, and I shall break through my resolution and take a family dinner with them, though I had vowed to accept no such invitations. I hope that he and I are to be quite thick ere I leave, if such a stick as I may be *thick* with anyone. Mrs. Smith is an invalid on the sofa, and she and I regard each other, I believe, with fellow interest on that account; I was taken with her very much,

and with the little girl too, who seems destined to make hearts ache hereafter. She has all the blossom of a beauty about her. There were some grown-up Misses making a call, so that we had not our visit all to ourselves, but Smith and I contrived to gossip; he calls here to-morrow. I should have liked to make one at G.'s. Your account of it is very amusing. Your meeting with Reynolds pleases me much, and your liking of him, which I find is reciprocated on his part. I trust you will sometimes meet in Robert Street, if there still be such a place. We are to be up at the G. Square party, or rather I am to be up to everything on Thursday, and we shall meet in the evening of that day. Don't you think a crowded assembly may have the effect of a *hot air bath?* But the real thing is Brighton. C. C. did not give it a fair trial, he was only sham-shampooed, and dived not into the bath, but the bathos. The fact is he mistakes his complaint; he keeps his room and calls it *room*atism; no man who pretends to such an affliction should lay claim to "Fairy *Leg*-ends." I am much amused with a squad of mer-men before the window; I observe they never walk more than eight paces on end—and then "bock agin," all things by *turns*, and nothing *long*. They seem like old duellists, so accustomed to that measure of ground that they can't help it. To-day has been beautifully fine; sunshine and a fresh breeze; luckily all the winds have been from south and west—great *points* in my favour, and quite "equal to bespoke." I watch over the expanses, and gaze over the expenses, so that I am more careless than cureless, and enjoy myself as though there were no Jilts in being. I hear the waves constantly like "woodpeckers tapping" the hollow beach. Jane says there is something solemn and religious in its music, and to be sure, the sea is the Psalter *element. Besides my* warm baths, in hobbling along the

beach, a great surge gave me an extempore *foam*-entation of the feet and ankles, so that I have tried a cold bath also. But we have not had any Elizabethan sea, that is in the *ruff* state, though we have violently desired to see a storm, and a wreck, a pleasure admirably described by Lucretius—

> "'Tis sweet to stand by good dry land surrounded,
> And see a dozen of poor seamen drownded!"

In the meanwhile Jane has picked up three oystershells and a drowned nettle as marine curiosities, also a jelly fish, but she fears it will melt in her bag, and spoil more watches. She enjoys everything akin to the sea, even our old *moreen* curtains, and swears that Ossian's poems are nothing to Ocean's. She is only astonished to find *sheep* in the *Downs* instead of ships. With great labour I have taught her to know a sloop from a frigate, but she still calls masts *masks!* Pray tell Mrs. B. that Mrs. H. will write to her to-morrow, if the tide comes in—it is at present low water with her ideas. The fact is she gets fat and *idle*, but she always was *idol*-ized. The "Fairy Legends," she has perused, borrowed of Moxon, but pray don't send her any books here, as it will be mere kindness thrown away. I have offered to get her "Whims and Oddities" at the library here, but she says she wishes for something lighter and newer. She has over-fed herself like the bullfinch, and I am persuaded can't read. Pray give my kind regards to Mrs. Balmanno, with my best thanks for all her good wishes, though she may suffer by the fulfilment, as I am regaining my impertinence. The tide is coming in, and the post going out, so I must shorten sail. It is lucky for you we stay but a week, or you would find our *post* quite an *impost*. Thanks for the *frank*ness of yours; we don't hold them cheaply notwithstanding.

I am, my dear Balmanno, yours very sincerely,

THOMAS HOOD.

BRIGHTON, *November 16th*, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,

There are some sketches of Brighton (in Cooke's copper), and I have undertaken to scribble some notes on the margin of the sea. To this end I am enjoying the breezes which I inh-*ale* like a sea-*sider*, looking over a prospect that in its calm, reminds me of a sea *peace* by Vandervelde, and in its shingles of *Beechy*. It is now like royal Bessie in its *rough;* and the wind, that great *raiser* of waves, is accompanied by a suitable *lather* on Neptune's face. It is besides high water, or more properly high *waiter*, for the tide *serves at the Bar*, and there is a great influx of the weeds that grow in "the Garden of the Gull," *i. e., Sea Gull.* Afar off, a lonely vessel is tumbling about, and observe there the goodness of Providence, that the rougher the storm, the better the vessel is *pitched*, while here and there in the foreground may be seen what Molière with his French inversion would call a *tar-tough*. The skeleton of a lost brig, like the bones of a sea monster, lies at the extreme left. I am told, by the Brighton people, that ship disasters are not uncommon here; they have often had *Georgius Rex*. You will understand, my dear sir, from this sample, that my guide will be unserious chiefly; but I contemplate a *graver* description of the Pavilion, provided I can gain entrance to the interior, which I understand is more difficult than aforetimes. In a conversation with Mr. Balmanno, it occurred to me, however, that you could put me in the way, for I do not even know the proper quarter to apply to amongst the *Chain Piers*, but, of course, not Captain Brown's. I have spent some time in making up my mind to trouble you on this *subject* or *head, considering* how many better ones *engage you. But pray frame* some excuse for my freedom,

which originates in my reliance on your kindly feeling towards me. I have no doubt but that you can at any rate direct me how to get access, and even that will *accessively* oblige, my dear sir,

Yours very respectfully,

THOMAS HOOD.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., &c., &c., &c.

"Eugene Aram's Dream" first appeared in an Annual called the "Gem"* of which in the year 1829 my father was editor; it was afterwards republished in a separate form, with drawings by W. Harvey, an old and intimate friend of his.

In 1829 he left London for Winchmore Hill, where he took a very pretty cottage situated in a pleasant garden. He was very much attached to it, and many years afterwards I have known him point out some fancied resemblance in other places, and say to my mother, "Jenny, that's very like Winchmore!" It is a pretty neighbourhood, even now when the great metropolis has encroached far on the "Green Lanes" —in those days it was voted quite in the country.

An amusing incident took place during their removal from town. A large hamper of china and glass had arrived from town by the carrier one morning, and the contents being unpacked were placed, *pro tempore*, on a dresser in the china closet. This wooden shelf had been only newly mortared into the wall, and when all this weight was put on it, of course it came down with an alarming crash! My father, who was within hearing, soon came to the scene of action, or rather *fraction*, and after coolly surveying the damage, very quietly sent the maid to her mistress with the message that

* *It was chiefly illustrated* by the late Abraham Cooper, and had therefore *rather more than its* share of horses and dogs.

"the china which *came up* in the morning, had *come down* in the evening!" This, to his great amusement, brought my mother, in a state of utter mystification, to the scene of the catastrophe. They were, however, both very cheerful people, and the breakage (no light one), was borne with tolerable philosophy on both sides.

At Winchmore Hill, my father must have resided about three years, and here, in 1830, I was born. In the Christmas of the same year, the first "Comic Annual" appeared, dedicated to Sir Francis Freeling. A copy of this first volume was, I believe, sent to the late Duke of Devonshire, and this I imagine was my father's first introduction to him, as I find his Grace's letter of thanks for it, dated February 8th, 1831.

LONDON.

SIR,

Accept my best thanks for the beautiful copies of the "Comic Annual," which I have had the pleasure of receiving from you; you could not have selected a person who has enjoyed more the perusal of your works.

I am almost afraid of making the following request but perhaps it may be as amusing as it *must* be easy to you to comply with it, in which case alone I beg you to do it.

It is necessary to construct a door of sham books, for the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth: your assistance in giving me inscriptions for these unreal folios, quartos, and 12mos, is what I now ask.

One is tired of the "Plain Dealings," "Essays on Wood," and "Perpetual Motion" on such doors,—on one I have seen the names of "Don Quixote's Library," and on others impossibilities, *such as "Virgilii* Odaria,"—"Herodoti Poemata,"—"*Byron's Sermons*,"—&c., &c.; but from you I

venture to hope for more attractive titles—at your perfect leisure and convenience. I have the honour to be, Sir, with many excuses,

Your sincere humble servant,

DEVONSHIRE.

In accordance with this request my father, in April, sent the following list of titles :—

TITLES FOR THE LIBRARY DOOR, CHATSWORTH.

On the Lung Arno in Consumption. By D. Cline.
Dante's Inferno, or Description of Van Demon's Land.
The Racing Calendar, with the Eclipses for 1831.
Ye Devill on Two Styx (Black letter). 2 Vols.
On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling. By Barber Beaumont.
Percy Vere. In 40 volumes.
Galerie des Grands Tableaux par les Petits Maitres.
On the Affinity of the Death Watch and Sheep Tick.
Lamb's Recollections of Suett.
Lamb on the Death of Wolfe.
The *Hop*tician. By Lord Farnham.
Tadpoles; or Tales out of my own Head.
On the Connection of the River Oder and the River Wezel.
Malthus' Attack of Infantry.
McAdam's Views in Rhodes.
Spenser, with Chaucer's Tales.
Autographia; or Man's Nature, known by his Sig-nature.
Manfredi. Translated by Defoe.
Earl Grey on Early Rising.
Plurality of Livings, with Regard to the Common Cat.
The Life of Zimmermann. By Himself.
On the Quadrature of the Circle; or Squaring in the Ring. By J. Mendoza.
Gall's Sculler's Fares.
Bish's Retreat of the Ten Thousand.
Dibdin's Cream of Tar—.
Cornaro on Longevity and the Construction of 74's.
Pompeii; or Memoirs of a Black Footman. By Sir W. Gell.

Pygmalion. By Lord Bacon.
Macintosh, Macculloch, and Macaulay on Almacks.
On Trial by Jury, with remarkable Packing Cases.
On the Distinction between Lawgivers and Law-sellers. By Lord Brougham.
Memoirs of Mrs. Mountain. By Ben Lomond.
Feu mon Père—feu ma Mère. Par Swing.

On December the 22nd, 1832, my father sent His Grace the following further instalment of titles, with the letter which is printed after them :—

Boyle on Steam.
Rules for Punctuation. By a thorough-bred Pointer.
Blaine on Equestrian Burglary ; or the Breaking-in of Horses.
Chronological Account of the Date Tree.
Hughes Ball on Duelling.
Book-keeping by Single Entry.
John Knox on "Death's Door."
Designs for Friezes. By Captain Parry.
Remarks on the Terra Cotta or Mud Cottages of Ireland.
Considérations sur le Vrai Guy, et Le Faux.
Kosciusko on the Right of the Poles to stick up for Themselves.
Prize poems, in *Blank* verse.
On the Site of Tully's Offices.
The Rape of the Lock, with Bramah's Notes.
Haughty-cultural Remarks on London Pride.
Annual Parliaments : a Plea for Short Commons.
Michau on Ball-Practice.
On Sore Throat and the Migration of the Swallow. By T. Abernethy
Scott and Lot. By the Author of "Waverley."
Debrett on Chain Piers.
Voltaire, Volney, Volta. 3 Vols.
Peel on Bell's System.
Grose's Slang Dictionary ; or Vocabulary of Grose Language.
Freeling on Enclosing Waste Lands.
Elegy on a Black-Cock, shot amongst the Moors. By W. Wilberforce.
Johnson's Contradictionary.
Sir T. Lawrence on the Complexion of Fairies and Brownies.
Life of *Jack Ketch, with Cuts of his own* Execution.
Barrow on the Common Weal.

Hoyle's Quadrupedia; or Rules of All-Fours.
Campaigns of the British Arm: By one of the German Leg.
Cursory Remarks on Swearing.
On the Collar of the Garter. By Miss Bailey of Halifax.
Shelley's Conchologist.
Recollections of Bannister. By Lord Stair.
The Hole Duty of Man. By I. P. Brunel.
Ude's Tables of Interest.
Chantrey on the Sculpture of the Chipaway Indians.
The Scottish Boccaccio. By D. Cameron.
Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue.
In-i-go on Secret Entrances.
Hoyle on the Game Laws.
Mémoires de La-porte.

LAKE HOUSE, *Dec.* 22, 1832.

MY LORD DUKE,

I am extremely obliged to Your Grace for the kind and early answer to my request concerning Lady Granville. With my best thanks I have the honour of presenting a copy of my "Annual," and sincerely hope to have the same pleasure for many years to come.

The enclosed titles were for a long time "titles extinct," —being lost with other papers in my removal hither: or, as Othello says, thro' "moving accidents by flood and field." Some memoranda subsequently turned up, but I feared too late for use; and besides I could not disentangle the new from the old.

This has been matter of regret to me, but I have made up my mind to send them to Your Grace on the chance of their becoming of use, and that some secret door may yet open to them, like those in the old romances.

I have the honour to be,
My Lord Duke,
Your Grace's obliged servant,
THOS. HOOD.

After this many communications passed between His Grace and my father. Until the time of my father's death (I might add even after that time, when I think of his generous subscription to the Monumental Fund) the Duke's acts of considerate kindness never varied or failed. The "Comic Annual" of 1831 was dedicated to His Grace, and that of 1832 to Lady Granville, by a permission hinted at in the letter of Dec. 22nd. But his Grace's kindnesses were not always minor ones. Assistance of great service was rendered by him to my father in the shape of a volunteered friendly loan, the benefit of which will be seen in the ensuing letter:—

LAKE HOUSE, *August*, 1833.

MY LORD DUKE,

It will doubtless appear to Your Grace that one request brings on a second, as certainly as one Scotchman is said to introduce another, when I entreat for my new novel of "Tylney Hall" the same honour that was formerly conferred on the "Comic Annual."

If a reason be sought why I desire to address a second dedication to the same personage, I can only refer to the "*on revient toujours*" principle of the French song; and no one could have better cause so to try back than myself.

I hesitate to intrude with details, but I know the goodness which originated one obligation will be gratified to learn that the assistance referred to has been, and is, of the greatest service in a temporary struggle—though arduous enough for one of a profession never overburthened with wealth, from Homer downwards. Indeed the Nine Muses seem all to have lived in one house for cheapness. I await, hopefully anxious, Your Grace's pleasure as to the new honour I solicit, fully *prepared, in case of* acquiescence, to exclaim with

the Tinker to the "Good Duke" of Burgundy, in the old ballad,

> "Well, I thank your good Grace,
> And your love I embrace,
> I was never before in so happy a case!"

With my humble but fervent wishes for the health and happiness of Your Grace, and one not so favourable to the long life of the grouse, I have the honour to be,

My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obliged and devoted servant,

THOS. HOOD.

Between 1831-2 my father had some connection with the stage in the form of dramatic composition. It was probably at this time he made the acquaintance of T. P. Cooke, and, I think, Dibdin.

He wrote the libretto for a little English Opera, that was brought out, I believe, at the Surrey. Its name is lost now, although it had a good run at the time. Perhaps it may be recognised by some old play-goer by the fact that its *dramatis personæ* were all *bees*. My father also assisted my uncle Reynolds in the dramatising of Gil Blas, which, if my impression be right, was produced at Drury Lane. One scene was very cleverly managed, considering that stage-machinery (which now-a-days is almost engineering) was then in its infancy. It was a scene divided into two *horizontally*, displaying at once the robbers' cave, and the country beneath which it was excavated.

It is much to be regretted that we have been unable to discover any traces of an entertainment* which was written,

* *Some of the Comic Melodies* were among the songs introduced.

somewhere about this time, by my father for the well-known inimitable Charles Mathews the Elder, who was heard by a friend most characteristically to remark, that he liked the entertainment very much, and Mr. Hood too,—but that all the time he was reading it, Mrs. Hood would keep snuffing the candles. This little fidgety observation very much shocked my mother, and of course delighted my father.

He also wrote a pantomime for Mr. Frederick Yates, of the old Adelphi Theatre, and on that occasion received the following quaint epistle, the writer being Mr. Yates's *factotum*, and moreover machinist of all those wonderful Adelphi pieces that made that tiny theatre famous, and delighted the play-going public of those days. Mr. William Godbee was also, I think, the contriver and inventor of Mathews' transformation dresses, for his entertainments, and especially famous for manufacturing queer wigs and head-dresses for him. He was a clever man but a great oddity, as the following letter will show :—

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI, *July* 24, 1832.

Mr. Godbee's Respectfull Compliments to Mr. Hood, and he begs leave to state that he have Received a Letter this morning from Mr. Yates, who is in Glasgow, and he begs of him to go Immediately to Mr. Reynolds of Golden Square, to beg of him to Intreat of Mr. Hood to Favour him with a Coppy of his Pantomime of Harlequin and Mr. Jenkins, for Mr. Yates by some unfortunate circumstance have lost it, and the Dresses and Scenery are of no use to him unless he had the M.S. of the Pantomime. Therefore if Mr. Hood have it by him, and would Send it Enclosed in a Parcel to the Stage Door of the Adelphi Theatre, he would be conferring an Everlasting Favour on him. Honoured Sir, if you should not be *so fortunate as to have it* by you, *Pray* Oblidge me

with an answer by Post, as I dare not Send his Scenery and Dresses without the M.S. to Glasgow. I trust your Goodness of hert will Pardon me in thus troubling you. Permit me to Remain

Your Humble Servant,

WILLIAM GODBEE.

P.S. Dear Sir, I shal wait with all anxiety as I can't write nor send to Mr. Yates until I hear from you.

Whether poor Mr. Godbee's anxiety was set at rest, and the Pantomime found, is not now to be ascertained, but it is to be hoped it was.

Of all my father's attempts at dramatic writing I can find no trace, save one little song intended for a musical piece, which was written to the air "My mother bids me bind my hair." *

The "Comic Annual" of 1832 was dedicated by permission to King William the Fourth, who received the dedication and a copy of the work very graciously, and eventually expressed a desire to see my father. He accordingly called upon his Majesty by appointment at Brighton. My father was much taken with his Majesty's cordial and hearty manner, and I believe he was very well received. One thing I remember is the fact, that on backing out of the royal presence, my father forgot the way he had entered, and retrograded to the wrong entry. The king good-humouredly laughed, and

* Vide "Complete Works." I have also, by the kindness of Mr. Benjamin Webster, become possessed of the original MS. of a farce "York and Lancaster." Mr. Mark Lemon has also been good enough to send me a portion of another farce.—*T. H.*

himself showed him the right direction, going with him to the door.

In 1832 he left Winchmore Hill, owing to some disagreement with his landlord, who declined to make some necessary alterations; it was much to be regretted, and he always spoke of it afterwards in that light. He was induced to take a house in Essex,—Lake House, Wanstead. He was overpersuaded to do so by some not very judicious friends, and he ever afterwards repented it. It was, however, a beautiful old place, although exceedingly inconvenient, for there was not a good bed-room in it. The fact was, it had formerly been a sort of banqueting-hall to Wanstead Park, and the rest of the house was sacrificed to the one great room, which extended all along the back. It had a beautiful chimney-piece carved in fruit and flowers by Gibbons, and the ceiling bore traces of painting. Several quaint Watteau-like pictures of the Seasons were panelled in the walls, but it was all in a shocking state of repair, and in the twilight the rats used to come and peep out of the holes in the wainscot. There were two or three windows on each side, while a door in the middle opened on a flight of steps leading into a pleasant wilderness of a garden, infested by hundreds of rabbits from the warren close by. From the windows you could catch lovely glimpses of forest scenery, especially one fine aspen avenue. In the midst of the garden lay the little lake from which the house took its name, surrounded by huge masses of rhododendrons.

In the early part of his residence at Wanstead, my father's boyish spirit of fun broke out as usual. On one occasion some boys were caught by him in the act of robbing an orchard; with the assistance of the gardener, they were dragged trembling into the house. My mother's father happened *to be staying there,* an imposing-looking old gen-

tleman, who had not forgotten his scholastic dignity when looking on anything in the shape of a boy. A hint to him sufficed, and he assumed an arm-chair and the character of a J. P. for the county. The frightened offenders were drawn up before him, and formally charged by my father with the theft, which was further proved by the contents of their pockets. The judge, assuming a severe air, immediately sentenced them to instant execution by hanging on the cherry tree. I can recollect being prompted by my father to kneel down and intercede for the culprits, and my frightened crying and the solemn farce of the whole scene had its due effect on the offenders. Down on their knees they dropped in a row, sobbing and whining most piteously, and vowing never "to do so no more." My father, thinking them sufficiently punished, gave the hint, and they were as solemnly pardoned, my father and grandfather laughing heartily to see the celerity with which they made off.

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When you talk of the *middle* of the week, you may as well embrace the *waist* of the week, and come down here at once by Tuesday's Margate steamer. Every hour will do you good, so don't stick Thursday obstinately on your back, like an ass ridden by *Day*. Seriously, I shall look for you, and my doctor says all disappointments will throw me back. Mind while you are on board, have a crust and Cheshire and bottled porter for a lunch. The last is capital! No entire can match that which hath been ripened and mellowed by voyaging. Even Ann Porter is improved by crossing the Channel. Don't forget the pig-tail,—that is the porter. And sit not with your back to the bulwark, on account of the *tremor* of the engine. The sound is as of a perpetual *gallopade* performed by sea horses. Just go to the chimney and listen. There was no illness whatever when I came down,—at least human sickness. The only symptom I saw was the *heaving* of the lead.

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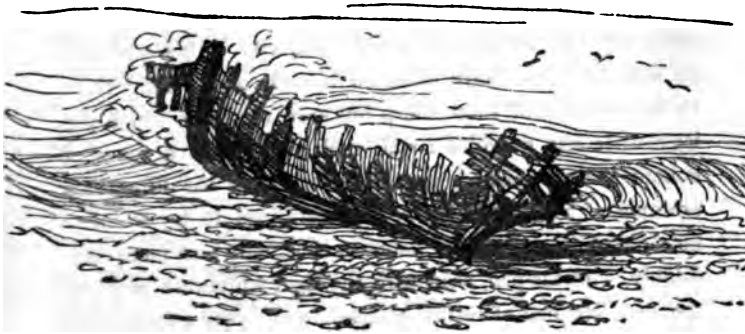

Brighton. March 23. 1828.

The Wreck.

CHAPTER III.

1835.

He is involved in Difficulties by the Failure of a Firm—Birth of only Son—Illness of Mrs. Hood—Acquaintance with Dr. Elliot—Goes to Germany—Nearly lost in the "Lord Melville"—At Rotterdam—Letters to his Wife—Joined by her and the Children at Coblenz—Letter from Mrs. Hood to Mrs. Elliot—Acquaintance with Lieutenant de Franck—Letters to Mr. and Mrs. Dilke, Mr. Wright, and Lieutenant de Franck.

At the end of 1834, by the failure of a firm my father suffered, in common with many others, very heavy loss, and consequently became involved in pecuniary difficulties. "For some months he strove with his embarrassments, but the first heavy sea being followed up by other adversities, all hope of righting the vessel was abandoned. In this extremity had he listened to the majority of his advisers, he would at once have absolved himself of his obligations by one or other of those sharp but sure remedies, which the legislature has provided for all such evils. But a sense of honour forbade such a course, and emulating the illustrious example of Sir Walter Scott, he determined to try whether he could not score off his debts as effectually and more creditably, with his pen, than with the legal whitewash or a wet sponge. He had aforetime realised in one year a sum equal to the amount in arrear, and there was consequently fair reason to expect that by redoubled diligence, economising, and escaping costs at law, he would soon be able to retrieve his affairs. With these views, leaving every shilling behind him, derived from the sale of his effects, the means he carried with him being an advance upon his future labours, he voluntarily expatriated himself, and bade his native land *good night.*"

This is extracted from a letter of his own in which he describes the whole course of his affairs.

To put the crowning stroke on all his sorrows and anxieties, my mother was taken most dangerously ill after the birth of their only son (Jan. 19, 1835), and for some time her life was despaired of. Then was first laid the foundation of that friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Elliot of Stratford, which only terminated with my father's life. Under God's permission, and thanks to the skill and care of their kind friend and physician, my mother was once more restored to comparative health. My father only waited to see her partially recovered, and then, pursuing his plan, he started for Rotterdam in the "Lord Melville," proposing to look out for some pleasant and suitable town on the Rhine where he could settle.

My mother was to follow with her children as soon as she was able to bear the fatigue of travelling. At that time such a journey was no light undertaking; in fact, it required almost as much care and forethought as people think necessary in these days to exert on going to Egypt. My father's voyage was a disastrous one, for the fearful and memorable storm of the 4th and 5th of March, 1835, came on; when eleven vessels, including a Dutch Indiaman, were lost off the coast of Holland. To the mental and bodily exhaustion which attended this danger, my father attributed much of his subsequent sufferings.

He finally fixed on Coblenz as the suitable place for a residence, and from thence he wrote the following letter to my mother. I have inserted it as a proof of his tender and watchful care of her, and the affection that considered even trifles worthy of attention when conducing to her comfort.

Coblentz, *March* 13*th*.

At last, my own dearest and best, I sit down to write to you, and I fear you have been looking anxiously for news from me.

In truth, I wrote a long letter at Nimeguen which I suppressed, having nothing certain to say. I will now tell you first that I am *safe* and *well*—which is the very *truth*—and then I may relate how I got on. I had a dreadful passage to Rotterdam: Wednesday night was an awful storm, and Thursday morning was worse. I was *sea-sick* and *frightened* at sea for the first time: so you will suppose it was no trifle: in fact, it was unusually severe. I went up at midnight and found *four* men at the helm, hint enough for me, so I went down again, and in the morning a terrific sea tore the whole four from the helm, threw the captain as far as the funnel (twenty paces), and the three men after him. Had it not come *direct aft*, it would have swept them into the sea, boat, skylights, and everything in short, and have left us a complete wreck. Eleven others miscarried that same night, near at hand, so you may thank the cherub I told you of: but such a storm has seldom been known. It was quite a squeak for the Comic for 1836. But when you come the weather will be settled, and such a sea comes but once in seven years. When you see four at the helm you may be frightened, but mind, not till then. Steam, I think, saved us, you ought to offer up a golden kettle somewhere. You were given over and I was given under—but we have both been saved, I trust, for each other, and Heaven does not mean to part us yet. But it made me very ill, for it was like being shaken up in a dice box, and I have had a sort of bilious fever, with something of the complaint Elliot cured *me of, and* could not eat, with pains in my side, &c., which I *nursed myself for* as well as I could.

I made two acquaintances on board — one gave me an introduction to a doctor at Coblenz, whom I have not seen; the other gave me an introduction to his father here, where I took tea to-night; their name is Vertue, so you see my morals are in good hands.

I got to Rotterdam only on Thursday night, and I supped there very merrily with the young Vertue and two of his friends.

On Friday night I stopped at Nimeguen, which is in a state of war, and could proceed no further till Saturday, which night I passed aboard, and on Sunday arrived and slept in Cologne. Here I was detained on Monday by the steamer having broken a paddle, but made myself agreeable to an old general, Sir Parker Carrol, who took me with him to see the lions. I gave him a bulletin to carry to Dilke. Strange to say, the general once lived at their house. Also made acquaintance with a Rev. Mr. Clarke, a gentlemanly young man, and we started on Tuesday for Coblenz, where we slept; again, on Wednesday to Mayence, slept there, and to-day he set off for Frankfort, and I returned here. At all these starts I have had to rise at five, and was too worn out and weak to undertake the walking plan I had concerted with Dilke, so I went up and down by the boat instead. Luckily, I got better on Tuesday, and that day and Wednesday and to-day being fine, I enjoyed it very much. From Cologne to Mayence is all beautiful or magnificent; I am sure you will enjoy it, especially if, as I will try, I meet you at Cologne.

I want you to see the cathedral. I am going to-morrow on foot to look among the villages: but my impression is, from what Mr. Vertue says, there will be some difficulty in finding anything there; but at all events there are lodgings to be had in Coblenz, which is a place I admire much. I there-

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Coblentz, *March* 13*th*.

At last, my own dearest and best, I sit down to write to you, and I fear you have been looking anxiously for news from me.

In truth, I wrote a long letter at Nimeguen which I suppressed, having nothing certain to say. I will now tell you first that I am *safe* and *well*—which is the very *truth*—and then I may relate how I got on. I had a dreadful passage to Rotterdam: Wednesday night was an awful storm, and Thursday morning was worse. I was *sea-sick* and *frightened* at sea for the first time: so you will suppose it was no trifle: in fact, it was unusually severe. I went up at midnight and found *four* men at the helm, hint enough for me, so I went down again, and in the morning a terrific sea tore the whole four from the helm, threw the captain as far as the funnel (twenty paces), and the three men after him. Had it not come *direct aft*, it would have swept them into the sea, boat, skylights, and everything in short, and have left us a complete wreck. Eleven others miscarried that same night, near at hand, so you may thank the cherub I told you of: but such a storm has seldom been known. It was quite a squeak for the Comic for 1836. But when you come the weather will be settled, and such a sea comes but once in seven years. When you see four at the helm you may be frightened, but mind, not till then. Steam, I think, saved us, you ought to offer up a golden kettle somewhere. You were given over and I was given under—but we have both been saved, I trust, for each other, and Heaven does not mean to part us yet. But it made me very ill, for it was like being shaken up in a dice box, and I have had a sort of bilious fever, with something of the complaint Elliot cured *me of, and* could not eat, with pains in my side, &c., which I *nursed myself for* as well as I could.

I made two acquaintances on board — one gave me an introduction to a doctor at Coblenz, whom I have not seen; the other gave me an introduction to his father here, where I took tea to-night; their name is Vertue, so you see my morals are in good hands.

I got to Rotterdam only on Thursday night, and I supped there very merrily with the young Vertue and two of his friends.

On Friday night I stopped at Nimeguen, which is in a state of war, and could proceed no further till Saturday, which night I passed aboard, and on Sunday arrived and slept in Cologne. Here I was detained on Monday by the steamer having broken a paddle, but made myself agreeable to an old general, Sir Parker Carrol, who took me with him to see the lions. I gave him a bulletin to carry to Dilke. Strange to say, the general once lived at their house. Also made acquaintance with a Rev. Mr. Clarke, a gentlemanly young man, and we started on Tuesday for Coblenz, where we slept; again, on Wednesday to Mayence, slept there, and to-day he set off for Frankfort, and I returned here. At all these starts I have had to rise at five, and was too worn out and weak to undertake the walking plan I had concerted with Dilke, so I went up and down by the boat instead. Luckily, I got better on Tuesday, and that day and Wednesday and to-day being fine, I enjoyed it very much. From Cologne to Mayence is all beautiful or magnificent; I am sure you will enjoy it, especially if, as I will try, I meet you at Cologne.

I want you to see the cathedral. I am going to-morrow on foot to look among the villages: but my impression is, from what Mr. Vertue says, there will be some difficulty in finding anything there; but at all events there are lodgings to be had *in Coblenz, which is a place* I admire much. I there-

fore think you might start for Coblenz at once, without hearing further from me, when you feel able, letting me know, of course, your day of sailing, for in case of my getting anything at Bingen, &c., you would have to stop *here*, and unless I meet with something to my taste above, I shall make this our fixture.

Consult Dilke. For my part, if well enough, I think you may safely come on the chance, as it would take you five days: one to Rotterdam, one to Nimeguen, two to Cologne, and one to Coblenz. I am writing but a business letter, and you must give me credit, my own dearest, for everything else, as I wish to devote all the space I can, to describing what will be for your comfort.* You must come to Rotterdam by "Der Batavier," which has female accommodations and a stewardess. You may tell the steward I was nearly swamped with him in the "Lord Melville," for he was with us, and will remember it. * * * * You must expect some nuisances and inconveniences, but they will do to laugh at when we meet, and "Der Batavier" is a splendid and powerful steamer. * * * * With my dear ones by my side, my pen will gambol through the Comic like the monkey who had seen the world. We are not transported even for seven years, and the Rhine is a deal better than Swan River. I have made a great many notes. My mind was never so free—and meaning what is right and just to all, I feel cheerful at our prospects, and in spite of illness have kept up. This will not reach you for four or five days, and then it would take you as much more to come, during which I should be sure to get a place, so do not wait to hear from me again. * * * * You may reckon, I think, upon settling at Coblenz: it is a capital and clean town, and does

* *At the foot of the letter he added a list of fonetic French words, that my mother would require during the journey.—T. H.*

justice to Dilke's recommendation. I have already begun some "Rhymes of the Rhine," of which the first is justly dedicated to your own self. But to-night is my first leisure. I have been like the Wandering Jew. How my thoughts and wishes fly over the vine-covered hills to meet yours; my love sets towards you like the mighty current of the great Rhine itself, and will brook no impediments.

I grudge the common-place I have been obliged to write; every sentence should claim you, as my own dear wife, the pride of my youth, the joy of my manhood, the hope of all my after days. Twice has the shadow of death come between us, but our hearts are preserved to throb against each other. I am content for your sake to wait the good time when you may safely undertake the voyage, and do not let your heart run away with your head. Be strong before you attempt it. Bring out with you a copy of "Tylney Hall," which I shall want to refer to. I want no others, but the last Comic. If you are likely to be some time, treat me with one letter. Dilke will tell you how to send it. I long to be settled and at work; I owe *him* much, and wish to do C. Lamb while it is fresh. I hope Reynolds's spasms are gone. *They* could not do better than come up the Rhine this summer, it would not cost so much as Brighton—and such a change of scene. I have had some adventures I must tell you when we meet. I bought this paper all by telegraph of a girl at Cologne. We could not speak a word to each other, and the whole ended in a regular laugh throughout the shop, when she picked out of the money in my hand. Was not I in luck to meet the only two or three English that were out, and make such friends with them. But I really am getting a traveller, and am getting *brass*, and pushing my way with them. I forgot to say at Coblenz the men *frequent the Casinos*, and the women make evening

parties of their own, but I do not mean to give up my old domestic habits. We shall set an example of fireside felicity, if that can be said of a stove, for we have no grates here—the more's the pity. God bless you ever.

Your own,

T. H.

COBLENZ (at the Widow Seil's), 372, CASTOR HOF.

MY OWN DEAREST AND BEST LOVE,

The pen I write with—the ink it holds—the paper it scrawls upon—the wax that will seal it—were all bought by me *à la telegraph*—except that I had the assurance (impudence and ignorance go together) to look a pretty young German lady in the face and ask her for the use of her lips, not to kiss, but to translate for me, but she couldn't. The purport of this is to tell you what I think will give you ease and comfort—that I am fixed here in a snug, cheap, airy lodging—thanks to the kindness of the Vertues, who have taken great trouble for me. Lodgings *furnished* are scarcely to be had here at all, and when the Vertues came they had to stay at an inn seven weeks. They say, and I feel, I am fortunate. There are three little rooms, one backward, my study as is to be, with such a lovely view over the Moselle. My heart jumped when I saw it, and I thought, "There I shall write volumes!" My opposite neighbour is the Commandant, so it's a genteel neighbourhood. To-day I visited the Church of St. Castor, who is to be our patron Saint (vide address), and I saw a bit of his bone. Seriously it is quite a snuggery, where I should want but you and my dear boy and girl to be very happy and very loving. I went up a mountain opposite *yesterday* evening, commanding a magnificent expanse of *view, but the thought* would come that you were not in all

that vast horizon. But it is splendid, and I'm sure it is what you would enjoy. The Vertues have been very kind. I have just taken tea with them, and they will call to-morrow to see me set in. Widow Seil is a woman of property, and always aboard her own barges, travelling up and down the Rhine, and her daughter is here keeping house. She seemed wonder-struck this morning, and so was I, to reflect how we are to get on, for she knows nothing but German; but to-night I have delighted her by telling her in German (which I have poked out) to send to the hotel for my bag and cloak. She said over and over again "das is gude." I hope we shan't end in Eloisa and Abelard. In the fullness of her approbation the maid fairly gave me a slap on the back. You must know servants here are great familiars. The waiters at the inns are hail-fellows with the guests, and in truth but for them I must have foregone discourse, for they generally speak French. I find my French reviving very fast, and so I get on well enough.

I dine at a *table d'hôte*, and sleep here and breakfast, then coffee at the inn, and no supper. You can have your dinner sent in here, I mean for us all, very reasonable and without trouble; and on the first of May I can have Vertue's servant, for they are going to England. She understands English wants, and has a high character, so I think I have provided for you tolerably well.

Tell Dilke I am highly pleased with Coblenz, and quite confirm his choice—it is by far the best thing I have seen.

I do hope you will soon be able to come, and in the meantime I will do everything I can think of to facilitate your progress. * * * I should like a set of Comics for Vertue; and bring with you the bound up Athenæums and your *own bound books.* Get the steward of the *Batavier to see you ashore at* Rotterdam, to the Hotel des

Pays Bas, and in case of any difficulty about customs, which is very unlikely, send from the Hotel for Mr. Vertue, jun., there. The English ladies will explain for you, and he will lend his help, I feel sure. Let me know exactly when you sail from London, and I will meet you at Cologne somehow. Tell Fanny she may see soldiers here, if she likes, all day long. They are always exercising; it seems like—"A month he lived, and that was March!"

If she behaves well on the voyage, and minds what you say, I will show her wonders here. To-day has been beautiful—quite warm—and the weather looks well set in for fine. My little room has the reputation of being cool in summer.

I saw a vision of you, dearest, to-day, and felt you leaning on me, and looking over the Moselle at the blue mountains and vineyards. I long but to get to work with you and the pigeon pair by my side, and then I shall not sigh for the past. Only cast aside sea fears, and you will find your voyage a pleasant one. Your longest spell will be from Nimeguen to Cologne, when you must pass a night on board, but then I shall meet you to take care of the pair, and you will have a good night's rest. Get yourselves strong, there is still a happy future; fix your eyes forward on our meeting, my best and dearest. Our little home, though homely, will be happy for us, and we do not bid England a very long good night. Good night too, my dearest wife, my pride and comfort.

> "And from these mountains where I now respire,
> Fain would I waft such Blessing unto thee,
> As with a sigh I deem thou now might'st do to me."

SUNDAY MORNING.

The hens do lay in Coblenz, they are cackling rarely under my window. I am located thus (here follows a *sketch*). *Dilke will* understand how good the look out is,

just at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, it is almost the corner house of Coblenz. I am charged a trifle extra because I eat two rolls at breakfast, so you see I improve in my habits: the Germans eat great suppers and little breakfasts. * * * For the sake of every one I keep myself in fighting condition, and have brought myself to look forward with a firm and cheerful composure of mind that I hope you will share in.

The less treasure I have elsewhere, the more I feel the value of those I have within my heart, and never could your dear presence be more delightful and blessed in its influence than it will be to me now. Our grapes, though sourish now, will ripen into sweetness by the end of the year, and I shall work like the industrious Germans, whom you will see labouring like ants on the face of their mountains. Tell the Reynoldses they could not do better than take a trip here in the summer, when it must be delightful. It cost me, illness included, but about £10 to get here, including Mayence, and I lost something by *change* in Holland. The Hotels, barring the first rates, professing to be English ones, are moderate and comfortable. My dear Fanny will enjoy herself here, there is so much bustle, barges, steamers, soldiering, and children like dwarf men and women.

Tell her I expect she will take great care of you and her brother on the voyage, and not give you trouble. The first thing I shall ask, when I see you, will be if she has been good, and if so I will take her with you to see the cathedral at Cologne, which with its painted glass, &c., will be to her like fairy land. * * * * You must bring blocks enough with you for the whole Comic, or more than that will be better, as I may do the Epsom or something else. Bring a *good stock*. * * * *

I hear that the Ostend steamers got well knocked about in our storm, and had some men washed overboard;—my head still reels occasionally, and the stairs seem to rock, so you may judge what it was—the very worst for many years. The "Batavier" is an excellent boat; have *porter* on board her, as you will get none after Rotterdam; up the Rhine take Cognac and water, not the sour wine. Wrap yourself well up, and when the bustle of departure is over you may be very comfortable, but up to Cologne there is little worth seeing, except the towns, such as Düsseldorf. From Cologne to Coblenz is superb, and I shall enjoy it with you; but mind, be sure to come when you appoint, as I cannot stay long at Cologne.

Write to me "Poste Restante à Coblenz," as I go to the post-office every day to inquire like Monsieur Mallet. You would be quite in the fashion here with a silk bonnet, and one of those cloaks with a deep cape to the elbows of plain or figured silk, or stuff, such as I saw about the streets of London before I left. It is very quiet here, except when Mrs. Commandant gives a party opposite, when there are carriages. You get a glimpse of the Rhine in front—you must not expect carpets here, and you will have stoves instead of grates, these are universal. By the bye Mrs. Dilke told me to have my linen well-aired, I suspect it was only her ignorance, and that she had taken what is up in all the packets "*Dampschiffe*" for damp shirts. It signifies *steam boats*,—not an unnatural mistake. My young landlady has paid me a smiling visit this morning, and we have had a little conversation in German and English, which neither of us understood. St. Castor has just dismissed his congregation in various *grotesque gaieties*, the most distinguished feature was a violet and pink shot-silk umbrella. *I have also had* a visit this morning from a strange

young gentleman, but for want of the gift of tongues he took nothing by his motion. I am in fact a sort of new Irving, with the girl here for a proselyte, she *will* hold forth, understood or not. Yesterday I gave two groschen to two little girls like Fanny, on the top of the mountain. They went apart, and after a consultation, one dispatched the other to present to me, I guess, an address of thanks, or to ask for more, I don't know which, but I think the former. I found on the same eminence a good honest fellow, very civil for nothing, and a good Christian no doubt, although like Satan he thence pointed out to me all the kingdoms of the earth.

Whenever my eyes leave the paper they see the Moselle still gliding on, and my own verses* occur to me with a powerful application of them to you, and my children, all beyond the bluest of the blue hills. I shall give you good measure, and shall cross this letter, though I do not pretend yet to write letters worth reading, for my head is still confused, and I am but just settled down. Otherwise I have made many notes and memorandums, which I need not write either to you, who will I hope see the things referred to. The Vertues have called, and kept me beyond my time. They have begged me to make their house my home, and are very obliging. To-day being Sunday we dined in state, with a band playing, and I indulged in a glass of wine in which I drank your health. I have just bought with much trouble an instantaneous light to seal this letter with. I am become quite a citizen of the world, I talk to every one in English, broken French, and bad German, and have the vanity to think I make friends, wherever I go.

Tell Dilke this, it will please him. Say to John I shall

* "*Still glides the gentle* streamlet on."—T. H.

write him a long letter as soon as I hear from London, and also to Dilke. I have seen to-day the whole troops on the parade, governors, demi-governors, &c. Their bands do not equal ours, some of our drums would *beat them hollow*, and they have no good horses. * * * May God have all those I love, or who love me, in His Holy keeping, is the prayer of the subscribed,

THOMAS HOOD.

In accordance with the arrangements laid down by my father, my mother, accompanied by my brother and myself, went on board the "Batavier" on the 29th of March, 1835, and were joined by my father at Cologne. From thence we proceeded to Coblenz. I have inserted the following letter from my mother, as it describes better than I could do their first settling in their new home. Her descriptions also of what she saw are so evidently influenced and aided by my father's observations, that they are almost as interesting as his own.

372, CASTOR HOF, COBLENZ, 22*nd June*, 1835.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

* * * * I was fortunate in my voyage here in having fair weather, and also in having the ladies' cabin of the "Batavier" to myself, with the exception of a young lady about fifteen, who was coming to a Moravian School at one of the villages on the Rhine. The stewardess too was a very respectable woman, and very attentive. We got to Rotterdam about six on Monday evening, and then some of my troubles began. We were *to set off* by the Rhine steamer at six the next morning, *and I desired them* to call me at five; but the stupid

chambermaid came and knocked at my door at twelve. I did not find out the mistake until I had with difficulty roused Fanny from her bed, and got her dressed. From being disturbed, when six came the poor child was so sick and ill I was obliged to have her carried down to the steam-boat. From Rotterdam to Cologne is very flat and uninteresting, and a very slow passage, as it is against the stream. We passed the night on board, which I should not have minded, except for the children. I got some beds made up for them in the cabin, and thought they would be tolerably comfortable. But at nine we stopped and took on board a company of Prussian soldiers, with about twenty officers, who all came clattering into the cabin, which was not very large, and the tables were spread for their suppers. After they had done eating, they played cards till three in the morning, when most of them were put ashore at Düsseldorf. We were to have arrived at Cologne at 12 o'clock, but to accommodate the Prussian officers, our steam was made to boil a gallop, and we arrived at 10 A.M. So that I got to the Hôtel du Rhin before Hood, who was killing time on the parade. When he arrived I scarcely knew him, he looked so very ill. He made me stay a day here to refresh, which I very much needed; for my poor baby suffered much for want of his usual comforts, and I felt the fatigue with the children very much. Our stay allowed us to see the curiosities of Cologne, which are well worth seeing; the Cathedral more especially; at the least so much as is finished of it, for it never will be completed unless the old days of Roman Catholic power and glory should return. The interior for *lightness* and elegance is perfectly exquisite. Hood says if the Loretto Angel had to carry away a Cathedral, he would choose that of Cologne. We saw all its wonders and relics, its *golden shrine, inlaid with* cameos and gems, and delicate

mosaic; though some of the jewels, by a dishonest miracle, are converted into coloured glass. We saw the crowns of the Three Wise Kings, and also some admirable sculptures in ivory. I must not forget to mention the painted windows, which are splendid, and the tapestries in the choir from the designs of Rubens, which are quite in the style of the Cartoons. There is also a curious picture, very old indeed, of the Three Kings adoring the Virgin and Child—in parts recalling Raffaelle to my mind. In the old church of St. Peter, where Rubens was baptised, we saw one of his masterpieces—the martyrdom of the patron saint—they make you stoop and look at it, with your head downwards (like the figure of the martyr) to show the expression of the face, which is truly marvellous. From the church—what a next step!—we went to the masquerade room, which is of vast dimensions, supported by a range of pillars in the middle, in the shape of gigantic champagne glasses, out of which seem to issue a quantity of painted masquerade figures nearly covering the ceiling. The idea is better than the execution. German wit and humour, Hood says, are like yeast dumplings a day old.

We arrived at Coblenz about six, and really the place justifies our friend's recommendation. The houses are good, the streets wide, airy, and clean, with here and there a bit of pavement in the English style, which I always found attracted my weary feet as if it had been a loadstone. The walking in Cologne was very rough, Hood calls it a stone storm, and says if a certain place is paved with good intentions, Cologne must have been paved with the bad ones. The very horses are compelled to wear high-heeled shoes to prevent slipping.

* * * * *

As for Hood, he was in a wretched state of health, he had *been sadly overdone* before he left England, and the storm

he was out in completed the mischief, otherwise he is fond of and used to the sea: but they were very nearly lost, eleven other vessels were wrecked the same night, in the same storm, in or near the mouth of the Maes.

Hood got worse day by day, but we could not prevail on him to have advice, though Mr. Vertue strongly recommended Dr. B—— who had attended his family while they were here. At last we were compelled to call him in, for Hood was seized with most frightful spasms in the chest. I cannot express how wretched, and terrified I was, for he said himself it was like being struck with death. His countenance was sunk and his eyes too. He was seized first at night, and Dr. B—— remained with him for two hours, and then left him somewhat easier, but the pain lasted, at intervals, all night, and left him next day as weak as a child. After this he had many similar attacks, but slighter ones. I wanted faith in our physician, but of course did not say so; their practice is so different to the English, they won't hear of calomel. However Dr. B—— certainly brought Hood round, and for the last fortnight he has got on rapidly, for which I cannot be too thankful. Dr. B—— recommends his going to Ems, for a little change, but he is too busy to spare time for it.

Last Thursday was Corpus Christi day, and the host was carried in great state and pomp. They erected an altar over a public conduit at the end of our street, the said conduit having been prematurely erected by the French as a trophy of their *coming* triumph over the Russians. It is most laughably inscribed.

"Mémorable par la Campagne contre les Russes, sous la Préfecture de Jules Douzan. Anno 1812."

"Vu et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe de la ville de Coblenz le 1er Janvier, 1814."

So much for the Foreign department, and now for the Home! You will be glad to hear the children have thriven recently to my heart's content. Fanny is very well and happy, my baby is a healthy little creature, and so "bronzy" * with brown and red, his Papa declares that at our first party he shall hold a wax-candle. He is as fat and hard as a German sausage, and so merry you would pick him out, as Dr. Kitchener recommends you to choose lobsters, namely as "heavy and lively." N.B. Paternal vanity is answerable for the last sentence.

* * * * *

The coffee here is really a sort of evening brown stout. It is roasted, or as they say here "burned" at home; and whatever be the cause, it is so different a beverage that Hood says, he suspects with Accum that the English coffee is made from horse-beans. Tea is bad, and dear here. You may judge how good the coffee must be when I say that I do not regret it; besides the leaves are not in request here, as there are no carpets. Hood says amongst the "Bridgewater Treatises," they might have instanced this as a manifestation of a Providence.

I have heard of German cousins, but I am sure we are not relations, or we should be more upon speaking terms.

"*We are only on talking terms with the Butcher, an Anglo-Prussian officer, and the Doctor (all in the killing line), but Hood manages to get on with a little bad French, which, as he lived at Wanstead, he very probably picked up at 'Stratford atte Bow,' notorious, as Chaucer declares, for such a jargon. All our dinners are ordered per dictionary, but we still get onions*

* This is an allusion to two handsome bronze figures of children reading, mounted as candlesticks, which used to stand on the drawing-room mantelpiece, and were familiar to all his friends, so that the joke was a domestic one.—*T. H.*

sometimes for turnips, and radishes for carrots. It sounds farcical but it's true, that I sent for a fowl for my dear invaluable invalid (I mean Hood), and the servant brought back two bundles of goose-quills!"

I need not make any remark on the foregoing sentence which has been written in my absence, but I must confirm the feathery fact.

* * * * *

My baby has been vaccinated here according to law, as we should have been fined for omitting it; though where the original cow-pock comes from is a mystery, as well as the milk, for you never see a cow but once on a time in a cart: and good reason why, as peas, beans, corn and clover, run all into one, without hedges or fence of any kind.

It surprises me that we get sweet *milk, the Germans have such a* turn *for everything sour. The wine is sour, they* preserve *plums in vinegar, the very spring water at Ehrenbreitstein is acid, and called Sour Water! However, as a set-off, they pickle their walnuts with sugar and cloves. But the vinegar made of Hock or Moselle is superb, almost a wine of itself. I am pickling some cucumbers that I expect will be superlative.*

That is Hood's again, for my letter is written by snatches as "my occupation isn't gone" like Othello's, but come. Fortunately my baby is fond of Gradle, and will go to her, which relieves my fatigue.

"I should have said, carries off a good deal of my Fat Teague!"

Hood *again!* I will not quit this letter again till I have finished it, he has "interpret himself so."

Our greatest present annoyance is, that if we poke out a short sentence of broken German, they give us such credit for our progress *that they fancy* we can return a whole volley *of paragraphs. I regret very* much that I cannot converse

with one of our landlady's daughters, she has such a sweet voice, so pretty a face, that Hood is quite in love with her, but fortunately he can't declare himself. Female beauty, or even prettiness, is a rarity at Coblenz. A miller's daughter, a mile off, is *the* paragon, Hood calls her the "Flour," they say she is well educated too; I mean, if possible, to walk out and see her; strange to say she is still single.

"*Joe Miller says, because there are two dams to ask instead of one!*"

We heard of her through a young English officer in the Prussian service here. He introduced himself to us, during our evening walk, being attracted by our King's English, and we were equally by his, as well as by his dog, which seemed *home made;* for you must know the Coblenz dogs are remarkably ugly and naturally like foxes, but after the first warm summer day, they were all converted, by clipping the hinder parts, into mock lions. He seemed determined to know us. First he told Fanny, who was not at all timid, to have no fear of his dog, who was not at all ferocious. As that failed to lead to an introduction, he walked back after us, and introduced himself. In truth we were equally glad to give him change for his English, which he declared he had had by him till it had become burdensome. He has since called: he has been fourteen years in the Prussian service, but his heart seems to yearn after England and his family; his mother is an Englishwoman. He is a very nice unassuming young man; as he is stationed at Ehrenbreitstein he has offered some day to help us to scale that impregnable fortress. * * * * *

While Hood was ill I felt very depressed and out of spirits, of course my own weak health rendered me but a poor nurse *to him. I thought* there was no end to my troubles, and *felt as Rosalind says,* "how full of briars is this work-a-day

world." But I am now in much better spirits, and we get on better altogether. The comforts the English miss are not very portable, or they might bring them out, for instance,—a four-post bed, a Rumford stove, a kitchen range, and a carpet. But use reconciles, we almost feel native, and "to the manner born," so don't pity us, for we don't pity ourselves. * *

Hood bids me describe a scene with Miss Seil, the landlady's daughter. I wanted some egg-cups, and in illustration I showed her the eggs, and she guessed so near that she snatched up a saucer and broke the egg into it, evidently wondering in her eg-otism that having eggs we did not know where to lay 'em. When I shook my head, she looked at me in despair, and seemed to say, "What a pity that broken German and broken English should break good eggs!" Talking of eggs, you find them in the market of the gayest colours; and Hood says, "Twigg would wonder what coloured hens they are that lay them." I took the purple ones for egg-plums. They have apples now of last year's growth, and bring them to market, and put them in water to plump them out; and I can believe Head's story of the tailor eating a washhand-basin full of fresh Orleans plums, after seeing the countrymen eat the apples only half *un*-wizened out of the tub. The potatoes are small, and Hood says he was nearly choked by some sliced up and fried, as he found afterwards, in the same pan which had cooked some bony Prussian carp the day before.

* * * * *

The foregoing letter presents a fair specimen, here and there, of the dictations and suggestions, but more especially of the interpolations and additions, with which my father delighted to embellish my mother's letters. Whenever she left a half-finished letter anywhere in his reach, she was sure, *on her return to find "notes* and queries" inserted, often

much opposed to her original meaning, and frequently tending to the utter mystification of the recipient of the letter. Her handwriting was, although legible, rather peculiar, and he delighted in making it more so,—altering o's and a's, and changing t's into d's, to the utter confusion of her meaning. On one occasion this led to an absurd mistake. She had written to a friend to procure her some good Berlin patterns for slippers, &c.; but during her absence, my father got hold of her note, and, in his favourite fashion, altered and touched up the words. Some time after, she received a reply from her friend, asking what new English article it could be that was dignified by the name of "dippers!"

From the time of their arrival at Coblenz, my father's health continued very bad; and the necessity for constant work still continuing, there was little chance of amendment. Still his happy flow of spirits never failed him, as may be seen by his letters.

The first summer of my father's residence at Coblenz was pleasantly varied by his making acquaintance, as mentioned by my mother, with a young Prussian officer, M. de Franck. After their meeting during a walk by the Rhine, my father wrote him the following note:—

SIR,

I regret that I had not a card about me to offer to you in acknowledgment of a *rencontre* so agreeable. I beg leave to enclose one, lest you should suppose me infected with that national shyness, which makes foreigners so apt to consider us as a grand *corps de réserve*.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours obediently,

THOMAS HOOD.

LIEUTENANT DE FRANCK,
19th Polish Regiment, Ehrenbreitstein.

My father found in M. de Franck a very pleasant and agreeable friend, and a great help in all difficulties of German usage and language. He was his constant companion in all his fishing rambles and excursions, and used to drop in, in a quiet friendly way, of an evening, and play cribbage with my father and mother. They made the merriest and cosiest little party imaginable, generally finishing with some small treat of English cookery for supper. During my mother's enforced absences to superintend the cooking of these little edibles, the "two knaves" took the opportunity of changing her cards, moving her pegs, &c., secretly delighted at her puzzles and wonderings on her return. On these occasions my father generally kept them in a continual laugh by his flow of witty anecdotes and jokes.

The following is a letter to Mr. Dilke, the then editor of the "Athenæum," and one of my father's early friends :—

COBLENZ, *May 6th*, 1835.

MY DEAR DILKE,

You ought to have heard from me before, but I was loth to inflict upon you bad news in return for your very kind letter, for every syllable of which I thank you, and instead of quarrelling with what you have said, I thank you for the meaning beyond. The truth is I have been unchanged from the hour I left you, my mind has not faltered for an instant, but though the spirit is willing, the body is weak. My health broke down under me at last, after a series of physical, as well as mental trials, and I am not a-Gog corporeally, witness my experiments in your night-gowns. "Tylney Hall," the "Comic," Jane's illness, and the extreme exhaustion consequent thereon, disappointment, storm and travel, came a pick-a-back, and I am not a Belzoni to carry a *dozen on each calf, two on my* head, &c. I broke down—

not but that I fought the good fight, like a Widdrington, with a good heart, but I was shorn of my physical powers. The storm was a severe one. What pitched over, literally, stout mahogany tables, where eight or ten may dine, might derange anyone; and the change of climate, which is really considerable (we had hotter suns in March than in England during May), had its effect. The safe arrival of Jane with my darlings all better than I had hoped for, did me a world of good. * * * *

I assure you sincerely as to my personal feelings, with a decent state of health, I could be very happy and contented; the presence of a very few friends would make my comfort complete. But I now suffer mentally, because my health will not keep pace with me. I have at last reluctantly called in medical aid; the whole system here seems based on Sangrado's practice, bleeding, blistering and drastics. I had the prudence to mitigate his prescriptions, which in the proportion of two-thirds almost made me faint away. They do not recognise our practice here, or I could doctor myself. But according to Sir F. Head in "The Brunnens," Germans require horse medicines. I think I never in my life felt such a prostration of physical power, I can hardly get up a laugh, and am quite out of humour with myself. If I were Dick Curtis I could give myself a good licking, I mean my body for not being more true to me. The "Athenæum" has been a great delight to me—it costs me here only two groschen, about two pence. Is it not singular that a fortnight ago, as the *only* exception to the rule, it cost me four or five groschen. I understand that throughout the Rhine, everything within the last two years has risen nearly fifty per cent. from the great influx of English. Notwithstanding this, many of the *necessaries are very* good and cheap, but their bread, &c. I *am going to make* a calculation whether home cookery will

not be the cheapest, though we have hitherto dined at the hôtel, *pour voir le monde.*

I was going to resume this, but was prevented by what soldiers call a night-attack. On going to bed I was seized with violent spasms in the chest, which after some time compelled me to send for the Dr. at midnight. I could only breathe when bolt upright, and rarely then, at the expense of intense pain; I thought every breath would be the last. My Dr. certainly does me good, and, though a Jew, does not repeat his visits unnecessarily, but "waits till called for;" he talks a little English, and as Pope says I feel assured, "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

Jane said to him, "I wish you could give to Mr. Hood some *strengthening medicine;*" to which he replied, "who is that physician you speak of?" But a more whimsical mistake arose out of my lay-up, which I must give you dramatically. Our servant knows a few words of English too, her name is *Gradle*, the short for Margaret. Jane wanted a fowl to boil for me. Now she has a theory that the more she makes her English un-English, the more it must be like German. Jane begins by showing Gradle a word in the dictionary.

Gradle. "Ja! yees—hühn—henne—ja!—yees."

Jane (a little through her nose), "Hmn—hum—hem—yes—yaw, ken you geet a fowl—fool—foal, to boil—bile—bole for dinner?"

Gradle. "Hot wasser?"

Jane. "Yaw in pit—pat—pot—hmn—hum—eh!"

Gradle (a little off the scent again). "Ja, nein—wasser, pot—hot—nein."

Jane. "Yes—no—*good to* eeat—chicken—cheeken—*cheeking—choking—bird*—bard—beard—lays eggs—eeggs

—hune, heine—hin—make cheekin broth—soup—poultry—peltry—paltry!"

Gradle (quite at fault). "Pfeltrighchtch!—nein."

Jane (in despair). "What shall I do! and Hood won't help me, he only laughs. This comes of leaving England!" (She casts her eyes across the street at the Governor's poultry-yard, and a bright thought strikes her.) "Here, Gradle—come here—comb hair—hmn—hum—look there—dare—you see things walking—hmn, hum, wacking about—things with feathers—fathers—feethers."

Gradle (hitting it off again). "Feethers—faders—ah hah! fedders—ja, ja, yees, sie bringen—fedders, ja, ja!"

Jane echoes "Fedders—yes—yaw, yaw!"

Exit Gradle, and after three-quarters of an hour, returns triumphantly with two bundles of stationer's quills!!! This is a fact, and will do for Twigg.

* * * * I will now write as well as I can a description, which may serve to extract for the "Athenæum." The bound volumes were, though only a Dilke-send, like a God-send. You cannot think how well they read here, where there is nothing else to read. There's a compliment for you, worthy of our Irishman. On the first of May here, when I was wondering what would replace the *round*elays of the London sweeps, the deficiency was kindly supplied by a whirlwind, which made a great many sundries dance in its vortex. I was gazing from the window of the Belle Vue Hôtel opposite the bridge, when my attention was excited by a great cloud of German dust, waltzing after the German fashion, to the great embarrassment of some untaught crows or rooks, who were flapping about quite bewildered in its mazes. It came from the direction where the Moselle *mingles with the* Rhine. The dust cleared off in about a *minute, and the* whirlwind itself became distinctly visible,

travelling diagonally across the Rhine, at a leisurely pace, and showing to great advantage against the rock of Ehrenbreitstein, at that time bright with a gleam of sun, and strongly brought out, by a mass of ink-black clouds. Of a grey colour—slender, of equal width throughout—bellying before the wind, with a curve equal to that of the longest kite-string, and moreover towards the top, serpentining in three or four undulations, as if from various currents of air. The phenomenon presented the appearance of a narrow but long ribbon let down from the clouds. It apparently rose to a great height—I should guess a mile—and terminated above in a sort of ragged funnel of scarcely twice the diameter of the tube. I could not detect any circular motion, in fact I repeat it looked like a ribbon. On reaching the opposite side of the river it raised a surge on the bank, as well as a wash of linen which lay there, and which, after a few pirouettes, disappeared—of course it got a good wringing. I have since learned that it also made free with some skins from the leather manufactory situated near the Moselle, and carried them almost to Ems—I suppose to be *cured*. The whirlwind itself disappeared between Ehrenbreitstein and its neighbouring height, following apparently the road to the baths, as if to get rid of its dust.

But mark the truth of the proverb "one good turn deserves another," the first had scarcely vanished, when looking upwards, I discerned over head a second, but *parallel with* the earth, in the shape of a long black cloud, slowly revolving, and pointing in the direction which its predecessor had travelled over. It had the wind, as the sailors say, right fore and aft, and was somewhat shorter and lustier than the vertical one, ending obtusely towards the wind; but at the other, terminating in a long fine point! I could not help exclaiming *as I saw it*, "*there's* a *screw loose* in the sky!"

for which even the Germans who knew English were little the wiser.

In expectation of seeing you this summer I have made a rough sketch of the thing, however incompetent, for a whirlwind especially demands a *Turner*.

My illness has been a sad hindrance to me in the "Comic," as to the executive, but I have collected some materials. I think I can hit off a few sketches like Head's as to the Germans. I have seen many funny things here.

Jane is evidently much better, and has walked up the hill to Ehrenbreitstein; and the children, thank God, thrive apace. The baby, Tom junior, has been vaccinated according to law here; he gets on well and is very good, giving as little trouble as a baby can. Fanny seldom walks out but with some little Germans walking parallel before and after, and wondering at her to her great amusement. She is quite a model here, for "strange yet true it is" *all* the children here are bandy-legged! You never saw such a set of legs as go to school daily down our street. But the people here are very stupid; mere animals; they take no interest in Science, Literature, Politics, or anything I can find, but eating and drinking.

The "Athenæum" which I one day read at the table d'hôte before dinner, has I fear stamped me a *pedant*. Pray did you ever taste "*Mai Drank*" or May Drink; if not, you have a pleasure to come. I look forward to your advent with great joy, and hope some of you at least may come. For my own part, if God would but grant me a stomach, I have heart enough to stay here a couple of years. I only want health and strength. But those will come and the rest with them.

Thanks to Dr. B——, who acted as dragoman or inter-

preter, Jane has got her fowls at last! Only an old woman brought them alive and crowing! It so happened that to-day two hens have appeared for the first time, and the moment Jane saw them she thought we were still at fault and that we were supposed to want to keep them fowls. But the real ones have come home at last, dead and plucked, and we *have* hopes of one to-morrow, having been three days in getting it.

Oh! how I wish I wrote for A. K. Newman, and lived near Leadenhall Market! *Mon perruque!* how we are to get it boiled is a mystery yet unsolved. I guess Jane or I must just parboil ourselves by way of making signs. I only wonder, in my illness, when Jane sent for a doctor, Gradle did not bring me a bootmaker! But as Jane says, "there is a cherub up aloft for us."

I dined to-day on bread and Swiss cheese. I have no appetite, and German cookery is "rank—it smells to heaven!" Salt fish they wash till it is fresh, and what is fresh they just make sour enough for you to think it is *turned*. What ought to be sour—pickled walnuts—are *sweet*, tasting of cloves—you never know where to have 'em?

* * * *

There are but few roofs in England under which my thoughts find a pleasant resting-place. So Coblenz would be a sort of Noah's Ark to me, but for the olive branch at 9, Lower Grosvenor Place. Jane sends her love to Mrs. Dilke and will write by the next post. News is scarce here both ways. A raft the other day carried away part of the bridge about half a mile; and though the Rhine is not so rapid now, they were about forty hours getting it back again! No great credit to their mechanical powers. God bless you all, *if the benediction from an Anti-Agnewite* be worth having.

Kind regards to all friends. Rogers's Reminiscences to every one who cares to remember,

My dear Dilke,

Yours ever faithfully,

T. Hood.

19th *May*, 1835.

My dear Dilke,

I did not expect to write to you again so soon, but having to send the above, I do so.

* * * *

I have had a fresh attack of the spasms,—scarcely so severe as the first, but longer; they have left me so weak I can hardly walk. But the weather is favourable, and I try to get out, and take exercise and fight it off. The worst is over I think now, but it has been a sad hindrance to me. Next month we are going to alter our arrangements, and dine at home; with our own kitchen, &c., it will be much better and cheaper, and these one o'clock table d'hôte dinners cut up my mornings terribly. Thank God! Jane appears to get on in her health, as well as her fatigues will let her, and Fanny is hearty and happy. But the babe is necessarily poorly from vaccination—he thrives otherwise famously. The air here seems very good and pure, and the country is beautiful now with the spring greens. We have heard the nightingale once, singing beautifully. Neither the Rhine nor Moselle, however, is very blue yet,—mud-colour rather, we have had so much wind and wet; but the "arrowy river" is fine anyway, what a rush it makes, as if there were something very good at the end of its course: here I could moralise, but I won't. I am washy and spiritless, and should *degenerate* into twaddle.

The "Athenæum," by special request, when I have done

with it, goes to the Hotel, for the benefit of the English who come there. They are not numerous yet, but must be coming, when they do come, in shoals. I was diverted with one young fellow who came up to go to some clerkship at Mayence, a true Cockney. He thought his "dampschiffe" billet was a passport, so left the latter at Cologne, and came on here. He got me to explain the money to him, and after all was done, exclaimed in a real Bow-bell voice: "Well, arter all, there's no place like Lonnon!"

I also met at a shop here with a Parisian cockney—of whom I shall make a sketch à la Sterne—a cobbler's boy! He told me he came from Paris several times; asked me whence I came,—"from London." "Ah, Monsieur, est-il près de Paris?"

Pray tell Mrs. Dilke one of the last little table displays I have seen here. At the table d'hôte, the English are fond of copying foreign customs and manners. First pull out the crumb of your roll, about half of which roll up, and work between your fingers (if snuffy the better) into little balls as big as marbles. They will not look exactly like Wordsworth's "White Dough," but rather dirty putty. When you have used your quill toothpick, stick it up, bolt upright, in one of these dirty balls, a little flattened beneath, as you may have seen candles stuck in extempore clay candlesticks at an illumination. Should it (the toothpick) want cleaning, furbish it up with one of the other dirty bread balls; then it will be ready for further use! This I should think a very polite piece of manners, for I had it from a gentleman who wears a black velvet great-coat, and a ribbon at his button-hole, and who evidently does not think small beer of himself, or vin ordinaire, as I ought to say here. Mind, don't extract this in the "Athenæum" or *'twill be recognised. It* is dangerous writing to the

editor of a paper, so in want of original extracts! Shall I write you weekly a foreign letter here, as your correspondent from Munich? There are no fine arts, or literature, or scientifics or politics here, but I can make them. Have you heard of our young sculptor, Hoche? his group of Goethe supported in the arms of Charlotte and Werther is just put up, but the pedestal is too low. Professor Swaltz's "Essay on the Architecture of the Catti" has made a great sensation here, and has quite filled all mouths, which a week ago were occupied with the project for having a new pump in the Rhein Strasse, and enclosing the parade with posts and rails. *Nous verrons.* In my next, I shall give you an account of the grand party at Prince Pfaffi's, &c., &c., &c. I could make you a *double number* of *very Foreign* intelligence. Or shall I send you some *free* translations from the German? They translate from me, and I ought to show my gratitude. If I may choose, I should like to make my first experiment on Kant's Transcendentalism. I have been to the Hotel of an evening, and got a good notion of German philosophy,—perhaps you are not aware that it is laid on with *pipes*, like the gas in London! I have tried to draw some of them, but a real smoker beats the pencil. It is a mistake, by the way, to say "he is smoking," he is not *active* but *passive*,—"being smoked!" How they suck their pipes, like great emblems of second childhood, so placid, so innocent, so unmeaning? "Mild as the moonbeam!" * *

My kindest regards to Mrs. Dilke and Wentworth, and believe me ever, my dear Dilke,

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

The following letter was addressed to John Wright, Esq., of the firm of Wright and Folkard, wood engravers of Fenchurch Street. This gentleman undertook the arrangement of the "Comic" during my father's absence, correcting the proofs, and superintending the more mechanical part of the work.

372, Castor Hof, Coblenz, *Sept. 12th*, 1835.

My dear Wright,

You will be glad to hear that I cannot write at great length to you, because I am busy, and able to be busy. You may imagine what a delight it was to us to see the Elliots,—they are so very kind and friendly. Besides, it was a comfort to have his opinion about me, though I am much better. I almost growl at feeding-time if the dinner is not ready. We dine at a very genteel hour—two o'clock, which is also the Governor's time. The universal people take it at one. But I find the difference more striking mentally than corporeally even; and ideas now come of themselves without being laboured for—and *in vain*. In fact, I know that I have a mind, or according to the famous form, "*Cogito, ergo sum.*" I believe that's something like the Latin for it, but I forget, for *I had a Latin prize at school!* As I find a positive pleasure in the power, its exercise must be equally pleasant, and I think I shall get on rapidly; indeed, some evenings I have been quite delighted with my comparative fertility of thought. I have been so unwell, I am down, and diffident as to what I do. I shall have some more Sketches on the Road, and some German stories, so I have not been quite idle even in bed. I did hope to be earlier this year, but, as all philosophers must say when it *comes to* be impossible, "it can't be *helped.*" *I am only too* happy to exclaim, like the poor

scullion in "Tristram Shandy," "I'm alive." But some day I hope to make my account even with the storm; for there were some Eugene Aram-like verses rambled through my brain as I lay for the first night alone here—I believe a trifle delirious, but I remember something of their tenour, and I have a storm by me to work them up with. You see I am cutting out work for the winter. * * I am sorry about Gilston Park. It would have turned all my hares white in one night, and then such a herd of *deers*. I have only three here, Jane, Fanny, and Tom; but they make a strong ring fence about me. What a lot of Tremaines he must write to get it back again. *We* authors are an unlucky set—freehold, copyhold, or copyright.

Kind regards to all. God bless you, and send you bright days, that we may meet in 1855 like two Rothschildren just come of age and into our fortunes.

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S.—"Vallnuts* is in, and thrippins an underd, and will be lowerer!" Think of that!

In the latter part of September, or beginning of October, our friend left with his regiment for Posen, and the following letter was written by my father as if from M. de Franck to himself, as a quiz upon the bad memory of the latter. It is a curious jumble of wilful mistakes, and the changes are rung through every variety that can be thought of.

* My father had a great fondness for nuts, which his doctors were very loth to allow him. On one occasion my mother kept a quantity of them in *a chiffonier, and used* to lock the door that he might not get too many. *He committed an amiable* amateur larceny by taking out the drawer, and *fishing the nuts out of the* cupboard through the aperture.—T. H.

POSEN, *October 30th*, 1835.

MY DEAR MR. WOOD,

The departure of a friend for Coblenz affords me an opportunity of which I avail myself with much pleasure, and especially as it enables me to prove, in spite of your facetious hints of my inconstancy, that I am not unmindful of my absent friends. On the contrary, I assure you that on our march hither my thoughts often wandered back to Coblenz, and rested on you and your amiable wife and interesting family. Nay, although I am now quartered in a city of infinitely more bustle and gaiety, and have besides more multifarious military duties, still I can honestly declare, as this letter is a proof, that, in spite of such numerous avocations and distractions, my memory has never failed to recur to the many pleasant evenings I passed at your apartments in the Rhein Strasse. Indeed, I may almost say that I find Posen itself rather dull for want of such hours and companionship, and especially that of your lively little girl, whose remarks used to please me so very much. I never hear the name of Maria [Georgiana] but I think of her and her merry dark eyes, not forgetting her little brother Peter [William]. Sometimes I wonder whether Lina (you see I do not forget anyone) gets more intelligible to her mistress, and I often wish my German could be again tasked to interpret between her and Mrs. Good. These are delightful reminiscences to me, and I shall cherish them to the last moment of my life. Let time rob me of what it may, it can never efface these traces of real friendship—even if I did not possess such a *souvenir* to remind me of you as the "Comic Manual" ["Chemical Annals"], which you were so kind as to present to me as a keepsake. I assure you, my dear Mr. Woodthorpe, I value it very much, and I did *not forget it, and leave* it behind me at a little wine-

house on the right-hand side of the road between Pfaffendorf and Hocheim. The landlord's name, I think, was Steibel. Your story about "Was the other Dead Man a Beggar?" runs in my head as much as ever, and often sets me thinking of you; which always ends in the wish that I could say here to my servant, as I used when I was quartered at Ehrenbreitstein, "I am going to Mr. Blood's!" Even Juno seems to miss your indulgence; she looks melancholy, and, I dare say, longs in her heart to have another romp with your little boy, or a race with Miss Sarah round your garden. Poor Juno! I never take a walk with her of an evening without regrets at our separation. I assure you I have marked as a lucky day in my calendar the one on which I first met yourself, Mrs. Woodroffe, and little Margaret, on the banks of the Rhine. I can only comfort myself with the hope that I am allowed to live in your remembrances as you do in mine: in my mind's eye I see you all plainly at this moment, seated in that little room which looks on the Mosel bridge. As for little Caroline, I picture her, of course, surrounded with her dolls, or playing with her old favourite cart and horse. I suppose, by this time, through running about under a German sun, her little brother is as brown as she is; but there is no harm in that, for one is not very solicitous about having fair boys. If my memory serves me, the complexion of her other brother was very dark. It is very singular, but when I arrived at Posen, I did not find any old friends. You will say, of course, that I had *forgotten them;* but I will leave my defence to Mrs. Wedgwood, who used to stand my friend in such cases when you ran me so hard, and promised me a slice of bread and butter for a keepsake. The faithfulness and minuteness of my recollections in this letter ought also *to speak for me.* I can only say, if it should please Fortune,

even twenty years hence, to throw us again together, you will find that neither your features nor the name of Woodley have escaped my memory, which was always reckoned a very good one. But we shall meet, I trust, in a much shorter interval than a score of years. I am tantalised here sometimes with rumours of our returning to Coblenz early in next spring. Should we do so, I suppose I shall hardly know Miss Flora again, for by that time her pretty black hair will be long enough to tie into tails, as the German little girls dress their heads. Pray give my love to her, and ask her if she remembers Lieut. von F—— and his dog Juno. There is a little girl here, thirteen or fourteen years old, just about her height of figure, and talking a little French also, who reminds me vividly of my little friend in Coblenz. She has the same black eyes and hair, and is equally fond of skipping-rope and swinging. If I remember rightly, those were little Katherine's favourite pastimes.

And now my dear Mr. Goodenough my time of duty warns me to conclude. It will give me sincere pleasure if you should think this letter worthy of a return in kind, in which case I beg you will be particular in giving me every information of yourselves and your family. Pray take care of your health, and do not neglect my advice about currents of air. I remember you had a discoloration under the eye as if from a severe blow through sitting in a thorough draught. You must not prosecute your medical mathematical studies too closely. By this time I trust Mrs. Woodbridge is quite well, and has no further occasion for the services of Dr. B——. I sincerely hope she will feel no more ill effects from the dreadful storm she encountered in coming from England. Have the kindness to present my respectful regards to her, with my best wishes for her health and welfare, and a happy *and a safe return in due time* to Northamptonshire [Scot-

land]. I think you told me you came from Edinburgh, indeed I remember you had the Northern accent, and which no doubt enabled you to pronounce the German so correctly. Pray give my love to Miss Anne, and tell her I hope she does not neglect her pianoforte. I remember all the airs she used to play to me. Her brothers, I fear, will have forgotten me, otherwise I should desire to be named to them with kindness. I shall eagerly expect every post to hear from you; and let me again beg of you to mention every one belonging to you, even your dog. You could not afford me a greater gratification; and if little Charlotte would add a P.S. in her own hand, for I remember she wrote very well, my pleasure would be complete.

Accept my kindest regards to you and yours, and pray believe me,

My dear Mr. Woodgate,
Your very sincere friend and well-wisher,
PHILIP DE FRANCK.

P.S. I shall watch the newspapers for announcements of your new works. I hope that some day you will publish another novel like your Tilbury House [Hall].

To JAMES WOOD, Esq., Coblenz.

372, CASTOR HOF, COBLENZ, *Nov. 3rd*, 1835.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I had yours with great delight, for I was *very* anxious about the fate of my box. I have made some inquiry and suspect the cause of the delay was that they were *things never sent before;* and that when examined at the frontiers between Prussia and Holland, they did not know what to do or to charge. I think such a delay not likely to happen again, but shall take every precaution. I had declared here *what they were,* and will in future get them sealed by the

Douane here if I can. The MS. I will send post after post as I write it. I am glad what I sent made so much. Before this you will have found out what was to be done. * * * I am glad you liked Doppeldick. If I can only travel a bit in the spring here I will make "sich a Comic as never vos." I know nobody here now but R——, a teacher of languages, who drops in every Sunday. The last I had such a long palaver with him in French; and I really believe I must be to him as Horam the Son of Asmar, or one of the relaters of the Arabian Nights—though only in giving him an account of England—of which he asks me such questions as "have we any oaks?" almost if "we have any sun or moon." I make him stare with truths sometimes. And though he is polite like all foreigners nearly, he almost constantly has an involuntary shake of the head.

* * * *

A shopkeeper, who also spoke French, one of the few I am on speaking terms with, died the other day of "nervous fever," being swelled like a man with dropsy! Verily I have no faith in the doctors here—we are sure to see a funeral every day—the population being only 20,000, including troops. I heard the other day of a man having *fifty-five* leeches on his thigh! My wig! why they out-Sangrado Sangrado! One of their blisters would draw a waggon. If I should be ill again I will prescribe for myself.

I will conclude with a Coblenz picture. Jane in bed, smothered in pillows and blankets, suffering from a terribly inflamed eye. In rushes our maid and without any warning, suddenly envelopes her head in a baker's meal-sack hot out of the oven! prescribed as a sudorific and the best thing in the world for an inflamed eye by the baker's wife (there's nothing like leather!). What between the suddenness of the attack and *her strong sense* of the fun of the thing, Jane lay

helplessly laughing for awhile and heard Gradle coax off the children with "Coom schön babie—coom schöne Fannische —mama kranke!" Encore! I sent a pair of light trousers which were spotted with ink to be dyed black; after six weeks they came back like a jackdaw, part black, part grey. I put my hands in the pockets like an Englishman, and they came out like an African's. I think seriously of giving them to a chimney-sweep who goes by here; full grown, long nosed, and so like the devil I wonder Fanny has never dreamed of him. There were two; but the other was stoved to death the other day at our neighbour the general's. They lit a fire under him when he was up. Our Dr. B——, who was sent for, told me gravely, that he could not revive him, for when he came, the man was "*black in the face!*"

I forgot to tell you that when Gradle first proposed the hot flour prescription of the baker's wife, Jane had flattered herself that it was only a little paper bag of hot flour: and it was only when she was tucked in that she began to feel what a *cake* she was! I wonder what they do for rheumatism! God bless you!

Yours ever truly,

T. Hood.

P.S. Fanny sends her love, "not forgetting Jemmy and Freddy," and how they would like to come to Coblenz and see all the soldiers, and the generals. There is a man of the general's who rides upon a horse with a helmet on his head. I can almost talk German, I shall be glad to come back to England. Tommy has grown and is very fat. He has two sharp teeth, and he bites my fingers when I put them in his mouth. I am very happy here, because I can see the band go into the general's, I can say how many months make a year, and how many weeks make a month. I can write *upon my slate A. B. C.* and figures. And oh! I have a great

house for my dolls, and three rooms in it! and I can't say any more for my head aches, and I have a great many tea-pots and mugs, and I have got a cold, and a kitchen! Good night and love to you and Jemmy and Freddy.

> "All of this stuff is Fanny's, every line,
> For God's sake, reader, take them not for mine!"

COBLENZ, 31*st Dec.*, 1835.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

Your letter arrived yesterday evening to my great relief, for I began to get very anxious, supposing the book would be published on the 15th, and feel sure I shall be pleased with it, when I see it. All parties appear to have done their best, and for your own share I can only say that I feel you have done for me, as I would for you—your very best; so accept my best thanks accordingly. And now you will laugh to be told that I am this evening going with De Franck to a grand ball at the Casino, where will be all the rank, beauty, and fashion of Coblenz; of course not to dance, but at De Franck's advice, who says that the German New Year ceremonies are worth seeing, and I mean to see all I can, and turn it to account. I expect to commit myself by laughing aloud, for when the clock strikes twelve I shall find myself all of a sudden the only unkissed, unembraced individual in the room; Franck dined with us on Christmas-day, and by his help in the evening we had a pretty German celebration to the high delight of Fanny; but thereof no more, as we hope some day to introduce it in England.* Our weather is variable, generally frosty—we have a little while had cold enough in all reason, the oil froze in the night light and the pound of butter in the

* This is in allusion to a Christmas tree,—these pretty things being then quite unknown *in England*.—F. F. B.

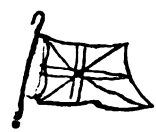
middle, and as Katchen made a pudding in the kitchen the crust froze. The Rhine and the Moselle are full of ice, and the bridge being taken away, Franck for a month to come cannot stay with us later than nine in the evening, for he is quartered at Ehrenbreitstein on the other side, and must boat it across. He is really a treasure to us, thoroughly English, unpresuming, gentlemanly, and full of good sense, fond of a joke withal. Between him and the children it is quite a mutual flame; on their side, sometimes, so as to be laughable. One night after his long absence I hung him up in effigy as a deserter, and he came in and found Fanny crying at it as if breaking her heart.

N.B. My thunder and lightning waistcoat is come! so I must go and dress for the ball. To you who know my *habits* all this must seem very funny, as it does to myself. I expect to be highly amused.

Jane is going to curl my hair, and I am going to comb and brush it, more attention altogether than hair generally gets here. I drink, in a glass of holiday hock, to you and all friends, wishing many new years happier than the happiest you have ever known or unknown.

To-morrow I set in for a new year with many serious thoughts, a few sad ones, but some hopeful ones. I will make play and fight the good fight, never fear me. Remember me kindly to ——, but tell him I mean nothing short of payment in full—no composition! The example of De Foe is before me. Somewhat widely is known, and honourably and honestly shall be known if I live the name of

Yours, dear Wright,
Ever sincerely,
THOMAS HOOD.



The following amusing letter to Mrs. Dilke is without date, although from many circumstances it was evidently written in the latter part of 1835.

372, CAST-HIM-OFF, GOD BLESS, 1835.

MY DEAR MRS. DILKE,

I write to you instead of *the D*—— because I am sick of him as a correspondent, as a countryman of Taylor's said, "who would go out with a fellow, that when you fire at him with a blunderbuss only returns it with a pocket-pistol?" even so have I sent Dilke huge letters full and crossed, enough to drive him blind and stupid, and give him a chronic headache; and what does he send in answer but a little letteret that cannot do anybody any harm? I suppose some day I shall come to, "T. H. is received" at the fag end of the Athenæum, amidst the mis-called Answers to Correspondents.

In short, I resent, as people resent who know the world,—that is, cut him when he is making advances. *You* shall have this, who will put it amongst the *haughty*graphs you are most proud of, instead of telling me coolly that my "account of the whirlwind at Ehrenbreitstein, and the story of the tooth-pick, you had mislaid, and had never been able to lay your hand on it since." It is long since he wrote so; but I can *harbour* malice quite as well as Margate pier. I scorn his paltry excuses for brevity without wit, and am astonished that he could have the face to plead "the disturbance of the gentleman overhead," whose noise he confessedly slept through. As for his cock and a bull about "Mr. Pap, who was burnt at Nottingham," I am of Jane's nursery opinion, that "*pap* oughtn't to be burnt," and that is a sufficient notice.

Regarding his whole 'pistle, in reality but a pocket 'pistle candour compels me to say, I cannot conceive how any man alive *could write* a duller, "with Liston on one side of him,

and Miss Kelly on the other." You see I do not spare him; but I have heard that in England it is a sort of genteel flirtation with the wife to abuse her husband to her face, so I mean to go my lengths. Poor dear wretched woman! I can well conceive your perplexity with him at those Kentish cliffs, for as you say "change of air *will* bring out any *complaint* that is hanging about." I can fancy him complaining that all the *chalk* was not *cheese*, and then the cheese not all *rhine*, in his megrims. Editors, as you say, are but bad travelling companions, and as Taylor would say, they are but bad visiting companions, or before this he would have left his card at our door; but he preferred Margate, and I can only say, *de disgustibus*, &c.

I don't wonder you "prefer *divines*," as I do, especially if they are not attached to any particular church or chapel; in token of which I last week gave a trifle to two Catholic priests towards building a new St. Castor's; being perfectly persuaded that the money would never be applied to its ostensible use. I hope all stiff and back-bone Protestants will be satisfied with this my apology.

They were very modest, and would take anything they could get, even copper, so I gave them a very small feather for the tail of the weather-cock.

If I recollect rightly your style of singing, you were also in favour of "tollol"eration; besides one of the priests allowed too that "*tous les hommes sont des hommes*," and I felt obliged to pay him for being converted so far into a Protestant. If Mr. Dilke exerted himself, he might get me a missionary stipend. The man's a brute, and I'll prove it by his own contrarieties; for if, as you state, his only wish on the coast was to "avoid the sea," why on the same principle of logic did he take you with him, but to get rid of you? Jane feels *for you, and so do I,* and indeed so do Fanny and Tom when

you describe taking him by the fin, and hauling him up "all along shore there" to the fish-market, only to hear him complain like a porpoise on land that he couldn't "get enough fish." As to lugging him up to the Fort, you ought to have recollected how little your own piano*forte* used to interest him.

By your leave what you did with him was an error of judgment; you should have stuck him on a high stool at the parlour window, and made him pay every man in a blue jacket and trousers one and threepence ha'penny. Besides, you forget his travels. Was it likely that a man who had crossed the Simplon, would care to cross a donkey? or that he who had seen St. Peter's at Rome, would give one of St. Peter's pence to see St. Peter's in Thanet?

You must have forgotten that he had been at Venice, when you took him to "Snobs' watering-place."

To get him into plain "yellow shoes and a pepper-and-salt dressing gown," must have been a mere Margate miracle after the outlandish nightcaps with no hole to 'em, but like tasselled rainbows I used to find on the pillow of the spare bed at number nine. Even at Coblenz, here, and he recommended Coblenz,—a plum-coloured coat, sky blue pantaloons, and a waistcoat of patchwork in silk is the costume. When he does make a holiday in future, pray make him look more like an Editor, that is to say, clothe him in all the "miscellaneous articles" you can muster. Judging by this costume, I suspect a good many of the Germans here are editors, and that accounts for D—— wandering in this direction. But you will do well to egg him on in this fancy, for then, next year I may see you, and in the interim I will look out for German J. C——, S—— and Mrs. C—— to meet you,—not forgetting a Mrs. Pap, who (D—— says in his confidential letter to me) is "a very sociable, good-tempered woman."

I am sure he means *her*, though he cunningly lays it on Mr. P. He says "Mrs. Pap, whose husband was burnt at Nottingham—*the latter* is a very sociable," &c., &c. But don't be blinded so grossly.

Thank God you will have left ere this; a little longer and you would perhaps have been left, like Ariadne, on the shingles, looking at your husband gone off in a Pap-boat.

But "henuff hov'im," as of course you used to say at Margate. * * * * Tom, Junior, who came to Cologne a little "shabby, flabby, dabby babby," has grown a young Kentuck, who can lick his father—as hard as nails, and as brown as rusty ones. For his temper, only fancy mine "with sugar." So unlike Jane's "warm without." Then he is already so good on his legs. I wonder he ever required D. "to stand for him," and as to talking he can say papa when he likes. I have no doubt he only don't cut his teeth because he don't *choose*. In bulk, he is really a double number, but a good deal more amusing.

His love for Gradle is more beautiful than its object, for she is like a plain Chinese; but he will know better as he grows up.

Your Godchild is well and very good, but from seeing processions, &c., is half a Catholic, so if you please, you will come next year, and, according to your vows, teach her High Church.

I think we could make you very comfortable,—at least you would not need to lie in bed, and eat split peas as you did in Paris. Jane can cook a little. She had the honour of making the first pie ever seen in Coblenz, and the baker so admired it that he abstracted half of the contents—greengages. Gradle can cook in the English style too, but she will not eat what she has so cooked, and yet I imagine it *must be a good style*, for a poor woman comes for "the

broth the ham was boiled in," but Jane suspects that it is for a night-light,—being nothing but water and oil. You shall try it when you come. If you liked Tivoli, we have dozens of such tea-garden places. Mozelweis, Schönbornlust, the Salmiac hut, &c., &c. I took the Elliots to the first by moonlight, and gave them punch, but nothing to eat was to be had save some cold plum-tart. We are not too refined here to go to German White Conduits and Bagnigge Wellses. In the garden of Schönbornlust (which reminded me, by the way, of some of the shrubberies of Lake House), we saw the lady of our opposite neighbour, the general commander-in-chief of the Rhenish Provinces, or as Fanny calls her, Mrs. Generous (pro general).

His Excellency is much taken with our brats, and often, as he rides by, gives Fanny what she calls a "laughish smile." But the admiration of the Castor Hof is Tom, or as Fanny says, "all the boys that *traverse* the street call him *Timmus*," (she got the fine word out of the lesson-book). He quite takes after his godfather Dilke, in eating everything he can get, and plenty of it, and he is as stout accordingly—not fat but solid.

This has been a great blessing, and altogether we are as comfortable as need be. Our lodgings are very commodious and pleasant. A sketch I send Dilke will show our look-out at the back: and we have a tiny kitchen—but it does—it does. We shall be able to give the Elliots a dinner on their way back.

I am writing in a little study with a bookcase and a sofa in it, so you see I am not without *my* luxuries; Fanny has a little bed-room next ours; Tom has regularly outgrown his cradle.

Thank God, Jane and I have stopped growing, for as it is *I cannot stretch at full* length in the bed, except diagonally:

because of the head and foot boards. The Prussians are universally shortish and the beds are in proportion, I ought to call them cribs. Ours is like "a coffin for two." So you may suppose we shall have no difficulty in finding *spare beds* for *you* when you come. Dilke must sleep upright in a cupboard. Mind you must not expect to be saluted when you arrive, it is not the fashion here, we have had many greater personages, and they did not get a single gun. Queen of Naples, Princess of Beira, Prince Frederick of Prussia—not a pop—at last came the King of Wurtemberg, and as nobody else did, he saluted himself with some tiny guns from his own steamer.

But you may get kissed a few; Lieutenant Franck told us that when the third battalion of his regiment came here, he had to be kissed by about thirty officers of it. It has a very droll effect to see these moustached veterans embracing each other, like boarding-school misses.

Franck, who is an Englishman, cannot bear it, and unluckily he is rather short. Allan Cunningham might escape it. I saw a young couple, lovers or newly married, kiss on separating in the steamboat, and, after going a few paces, the *lady* turned back and had another! The gent by this time had got amongst a party of English, for whom the scene was too funny to withstand, and as the lady's "second thought" took effect in the midst of us, we all burst into a general roar. The King of Prussia will not allow his officers to marry unless, independent of pay, the couple have between them about £80 per annum. I have some thoughts of writing a pretty little romance on the subject, only fancy the distress of a pair of such turtle-doves £5 short!

Imagine them getting up to £79, and then the captain *obliged to* sell out 10*s.* a year for a new uniform. Sitting *in the stocks* can be but a flea-bite to it. I should not like

to be a father with money, for fear Wilhelmina or Carlotta should take it into her head to imitate Miss Blandy.

To be sure the king has some right to look after the officers' matches, for he pays their debts, (I wish I was in his service,) and altogether he seems to be very kind and considerate towards them. What I hear of his Majesty I like, and am therefore *pro tempore* his loyal subject, and drank his health on his birthday. Yesterday we toasted "the Snobs" in Horcheim wine, it only costs 4*d*. a bottle, and was quite good enough for such a pledge. I cannot help thinking your Margate trip has a little let you down, and you will want a jaunt up the Rhine to restore you to gentility. But pray cast off your Margatory manners and costume ere you come. One night there was *such* an English party at the gardens of the Weissen Ross, that Franck in horror told his brother officers they were French people.

"It warn't hus," we are among the respectables at present, and one comfort is, that when Jane has worn out her bonnet and all her caps, if we can't afford new ones, it's very fashionable for ladies to go bare-headed in the street.

Then for me a blue smock frock is a sort of sporting or pedestrian dress for gentlemen, (and though I can't walk much, or shoot, I can make believe,) when I have worn out my best brown and my old black.

I bought a cap to save my hat, and when I wear it I am so thin withal, you would take me for a jockey who had been overtrained. But I hope to fill up again, for I am going to dinner with an appetite far sharper than our knives, which you may set your heart upon without hurting it. I feel quite a gourmand now, after going for months without dining, indeed it appears to have been a joke against me at the hotel, that I went to the *table d'hôte not* to eat.

Now, I scold so, if the dinner is not ready at two! Jane

likes nothing less than to hear me exclaim, "slow coach!" which means that our household affairs are not going on at the proper pace.

That will sometimes happen, for plain as she is, our Gradle has a lovyer (perhaps more), and goes out gallivanting. I wonder she has not lost him, for the departure of some five thousand troops to the reviews, must have left many of the Coblenz servants at a loss what to do with their hearts. Comparatively we are as a city of the plague, and the streets appear deserted; the officers and men off duty were always lounging about them. Dinner and turn-out is as common here as tea and ditto in England.

We often see a party of a dozen officers in full twig, go to dinner at two, and hop the twig at five or sooner, over the way. I cannot quite get out of my habit of sitting up to write at night, and when I am going to bed at eleven or twelve, and look out of the window, all Coblenzers are in bed: the only living thing is the sentinel at the general's. At noon the whole town literally smells of dinner; the shops are all locked up; and great is the consumption of grease and garlic. Dilke, who is anything but peaking and delicate, will laugh, and say he never met with anything *he* couldn't eat; but, upon my "davit," I saw a starved-looking dog in the steamboat refuse to touch a plate of scraps set before him by the steward. On looking over Jane's letter, for fear we should jostle on the same subject (you know we don't agree very well), I see she has given you a description of Gradle's dinner; so I refrain from mentioning it, and will only say that a knife, not without reason in Germany, is called a *messer*. As for Dilke (to recur to him), you know his infatuation about everything outlandish. Doesn't he send to *the further end of the* Edgware Road (or where is it?) for *German mustard*—only because it looks dirtier than the

English! I'll be bound, if it would give him time, he would give an elaborate panegyric on *Prussic* acid, because it is Prussian. Only try him? We would give a trifle here for a good Margate whiting for all his skits on that very delicate flavoured fish, at this distance almost *too delicate.*

I should like to have all the skate and flounders he refused; and if I possessed but a brill (that "workhouse turbot"), I almost think I should venture to ask his excellency to dinner; at a pinch we could enjoy sprats. I hear we *can* have oysters here in the season, rather stale-ish, that is to say they come like all other travellers, all "open-mouthed," as if they were looking at our lions. They eat them with vinegar and lemon, and Franck says you cannot eat them without; for though you have them in their *shells*, they taste a little *too* corpse-like; I think I could even eat the great big horse oysters *with their beards on*, that we used to leave to the coal porters and draymen about London. We have had those lobsters of Lilliput—small crayfish—we thought we must have bargained well when we got 25 a penny, but when Franck supped upon them with us in the evening, he said we ought to have got a hundred; perhaps we ought to have got a dozen for nothing. But the poor rich English are very much imposed upon! A *maître d'hôtel* (a very good authority), told me candidly on coming up, that there were three tariffs for the English } French } Dutch }

He stood in the middle predicament, and I have found his statement perfectly true. The good honest Germans are as great cheats as any, though I confess they look honest, they are so stupid-like, and perhaps honesty is stupidity. I had some shirts made here, and they not only changed the cloth

I had bought of them, but sent me home some shirts so laughably short, I could only make shift with them; this was a respectable shop. Franck says he interfered once (he has a good national spirit about him), when he found some English deplorably fleeced at an Inn. The fact is, though we pay three times as much as the natives, it is still so cheap in comparison with England, "dear, dear" England, that one is blinded to imposition. In my last letter to Wright I ventured to conjecture that there would be a revolution in England, if it were from so many English coming up the Rhine, and finding what a deal they can get for their money; not that they would wish to remove their *king*, but that they would wish their *sovereign* to go farther.

Only think how you may be charitable on next to nothing by giving a pfenning, the third part of a farthing; and in this blessed country there is something to be bought even for that low denomination. I wonder what you can get in England for a farthing, for the "little farthing rushlight" is only a fiction. Only fancy Fanny coming to me when Gradle is going to market, for a shilling to dine the whole household.

We have not tried, but I really believe you might have a snug little evening party for half a guinea! I suspect you never enjoy the sensation of fulness in the only place where repletion is a pleasure, in the pocket!

You might here go out of an evening with your bag *full* of money; and such is the nature of the coin, it would only suffice to pay for a lost game or two at shilling shorts. For example, fancy yourself the mother of a dozen strapping Wentworths (father or son they are both of a bigness), and even so does a little dumpty shirt-button-mould of a groschen (a penny), expand by changing into twelve goodly pfennings —each almost a ha'penny—whilst for a dollar (3 shillings),

you get 6 pieces, each as big as the old eighteenpenny tokens. You might fell an ox with a long purse that had a pound translated into Prussian at the other end of it; I wonder Mrs. Fry never came here, one might do such a deal of good ostentatiously for a shilling a week. For my own part, I have not gone further in contemplation than a little feast to the poor children in Coblenz, as I used to see the orphan school regaled in the avenue at the back of dear One-Tree Hill at Wanstead.

It would be a pretty sight in the Castor Hof; and fruits being cheap, only think that, buying wholesale, I could for three shillings give a hundred little ones nine greengages a-piece.

This would be as good as dining them; for you may read in the "Bubbles" of a tailor and his son who lived in the season on plums. If you would like to join in the entertainment, you might make all the parents drunk for about fourpence a head, with music *ad libitum* for eighteenpence. I assure you I was in doubt at the hotel at a table d'hôte whether I could offer a penny farthing to a nice lady-like young woman who had been so obliging as to sing, accompanied by her harp, all dinner-time. However, as the coin was neither silver nor copper, I managed not to be vulgar altogether, nor yet extravagant. You will be surprised to hear that *nothing* at all seemed to be very genteel, and some of the gentlemen gave it with a smirk and look as if they expected a salute in return. Never mind Dilke, *I* say Germans are not liberal (of course only speaking from the sample here), and yet we have an instance of liberality under our eyes enough to redeem a nation. How munificent are the poor to the poor, casting into shade the most splendid benefactions of princes!

Next door to us (a tavern) there lives a poor maniac; the

house is her own property, and therefore the charitable lunatic asylums are closed against her. Her brother and *heir* ill-treats her, and is supposed almost to starve her, for the sake of the freehold; and the poor wretches at the back tenements, weavers and other famished human weazels (the woman who begs our ham-broth amongst the rest), thrust up to the poor mad creature, on the points of sticks, fragments of bread and food, of which, God knows, to look at them, they are scant enough themselves. This I call charity; and it makes me so pleased with the givers, that I wish I were but that King of Hams, the King of Westphalia, to allow them ham-broth to swim in if they so pleased.

And now, having given you this pretty episode to sweeten my asperities in my letter, I will leave you with an agreeable impression of human nature and myself. I have written a long letter, because I thought your kindness would be pleased with it, being a cheerful one, after some anxiety on my account. Besides, I write to you (I hope Dilke won't be jealous) *con amore*, seeing that we have been always very good friends, and have never disagreed but at secondhand. I mean when I could not put up with your pickled oysters, and you could not endure my preserved sprats. So I heartily reciprocate your "God bless"—which, I remember, when only females were in the case, used to be followed by a sort of smack that might have been heard from No. 9 to Pimlico palace. I do not know whether I ought—but the Germans do—and I'd rather *you* than Dilke; and besides, I recollect how you sobbed and cried when Doctor S——› went away without offering——. So here goes—consider it enclosed! On second thoughts I have judged it better to keep up appearances with your *husband* by writing to him. So that while I get you to

remember me kindly to William and Wentworth and Taylor and Chorley and Holmes, and all other friends, I can get Dilke to forget me kindly to all the rest, which, I feel sure, he will punctually fulfil. He must have forgot *himself* when he went to Margate. I only wish when he goes to the coast again "may I be there to sea." Of course you did not dip him, for he is more than a mould already. Fanny asked, in her innocent way, "Did Mr. Dilke go about with a basket and pick up shells?" I told her "No; but he used to take a ride out on a donkey with you behind him on a pillion." I don't wonder at the child's wonder. In the name of Earl Goodwin (who rented the famous Sands), what did you do with his appetite? He is not a man to go about picking shrimps and teazing periwinkles out of their shells with crooked pins. As the sea air is sharpening, I wonder he did not eat you, who are as plump as a partridge, with Mrs. Pap by way of bread-sauce. Then the hot weather you both talk of must have made him open his coat wider than usual, that the wind might get down the arms. I think I see him courting the sea-breeze. "Upon my soul, Maria, this is a delightful place! So like Coblenz! So you call this Margate, do you, my beauty? Well—" (a grunt like a paviour's) "and I suppose you call that the fort—humph! Considering we might have stood before Ehrenbreitstein instead of it—hah!" (a sigh like an alligator's). "My God!—that we could be so insane!—now any Christian being could stay a month in it!—why I should hang myself in ten days, or drown myself in that stinking sea yonder! There is not one thing worth looking at—not one! I know what you are going to say, beauty; but because the Crosbys and the Chatfields are such donkeys and the Lord knows who besides, is it any reason because they don't act like *common* rational beings——? But

come along!" (no offer to stir though) "let's go up to the market and look at the fish, for I suppose you know there is none to be had here, because it is so near the coast. To be sure, says you, there is whiting—and so there is at Billingsgate! If ever I go again to a watering-place—I believe that's what you call it, Maria—it shall be Hungerford Market. My God! it is a madness—a perfect madness—to leave home and come down here to see—what? a parcel of yellow slippers and pepper-and-salt dressing-gowns." Here he draws down his mouth, and hoists up his shoulders, till his coat-collar hides his ears. "Well, it's too late now to listen to common sense. It serves me right for being such an ass. By the time my holidays are over, I shall know how to spend them! But perhaps *you* like it better than I do, for there's no disputing of tastes.

"There may be something to recommend even Margate, though an angel from heaven couldn't find out what it is. I know *I* can't, unless it's having a drunken noisy vagabond overhead to keep you awake all night long. But I forget, my darling, you don't sleep so light as I do—so much the better for you! Then there's his sister that Mrs. —— what d'ye call her, Tops-and-Bottoms, with her infernal bobbings and curtseyings and over-civility. Damme if I know how to answer the woman! I suppose according to Margate manners, we ought to ask her to Grosvenor Place. But mind, Maria, when she does, I'm at Somerset House! Come along" (not a stump stirred yet). "I suppose we must see what isn't to be seen in our salt-water Wapping. All *I* have seen is 'London butter,'—just think of that, Maria,—'London butter may be had here.' Why so it may in London without going sixty miles by sea for it; and you, my darling, as sick as a dog! Spasms! I don't wonder you've *had spasms; I've* almost had them myself. It's the cursed

negatives of the place, rather than anything positive,—the utter bleakness and desolation of the country against the stinks of the sea-shore. Lord! that a man with a nose on his face should come here; and here too one has to remember that there are such places as Coblenz; and such a river as the Rhine. I'll tell you what, Maria!" Here he tells you nothing; but stooping over his base, like the leaning tower at Bologna, he takes a very long pinch of snuff, and then anathematising, shakes the dust off his fingers against all Margate and all its inhabitants, present and future.

There! isn't that a portrait of him to the life—a cabinet picture—a gem! Pray take care of it, to be a comfort to you when you are a widow. Perhaps I shall send him a sketch of you as a companion picture, for I can fancy you quite as vividly. If I recollect rightly *you* were at Margate before and liked it amazingly. Between your raptures and

his disgusts I suppose you got up a quarrel, for I observed you say in your letter that "you are both getting a little more *reconciled*." He *must* have been awful—and I guess

it was his splenetic attacks on the donkeys to vent his humane notions that originated the notice to visitors about "wanton cruelty." Take my advice, *if ever you get him to Margate again* put him up to be raffled for. And now as the Germans say "a due!" or as you would say "a do."

"If these pages should be the happy means of exciting one virtuous impression, or confirming one moral or religious principle, or lightening one moment of human suffering, or eradicating one speculative error, or removing one ill-founded prejudice, the writer will have his reward, and will not have written in vain."

I am,

My dear Mrs. Dilke,

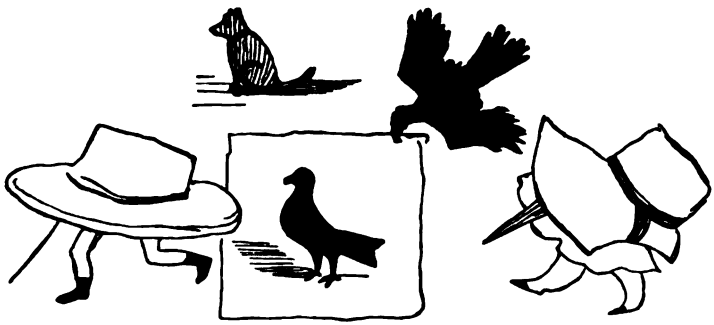
Yours ever very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

P.S. I dined well to-day on such a haricot! that I'm persuaded Jane is the best cook in Coblenz. So I have done the handsome thing and *ris* her. She had nothing a-year before, and I have doubled it. We got a Westphalia ham against the Elliots' return, at five pence a pound. It is the finest I ever tasted; such a flavour, quite answerable to its odour, which is as unique in its kind as that of the best Eau de Cologne! They call it here the "rauch," answerable to the Scottish reek; but I will say no more here about edibles or you will compare me to Matthews, who began with writing "The Diary of an Invalid," and ended a Gourmand. I should like to send you a real Westphalian, but then the *duty!* You ought to take one back with you, as Miss M—— did her sweetmeats from India; *she brought* a large box of them—preserved Lord knows

what—but the customs demanded so much that instead of bringing them ashore she went and ate them all up on board herself. I had this from Dr. E——, who was called in to her after "the *Gorge*."

P.S. God bless.



CHAPTER IV.

1836.

At Coblenz—Letters from Mrs. Hood to Mrs. Elliot—Letter to Mr. Dilke—Accompanies the 19th Polish Infantry in their March to Berlin—Letters to his Wife—Returns to Coblenz—Illness—Letters to Lieut. de Franck, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Dilke—Commences "Up the Rhine."

At the beginning of this chapter, I have inserted the following letter from my mother to her friend Mrs. Elliot, not only as interesting in itself, but also as giving a correct history of the "trussing" of the Christmas pudding, to which such frequent allusion is made by my father in his *subsequent letters to Mr. de Franck.*

372, Castor Hof, Coblenz, *28th Jan.*, 1836.

My dear Mrs. Elliot,

Your welcome letter arrived with many others in a parcel on New-Year's eve.

We are all well now except Hood, who every now and then has a slight return of illness and weakness, which I trust when the spring comes he will get over. * * * * I have recovered the use of my eye in spite of all mismanagement, but I suffered great pain. I had three spots on the white, or rather the red of the eye like seed-pearl. You will recollect that the people here are most of them troubled with weak eyes. Hood says they are generally brown, but *border* on red. I forgot to tell you in its proper place, that is to say round my eye, that I was ordered leeches, which were applied by a sort of barber-surgeon, an official not now known in England. Hood desires me to make known the best part of his practice, namely, put the leeches for five minutes into a basin of tepid water, which makes them lively, and eager to bite; obviating the tediousness and trouble of the English method. And fortunately Hood in his candour ventured to approve of the plan, and drew upon himself the retort of "*Now*, Sir, you may write to England, and tell them how to put on leeches." But the Germans do not know *where* to put them, for he put one in the corner of my eye. We have since had the following bill: "To his Lady to put blood-suckers at your eye, six shillings," which charge, translated into English, according to the relative value of money, would be twelve shillings for merely putting them on, exclusive of the "blood-suckers;" but Hood thinks the method is worth attention, and I only mention the *charge as a warning to any friends who may be coming up the Rhine, as a sample* of what we find too surely obtains

throughout as regards the English; this man never receiving more than a third from the natives.

Hood is so disgusted with their illiberality in this respect, that he likes to publish it as much as he can, especially as the English are the greatest benefactors to the Rhenish towns. I am not sure whether I shall be able to restrain Hood from going to the steam-packets, when they arrive with the English, to say, "Take care of your pockets."

I will now give you a pleasanter subject—Hood's description of the ball at the Casino on New-Year's eve. I made him sit by me and dictate it. "My ticket to meet all the rank, beauty, and fashion of Coblenz cost only twenty groschen, and it was well worth every shilling of the money. His Excellency General De Borstell, commander of all the Rhenish provinces, was there, and so was my tailor, and the man of whom I bought my black stock. To be sure, although in one room, there was a West End. The rank particularly occupied the top corner; so the right-hand and the left corner next the door seemed to be the favourite with the snips and snobs. To do the latter justice, they behaved with much more decency and decorum than would have prevailed in such a motley assemblage in London. How would you stare, too, in London, to see at a ball a score or two in the uniform of common soldiers offering their partnership to the ladies! But the fact is, as everybody must be a soldier in Prussia, there is no purchasing commissions: some of the common soldiers are the sons of barons. The dances were waltzes, gallopades, and contre-danses, the last like our quadrilles. They mostly danced well, especially the waltz, which is such a favourite, that I saw girls stand up for it—steady-looking, decidedly serious as a Sunday-school teacher—whom I should as soon have expected *to see whirl off with* a young man round the room

after sixty other couples. They made my head spin at last with looking at them. But the music was beautiful—excellently played. I think *I* could at least have *flounced* about *in time* to it myself. The instruments were many and various. They seemed never to tire of the whirligig; and De Franck says, they often waltz upon those *polished* floors, similar to the Duke of Orange's you saw, where we can hardly walk without breaking a leg, as the Duke of York did. I was amused to see De Franck and a young lady each pull out a card or little book, and register something in the Tattersall style of betting; it was an agreement to each other to dance together at a certain ball, perhaps a month to come. From time to time, the company refreshed themselves in a suite of rooms laid out with tables, each company paying for its own. For my own part, I got on pleasantly enough amongst a party of Franck's brother officers, one of whom instantly tendered to me a glass of Cardinal, *i.e.* Bishop (only cold), with wine, sugar, and the rind of a small green orange they grow here, of the size of a cotton ball, and which has the peculiar property, that a little too much of the rind in the mixture will infallibly give you the headache! I wish I could say much for the beauty of Coblenz; but there were only, to my taste, three or four with any pretensions. The great favourite was a Miss Nasebeck. The officers hardly reckon it a ball without her. Yet she is not handsome; her nose is decidedly plain—snubby even; but she seems clever, which is rare enough here, I guess. I had also a young wife of sixteen pointed out to me as interesting, but she looked too like a school-girl. As to dress, I always get scolded because I could never describe if Miss A. or Miss B. was in blonde or bombazeen. So you must excuse the millinery, especially as, being of all grades, they wore all *sorts of fashions*.

"At last came the dance I had come to see! Exactly at twelve, bang went a minor cannon in an adjoining room, and the waltz instantly broke up, and the whole room was in motion, everybody walking or running about to exchange salutations, and kisses and embraces with all friends and acquaintances male and female. Such *hearty smacks* and hugs, and hand-shakings to the chorus of "Prosit neu Jahr! Prosit neu Jahr!" Some of the maidens methought kissed each other most tantalisingly, and languished into each other's arms, I am afraid because so many nice young men and gay officers were present to see it; but then the fathers and mothers were as busy kissing and be-kissed. With some of the older folks it was quite a ceremony; and I should think the demand on the sentimentals was very great. And there all the while stood your humble servant—the poor English creature—the disconsolate—the forsaken—the dummy—and looker-on—and what you will—with my lips made up and my arms empty—a lay figure—while the very fiddlers were hugging! Of course I could not kiss my tailor, or embrace the man I bought the black stock of. But luckily I recognised two young ladies I have met at the Vertues'. (You see I stuck to the *Virtuous* though Jane *was not* present.) We had never been on speaking terms, as they did not like to own to French far from the best quality. However I convinced them mine was no better, and we complimented each other with a good deal of "bad language." So I went and looked a salute at them, which made them smile, and then the officer who had presented me the glass of Cardinal, came and shook hands with me; and even this, which was my *all*, comforted me. It was really a funny scene, and if you will give a large party on New-Year's eve, and have plenty of beauty and fashion, I

will introduce the custom on my return. I mean to try and draw it." *

So much for Hood's New-Year's eve. I must now tell you my story about the Christmas pudding. The Lieutenant was with us on Christmas day, and enjoyed my plum pudding so much, that I promised to make one for him. Hood threatened to play some trick with it—either to pop in bullets or ten-penny nails; and I watched over my work with great vigilance, so that it was put in to boil without any misfortune.

I went to bed early, telling Gradle to put it, when done, into the drawing-room till the morning. Hood was writing, and says, it was put down smoking under his very nose, and the spirit of mischief was irresistible. I had bought a groschen's worth of new white wooden skewers that very morning. He cut them a little shorter than the pudding's diameter, and poked them in across and across in all directions, so neatly, that I never perceived any sign of them when I packed and sealed it up the next day for De Franck's man to carry over to Ehrenbreitstein. He came to thank me and praised it highly. I find that while I was out of the room Hood asked him if it was not well trussed, and he answered "Yes" so gravely that Hood thought he meditated some joke in retaliation, and was on his guard. At the ball the truth came out—he actually thought it was some new method of making plum puddings, and gave me credit for the woodwork. He had invited two of his brother officers to lunch upon it, and Hood wanted† to persuade

* This forms one of the illustrations of "Up the Rhine."—T. H.

† And nearly succeeded in doing so, innocently assisted by the officer in question, with whom the pudding had not altogether agreed. As he did not know English, and my mother was not yet up in German, a pantomime ensued on his part expressive of indigestion, but construed by my father as descriptive of the agonies of an internal skewer.—T. H.

me that the "Cardinal" officer had swallowed one of the skewers! Now was not this an abominable trick?

We have had very severe weather, and at first suffered much from the cold, for the stoves are dreadful and unsatisfactory substitutes for a good English fire. The Rhine bridge was taken up, and the people crossed the river to and fro in boats. This has been inconvenient to the officers who live at Ehrenbreitstein, as the private and public balls are numerous at this season, and crossing the Rhine through broken ice in an open boat at twelve, one, and two in the morning, after dancing, is not very agreeable. They attempted putting up the bridge again two days ago, after a week's complete thaw, and got it a quarter over on each side, but yesterday there came with a storm of wind large masses of ice from other rivers that flow into the Rhine, and tore up the fastenings, crushing the boats, and breaking them into pieces. They have, however, got it up to-day again partly, and if fresh ice does not come it will all be up by eleven or twelve to-morrow. The week before last we read an account in a Coblenz paper that the ice had stopped at the Lurlei (I dare say you recollect that singular and picturesque rock above St. Goar), and that it was "mountains high," not having been so before in the memory of man. We found from De Franck everybody was going to see it, and we nobodies wished to join them. It was a bright day, clear and frosty, and I who had not before been above Coblenz, enjoyed the scenery greatly. We left here at half-past nine, and arrived at St. Goar to dinner at half-past one. We set off after dinner to see the ice, which, we were told, extended far beyond what we could reach that evening, having to return here. The Germans, who are apt to exaggerate, had talked of icebergs not to be found, but still the sight *was well worth* seeing. Supposing you have not

forgotten the Lurlei, imagine that narrow passage blocked up with a storm of ice; for the immense pressure had heaved it up in huge waves and furrows, eight or ten feet high, each ridge composed of massive slabs of ice tossed about in all directions. At every bend of the river there had been a dreadful scuffle, and the fragments were thrust upwards end-ways. But the mighty river would not be dammed up—you saw it now and then in a narrow slip rushing like a mill stream—then it plunged under the ice and boiled up again a hundred yards farther on. At one bend of the river a green orchard was covered with great blocks hurled over the bank, one could not suppose how. There were some ridges, or rather ruts, so straight and evenly shaved down, that one fancied some giant of the mountain had driven his car through the middle of the ice, and that his wheels had left these traces and deep furrows. But on considering it, Hood discovered that the middle ice had moved, while that on the sides was stationary, and the friction had worn it as smooth as if cut with a knife. We went to Oberwesel, part of which was under water. We had not time to proceed farther, though we both agreed that we could have gone on, and on, and on, to see more. We hear that higher up a church was surrounded with masses of ice so that only the steeple was perceptible. The Moselle ice carried away a youth of sixteen, who was playing on it, and a similar and somewhat romantic incident occurred on the Rhine. On the island just above the bridge resides the Countess of P——, who walking out by herself to see the ice floating down, managed to fall in; perhaps she was pushing the loose bits of ice as the children do. Heaven knows what foolish process brought her to do it—but in she plumped! As Hood says, "some German cherub that sits up aloft" *brought a willow* bough to her assistance, and there she

hung, well preserved in ice, a good long spell—till a young man, the son of one who had been at law with the Count, her father, about some hundreds of thalers, came in a boat and rescued her. There has been much speculation whether the lawsuit would be dropped by the old gentleman, out of gratitude to the preserver of his daughter. However, I have not heard the result. Unfortunately the young lady is not a beauty, or even interesting; being very short and stout, with a coarse red complexion, and tow-coloured hair. Our friend says she attends the balls, and although always elegantly dressed with a jewelled order of crown and cross on her bosom, all agree she looks like some peasant-girl from the *mountains*—and one of the *plainest* too! Hood foretells she will give her preserver a lock of her tow-coloured hair, and advise her father to proceed with the law-suit. This is his splenetic idea of German gratitude.

On the 11th February, the Carnival commences, but they seem to think it will not be a good one this year, it was so expensive on the last occasion, though I think to the sober English, the best is but mere trumpery and folly; it is well, however, to see all these novelties before settling again at our dear English fireside, which I look forward to with all hope and comfort. Hood promises himself the pleasure of writing to Dr. Elliot, to whom he feels much indebted for even his flying advice, as it has done him much permanent good. The steel wine appeared to be of such benefit that he really missed it when he chanced not to take it, and he has had no return worth mentioning of his complaint. He says he has entirely to thank the Doctor, that in medicine he is not an *Infidel*, and that here, for once, he has no double meaningless meaning, the double practice upon himself and his better half: he hopes the Doctor will not accuse him of presumption *that he intends* to practise here himself,—but

only upon himself, and he prays God earnestly that he may not have need of such bad advice.

How we missed you! Though it could scarcely be called a glance: as the packet went smoking down the Rhine, we felt as if left upon a desert island, and walked back to look at our untouched luncheon, sad and silent. We then said to each other, "What shall we do?" and both agreed we must "go out a-pleasuring,"—so off we set to take coffee at a roadside wine-house at Metternich; we walked up a steep hill through a pretty wood, and took by surprise a beautiful plot of large purple wild crocuses, which covered an open space at the top; they seemed out of place and season, and so did we. We brought home all our handkerchiefs full, and they lasted in water very long, as if for a souvenir of the day,—that was our last excursion from home, till we went to the Lurlei; for Hood, getting better, set to work—it was then "all work and no play," but I do not recollect seeing him get through it better—he finished with good spirits, and boiled over afterwards with some droll sketches for the work I told you of. Talking of boiling, I must, in self-conceit, say that I am improving decidedly in my cooking, having started several things lately "in the fancy line." Yesterday morning I set to work very seriously to make some potted beef, and succeeded, little thinking what ungrateful jests I should draw upon my poor head from Hood.

Being proud of my own fabrication, I produced it at tea, when De Franck came, and then commenced the jokes of the good-for-nothing. He asked with apparent interest, how it was made, and I said, "I pounded it in a pestle and mortar." "But, then, dear, we have not got one, you know."

In short, he insisted that, like the Otaheitan cooks, I had *chewed it small*; and as I happened, having the face-ache, to *put my hand to my jaw* at the time, it seemed a corrobo-

ration, of which he made full use. Upon this hint, he huddled joke upon joke, till we were convulsed with laughter, and to-day Franck declares he laughed in the middle of the night. Hood called it "Bullock jam," and when I asked him what he would eat, he replied "what you *chews*." To be sure, an ox here, after he has been in his time, a plough-horse, a dray-horse, and a horse of all-work, might give an Ogress the face-ache. I have also attempted a mince pie on a large scale, which was so relished that the baker abstracted half the contents before it was baked. Talking of mince-meat, the Lieutenant tells us a very active poison has been discovered in German black-puddings, of course from the blood being in a bad state. There have been several martyrs. This bit of information is aimed at the Doctor,—Hood hopes it would hit him in the stomach.

* * * * *

Hood desires me to say he will write to you without expecting you to be a correspondent, but there is at present no news worth postage. He is busy collecting materials, which Head has let slip out of his head. * * * Did you ever hear of bathing in malt? It is a German remedy. You see written up here, "Beer Brewery, and Bath House." Hood will have it they bathe in the beer. As you recommend porter sometimes, he sends you this hint, and of course, as Head insists, the patient will take care "to put the head under," with the mouth open; pray prescribe it, perhaps an object that went in white and meagre, would come out "brown stout;" he thinks little children may be done in the small beer.

Dr. B. is going to London in the summer, he said to *me* when my eye was bad, "In Germanee we do cure everything, all but Death, that is the divine law." We asked *him how they cured the* typhus fever, and he said, "Oh! to

be sure with cold water!" De Franck says, some time back, they prescribed the same remedy for everything, and every pump in the place was an apothecary.

Pray accept our best thanks, and kindest regards, and believe me,

My dear Mrs. Elliot,

Yours very sincerely,

JANE HOOD.

The steam-packets commenced coming up the Rhine to-day, and the bridge is up again. One seems more comfortable at these signs of better weather, though it may be long ere the Dampschiffe bring any friends to us, and seldom that we cross the bridge. Hood and De Franck are talking of wonders they are to do in the fishing line (not meant for a pun). The perch are very fine, and at St. Goar we saw the salmon jump, and they say they are to be caught with a line. I think Hood is laying out for more than he will have time for: he must, if he has health, travel for his new book; and then the other Comic will have to come out earlier if possible. We often speculate what we shall do on our return to England.

Hood's is rather a greedy style—he says he will stop at some coffee house directly he lands, and have some *bread and cheese and porter*, and, then he will call at Williams' noted shop at the Old Bailey for boiled beef. This is shockingly John Bullish, is it not? My dear little boy splutters out with much anger Gradle's washing of bones, with fried onions and potatoes, which she calls soup.

Think of this and of the poor exiles, and write, write, write to far Germany. I mean to be so gay as to go to the play here, which is three times a week. They play an opera *called the "Zampfer"* which is very fine music, they say;

and they finish early which is very pleasant for me, who cannot depend upon Gradle's care of the children.

I must conclude, as the post-time nears. Please give our compliments to Mr. Maiden. God bless you all. The best wishes of the season to you.

Believe me ever, my dearest Mrs. Elliot,

Your affectionate friend,

JANE HOOD.

AT HERR DEUBEL'S,
752, ALTEN GRABEN, COBLENZ, *June 20th*, 1836.

MY DEAR DILKE,

Many, many thanks for your letter, and the kind interest and trouble it evidences on my behalf. They are such as I might have expected from the best and last friend I saw in England, and the first I hope to meet again.

We are in much better lodgings, at the same cost, though our address, literally translated, is at "Mr. Devil's, in the Old Grave." We are now near the Moselle bridge, in a busy, amusing street, but out of the town in three minutes' walk.

We did not part with Miss Seil without some serio-comic originality in her struggles between extortion and civility. One moment she kissed Jane like a sister, and the next began a skirmish. First came Suspicion that, as we left a little before the time agreed on, we would not pay up to it. Satisfied on that point, Content fell to kissing. Then Memory suggested we had broken two or three old chairs and a glass, but finding we had replaced or sent them to be mended ourselves, she fired a fresh salute. Away we went, and then Avarice *prompting*, she sent a volley of chairs, &c., *we had not broken, to be* repaired, and requested the use of

the rooms. That promised so soon as we should have cleared out and cleaned up, she fell to compliments again; but sniffing that she meant to whitewash, repair, and brush up at our cost, we were obliged, in self-defence, to hold the keys. Thereupon she had the *locks picked*, and set to work, and hinted she would favour me with the bills. So I entered into the correspondence, and as she had sent Jane a quantity of notes in German, I thought it only fair to give her one in English, which I knew she must carry half over the town to get translated, and then, I fear, it will not be very flattering. I pointed out to her that she had no right to both rooms and rent, and as picking locks *is* a grave offence in Prussia, she must have, and had, presumed on a foreigner's ignorance of its laws. This has shut her mouth, and stopped the bills, and also the *billing*. Gradle marched on the 1st of March (military again), and, I am sorry to say, made a bad end. First, as Tom didn't at all want physic, she showed, or let him find his way (whilst his mother was out) to the cupboard "wot holds the honey-pot." Secondly, having "vained de Bibi," she did her best to unvain him again, and set him roaring all at once after his "Mutter." Thirdly, as Fanny had the face-ache, she opened all the windows directly our backs were turned, and, having taken a fit of cleanliness, she was busy one day brushing down the dust from the ceiling and walls over Missis's gowns. She had warning for the 1st of March, but, as Jane is as unlucky as "Joe," * this of all years was leap year. It is too certain the dear departed made a per-centage on everything she bought for us. I declined to sign a certificate of honesty Vertue had given her, so she cast her eyes on Joseph, the carpenter, whom she got to marry her, induced by the fortune of a "Bibi" two

* "*Unlucky Joe,*" *is* the best character in my father's novel, "Tylney *Hall.*"—*T. H.*

years old, and 150 dollars saved out of the 60 she had received from Vertue and us. Joseph's mother, whom he partly supported, dying opportunely the day before she left us, the wedding was fixed for the fortnight after the funeral; but, owing to some mysterious interdict of the priest, did not take place till a fortnight later.

We have now a servant with a seven years' character, and the consequence is everything is much cheaper, albeit she is not a good bargainer. Of course, though we do not quarrel, we have plenty of *misunderstandings*. We have changed our butcher, and gained a penny per pound; ditto laundress, and saved nearly a dollar a week. In short, Jane, whatever be her political principles, is a practical reformer; and I look on with a Conservative eye, lest the spirit of change should go on madly too far, and I be *Skeltoned* like the rest.

As for "chimney ornaments" (except a very tall, long-nosed gentleman in black, remarkably like our English "devil," who sweeps for all Coblenz), we have not even a chimney-piece. The climbing boy here is really one of the finest men in the place. He sweeps the chimney,—the long iron pipes of the stoves are cleared by a live Friesland hen, a sort of fowl which has its feathers turned back the wrong way. When she is in the pipe a fire is made, and the heat forces her to make her way into the chimney with the soot among her ruffled feathers. She then cries "grauch-schlacht!" which is the German for "all up!" and this is at least as true as some bits of Von Raumer.

I am writing this gossip partly to amuse Mrs. Dilke. The barber-surgeon I settled with thus: He wrote that in consideration that I might not be able to afford it, he consented to take one dollar instead of two. To which I replied, that I merely resisted an imposition, and should hand over the *difference to the poor. This I* did to the poor of Arzheim,

near Ehrenbreitstein, where 280 have suffered from scarlet fever; and a subscription was opened by public appeal from the over-burgomaster of Coblenz, and is now closed, after two months' collection, having raised twelve pounds!—a smallish amount for a city containing a governor-general, two commandants, over and under-presidents, ditto burgomasters, and about twenty-five to thirty carriage families, and many rich tradesmen: but these are anything but the honest, conscientious, liberal, orderly, warm-hearted, intellectual Germans we give the country just credit for. The Coblenzers have other attributes. To return to my *leech-gatherer*. I do not intend to want again either physician or apothecary. I am no believer in astrological conjunctions, but I must insist on a sinister aspect in that case;—a Jew doctor playing into the hands of his brother-in-law, the apothecary, who has been described beforehand by "Gil Blas," viz.: "He goes strictly to mass, but at the bottom of his heart he is a Jew, like Pilate, for he has become Catholic through interest."

As Jews must not be apothecaries here, and Hebrews do not forgive apostacy in their own brothers even, I fear their good understanding must be allowed to be ominous. Now for a bit of farce in one of the same tribe. He came to me to draw up an advertisement for him in English, on the strength of which, I suppose, he has set up here as Professor of Philosophy and *English*. Franck knows an officer who has *learned*, and he cannot understand his English at all. The officer will have his revenge when he has to drill the Professor! We are now more *au fait* here, but we have to fight every inch. I am now in health and spirits and do not mind it; but I wish, for the sake of the lovely country *I am now* able to enjoy, I could come to other conclusions. *I am not writing* from spleen or prejudice, or resentment at

the loss of money, but to give you my cool and deliberate impressions for your guidance; and a resident has peculiar opportunities for observation. Prejudice be hanged! and I will help to pull its legs. But I want fair play for my countrymen, against whom there is much illiberal feeling, which is the more annoying, because Germans from other parts, who think well of us, are surprised to find opinion against us on the Rhine where it would be presumed we are so well known. As a sample of what I mean, there is Schreiber's sketch of "Die Engländer in Baden" referred to in your No. 431 of the "Athenæum," which I wish had fallen to my lot to review. I would have answered him with facts. The charge that the rectitude of many of the English is not to be uniformly depended upon is a grave one, on which I might retort fairly from my own experience as equivalent to his; and choose for my motto, in a new sense, "Beware—for there are counterfeits *abroad*." With few exceptions, judging from those I have had to do with, I should put them in two great classes,—Jew Germans, and German Jews. It may seem a harsh verdict, but it is *forced* upon me. As for the English quarrelling about coachmen's fares, &c., it is hardly worthy a traveller to squabble about petty over-charges, but extortions may become too gross and palpable to put up with. There is all along shore here, now-a-days at least, a sharking, grasping appetite, which growing by what it feeds on, has become ogre-like; and knowing the English to be rich, they have not known where, prudently, or with good policy, to stop. There was a colonel here, the other day only, crying out, naturally, at being charged in this *cheap* country five shillings for a bed; the landlord of the hotel in question, chose at the Carnival to burlesque an English family travelling: he has told me, the English are by *far his best customers, but* the ridicule was congenial to

the spirit of the inhabitants. The truth is, we are marked for plunder; and laughed at, for the facility with which we are plucked, as if it were a matter of difficulty to cheat those, who in some degree confide in you—for we do generally set forth with a strong prepossession in favour of German honesty. I believe in it myself, but not here, where the very peasantry (whom I like) seem to lose it. The other day a woman, who used to sell us a sort of curd cheese, taking advantage of Fanny, who carried the money, took six instead of three groschen, and has never since put in an appearance. Again, a man, who left a flower for Jane's approval, who declined it, called for it over night quite drunk, took it away, brought it back next morning, and made her pay for it because a bud was broken! these two are within ten days. Schreiber taunts residents like ourselves with "a petty and ridiculous economy," but it is mere resistance to extortion directed pointedly against the English. I never will concede that the rule, that we are to be robbed, only because we are, or are supposed to be, rich, is anything but a brigand feeling. Yet so it is. There is a separate tariff, well-understood, and tacitly acted upon, so that you shall see an English and German gentleman sitting at the same table d'hôte, eating the same dinner, and drinking the same wine, but at very different costs! It is quite a freemasonry, and the very figures in the *carte* stand for several amounts. One night we sent for a bill of fare for supper, and De Franck pointed out to me roast beef (in English), four groschen, and directly under it, the same dish (in German), three groschen. These things are somewhat repulsive to those who happen to be their guests, should they chance to find besides that their character is attacked as *unfairly* as their purse. I *know* that they retail stories about *us, which have falsehood* on the face of them, such as the

Bible story in Schreiber, which is altogether out of keeping. As to our getting into rows and trespassing, I used to watch the steamer's arrival, and never saw a disturbance, but with a *German* lady, accused by the steward of secreting a spoon. But that Englishmen *might* get into rows I think very possible, and natural; I expect it myself. The lower class, not mere thieves and vagabonds like Londoners, but apprentices, workmen, and boys almost well-dressed, are blackguardly disposed.

Fishing has brought me in contact with them. I have *never* been without annoyance, and it is positively *unsafe* to stand within pelt of the Moselle bridge. Those officers, who have taken to it after our example at Ehrenbreitstein, have positively had to post men to defend them from *large* sticks and stones. I hope, as the clown says, here be *facts*. Good or bad politically, the making all men soldiers serves to lick these cubs into human shape; it makes them cut their hair, wash themselves, and behave decently, in fact as Puckler Muskau says, the men, who have served, and those who have not, are different animals indeed. I wish I could with honesty write more in the tone of Mrs. Trollope, whose book, by the way, I have just read; but although, so treacley, it does not please the natives. Heaven knows why, for she does not object to one thing in Prussia, but the smoking. She is, however, wrong there in one point, as may be gathered from the pretty strong sentiments she puts into the mouths of the German girls against pipes. A likely matter when they have been used to sniff "*backy*" from the father, who took them first on his knees, to the brother they played with.

On the contrary, and quite the reverse, they embroider tobacco bags for presents to the young gentlemen, as English girls *knit purses*. *But so* Anti-English a writer as Mrs. T.,

who never omits an opportunity of letting down her countrymen, might be expected to be blind to the Anti-English feeling abundant in these parts. There is no doubt of its existence, I manage to read their papers, and the tone is the same.

Extracts, for example, headed, "Distress in *Rich* England." Like "the haughty Isle of shopkeepers," a phrase made use of by Schreiber. 'Tis the mark of the beast; they covet our riches, they resent our political influence, and perhaps are jealous of the distinction shown to the English in *some* of the highest quarters. In spite of Raumer (a *jewel* by the way) I think the spirit enters into our commerce.

The merchant here I had your wine of, said he did not hope for any reduction of our duties on their wines, because the Prussian Tariff is so very unfavourable to us. Our goods are in request, so that even they simulate English labels, &c., &c., but I think their introduction is not coveted by the powers. My little package was detained some time at the frontier, on the frivolous pretext, that the weight of every article, a fish-hook for instance, was not specified. I believe the tariff is also averse to French and Italians; all I know is, many of their products are bad and dear: say, oranges from two pence halfpenny to 3*d.* a piece; salad oil dear and execrable, &c., &c. And now to Schreiber again; I take this for my text-book, because he represents the mass. Their usual ridicule of our habits, &c., might fairly and with interest be retaliated. For instance, an Englishman with coat-pockets "big enough *to hold a couple of folios*," is no more ridiculous a figure than a German with ditto capacious enough for a pipe and a bag of tobacco; but this far from unusual sneer at our literary and reading propensity is somewhat misplaced in Intellectual Germany, *the country of Goethe. A book here seems* a bugbear. I think I told you of the

remark of the Jew Doctor on seeing a "Times" paper; in the same style my new Doctor took up the "Athenæum," supposing it to be a monthly.

When I said, weekly, he threw up his hands and eyes, and wondered how we found time for it. Time, however, is the thing least wanted here, for they do not live at *our rate*, and consequently have more leisure; but it is not "learned leisure," from simple want of will. They prefer the Virginian to other leaves, and volumes of smoke. The "Rhein und Mosel Zeitung" supply them with abundant reading, and its standing articles, probably therefore favourite ones, are on beet-root, sugar, and rail-roads. Their talk is of thalers, thalers, thalers, except when they smoke in the hotels of a night, or at the Casino, and then the Quakers could not hold a more silent Conversazione.

Galignani *is* prohibited, and the only English papers allowed are the "Globe," "Courier," and the "Albion" or some such name. So much for the Intellectuals. Personally I cannot complain, for a Colonel has translated my "Eugene Aram" for his wife, having heard of it through Bulwer's novel: Bulwer (who is a demi-god here) and the Pfennig Magazine, and native works on medicine and mechanical arts, are the main bulk advertised here, but I guess not much sold. Another fact, and I quit the subject. The extorting spirit is known, and admitted by some of the better class—Jane, at request from the other side, has formed a very agreeable intimacy with a Miss von B——, who was educated at Nieuwied, and speaks tolerable English. She *volunteered* to accompany Jane to buy anything, saying she knew the English were imposed on, and informed her, that her late father, a lieutenant-general, paid Dr—— at the rate of ten silber *groschen* or a shilling a visit. He *charged me forty-five, or four* shillings and sixpence a visit,

for being an Englishman. What follows is, I think, conclusive as to what I have said of a sort of freemasonry, &c. I happened to doubt whether the majors and captains here could afford to keep up such equipages on their pay, when F—— referred me to another officer (of ancient Polish family) I have met, and he frankly told me that they could. But supposing a major with family, &c., to make a certain appearance, and live in a certain style on his pay, 2000 dollars, I must at once *for the same things* set down 1000 more for being an Englishman.

It follows that tradesmen, inn-keepers, all who have to do with the English, exact a *profit* of 33 per cent. *extra*, and yet cannot be pleased with their customers. Suppose some English Schreiber, in inditing a sketch of the German watering-places, were to adopt the portentous text of "take care of your pockets." Suppose he were to end his book with a sarcastic hint of Sir Peter Teazle, "I must go, but I leave my character behind me!" I give you the facts, because in the "Athenæum" you are sometimes called upon as a judge, between the natives of both countries, as in Schreiber's case. I do not want, like Jonathan in England, "a war, and all on my own account," nor Irish-like to whiten the English by blackening the Germans. Above all, I speak only of what I have seen and know, or have heard from good witnesses, and my locale is Coblenz; though the same thing may prevail on the other routes of the English, *pro ex.* Baden. It is for you that I have set it down, and I beg you to believe, in no spite, or resentment, or prejudice; but to put you on your guard, and prepare you for perhaps a very altered state of things on the Rhine, not belonging more to the natives than to human nature, except in degree. *But* I wished justice for my countrymen, and disclaim personal *vengeance, though* I confess to have felt irritation.

The tone of my book will be quite otherwise, I know it is unwelcome to read as to write such passages, and especially to introduce such actors on such a stage, with the Rhine and its mountains for the scenery. And moreover there is good and beautiful and whimsical to discourse of pleasantly, so pray read the foregoing in the same spirit that its author writ, and then hand over the substance of my remarks to the censor to be used "as occasion may require." Fair play is a jewel, and I like to see it set in the "Athenæum." Besides I do not know your Editor personally, but I suspect him of a little overleaning towards the Germans. I picture him with "an awful fell of hair," and a serio-comico-metaphysico-romantico visage, moulded in brown bread made rather heavy, a big body made dropsically corpulent by fattening on thin wine, and a pair of stout legs of no particular shape, on which he partly walks, partly marches, having been drilled when a student. Like Pope and Cowper, and others of the learned, he wears a cap; but with a conceited cock on one side, and hangs a tassel from its apex. On his forefinger, a huge ring with an engraved stone or glass, that might serve Mrs. von D—— at a pinch for a jelly-mould; and he has chains enough on his bosom to hang him in. His waistcoat seems cut out of the train of Iris's court-dress, set off by a snuff-brown coat, and sad-green breeches—a sort of hybrid between a peacock and Minerva's fowl—grave and gaudy. When he eats, he prefers after soup the meat that was boiled in it—a mere residuum —like the patent ginless bread of Pimlico. He seasons it with mud-coloured mustard. He drinks a wine so sharp, that like the "Accipe Hock" of the Templar, it pierces your very vitals. When he is awake he dreams, when he is asleep he snores *music, that,* as Zelter says, by its very noise "*reminds you of the universal* silence!" If he look pensive

it is because he cannot fathom the immeasurable, grasp the infinite, or comprehend the incomprehensible. Should he be a little cracked he writes—when he gets purblind he paints, and you have the portrait of his mistress the Muse, as a little old woman with red toads dropping out of her mouth. Poet or Painter, he tries to be sublime, and makes a monster a "most ridiculous monster," or rather a herd of monsters, and makes them act monstrously, like the fantastic shadows in Carpenter's microscope, supposing you had mixed their drop of water with a ditto of brandy. If he smiles, it is with the idea of "reading much, learning much, and dying young!" by a horse-pistol with a leaf out of Bettine for wadding. Whilst he smokes he pastoralises; drunk, he moralises; sober, he romanticises; mad, he philosophises. There Wolfgang von Dilke there's a rally *à la* Randall, in return for your fighting me up into a German corner. By the bye, your notices made me long to read Von Raumer's England. It must be a capital book, but methinks he is apt to make azure of Prussian blue. Yet when I spoke of him here to our doctor, he seemed not to like him, and said he was considered a Jacobin. For example, too much credit is taken as to their contented and tolerant clergy. For instance, *here*, this is a Catholic province; the magistrates and a few more Lutherans must tolerate perforce a whole population nearly of unreformed. Prussia is formed of many provinces, some oughts, and some crosses, like the old game on the slate, and to be intolerant would be only to set one province against another, "hey dog—hey bull!" so that it would be dangerous for one party to tyrannise over the other.

A thing occurred here the other day, that made a great *sensation; the priest* or curé refused to bury a drawing-*master, who professed,* but had not attended his church for

many years. He said he was forbidden by the rules of the Council of Trent. The Lutheran minister was applied to, who buried him at once, and as it is usual to preach a funeral sermon for each defunct, the following Sunday his church was crowded with Catholics, Jews, and all denominations, who were eager and curious to hear how he would treat the subject. He preached a good temperate sermon on the text "Judge not, that ye be not judged," which made a great impression. The plan here, which is good, is that of both religions the ministers are paid by the King or State, an arrangement I should like for England and Ireland, or let every one pay their own, as in America. As to Education, I think our Government does wisely not to interfere too rashly. Something may be left to the sense of the people. The infamous boarding-schools of former times are dying or dead, and replaced by proprietary ones without Government interference. If they meddle, let it be to reform Oxford, and the like; and, least of all, let us have the School a dependant on the Church,—with a Parson-Usher in each, preaching and teaching German philosophical "spiritualism," and "illumination and sanctification," which "reaches far beyond steam-engines and hydraulic presses."

But even Von Raumer is not reliable. Come lay your Frankfort hand, just above your Heidelberg or Darmstadt stomach, on your Dresden heart, and tell us with your München mouth, do you really believe the story of the factory boy's lament for pigs and poetry? Did you ever with your Ingelheimer eyes, on the Royal birthday in London, see the innumerable children with flowers and flags, or hear with your Langen Schwalbach ears their chorus of "God save the King"? Again, did you never hear with your Berlin auriculars, that row of street blackguard boys notorious *throughout* Germany, and characteristic of the

Prussian capital, which Von R. with his natural taste for music calls "the prattle of little children"?

As for his quizzes on our cookery (Mrs. Dilke, I am appealing to you and your old cook, who went away and is come back again), *is* English soup so sloppy that it must hide its weakness by a covering of pepper and spice? Lord help the man! he has been souping with the Sick Poor! I never saw any soup or broth in England but when cold was a perfect jelly, "as you might chuck over the house." As for his pepperless rice soup, *chacun a son goût*, but was not Bedreddin Hassan capitally sentenced for not putting pepper in a cream-tart? What does he mean by the "monotony of our roast beef, roast mutton, roast veal"? Why should not roast beef be roast beef, and always roast beef, like "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill"? I like that decided style. Is it any better for being, as here, roast horse, or, with rank oil, and turned butter, sometimes like roast "sea horse"? Is Williams' boiled beef any the worse for being *only* boiled beef; is it better for being here like land stock fish? Is our roast veal worse than theirs?—how they roast it is a culinary miracle, unless on a lark spit. Their seven-day calves, and seven-year porkers ought, according to Lamb's celebrated wish about his sister, to "throw their joint existences into one common heap!" I defy you to eat their roast mutton here, without scriptural reminiscences of rams and burnt offerings. And then for *his* sauce about *our one* sauce, for fish, don't they make pickled salmon of everything with scales, fresh or salt, with vinegar, vinegar, vinegar? As for his twaddle about Phidias and Praxiteles being French cooks, and his comparison of our joints to "an Egyptian divinity in simple dignified repose, *with arms and legs* closely pinioned in the same position!" (he has *mistaken a trussed turkey* for a round of beef or a fillet of

veal), I will only say a village jobbing carpenter would be ashamed of such a *style!* Egyptian indeed! don't they poison everything with garlic, and consume Egyptian wages (onions) enough to build a new set of pyramids? Now for his Linnæus and Jussieu, if our vegetables *do* "appear in puris naturalibus," is it not better than if they were in "*im*-puris naturalibus," full of "snips and snails," and the huge red slugs that crawl about here, in size and shape looking like live German sausages! How do *they* dress vegetables? Why make salads of them first, and then boil them, or *vice versâ*. I do believe the "Devil sends cooks," and they are German ones. The French are *artists*, the Germans are *daubers* in cookery. They are (in all that is grub-berly) lubberly, blubberly, and in regard to cleanliness, not over scrubberly! Wasn't I nearly choked once by fishbones amongst a dish of fried potatoes? 'Tis fact, and didn't I see a starved dog refuse to take the place and portion of a German gentleman unexpectedly absent from his accustomed place at the table d'hôte? Von Dilke be hanged! Catch him having a German cook at the Clarence! Haven't their own doctors discovered that their sausages contain an active poison, and is not every one of their messes a slow one? I *will* stand up for our English Kitchen, especially now Jane is a cook in it. Vive Dr. Kitchener! if he isn't dead; and an echo responds from Düsseldorf, very like Mrs. L——'s voice, "Vive Dr. Kitchener!" When she last wrote to Jane she was watching a hash with one eye, according to his "oracle." Ask Head about German cookery, he says their sauces are either always sour or greasy, but I have gone a step beyond his experience, they can be sour and greasy too. And now for a triumphant clincher as to the respective merits of German and English cookery. There is a sort of *mésalliance that occurs in England* sometimes; nay I know personally

of an instance, for W. C. married the woman that dressed his dinner, but I have now before me "Der Preussische Staat, in allen seinen Beziehungen," an authentic work, and I cannot find one instance of a German, who married his cook. This is not prejudice but statistics! But don't let this frighten you, Mrs. Dilke, from coming here, lest you should have to feast on *pommes de terre frites*. Jane can stew, and boil, and roast, and bake. You should hear her battering her beefsteaks, as if they were the children, or see Tom walk in with his little wig powdered or floured, from his mother-sick fit having interfered with her fit of pigeon-piety. You should hear De Franck congratulating her on her high health, or Miss von B. on her rosy English complexion, when the real secret is fried chops. So I speak not complainingly, but critically only, of the national cuisine.

You *must* come to the grand manœuvres (end of August), which will be well worth seeing. Better to see than be *born to*, say you. De Franck amused us much with his description of drilling the Dominies. Every man here must be a soldier, and two years is the rule; but the schoolmasters have the *indulgence* of only six weeks of it. But then in those six weeks they are expected to become as proficient as the "two year olds," and accordingly they are hard at it, soldiering "from morn till dewy eve"—the poor sedentaries! Franck described them drawn up with round shoulders, bent thighs, and other pedagogical attributes, so weak, and so bewildered! Sometimes an unluckly Dominie mounting guard, has even to put up with the gibes, nay missiles, of his quondam scholars, whom he cannot, for once, punish.

Is it not laughable to picture to oneself? What a subject for me! I must make a new revolution at Stoke Pogis, and let the mayor, having been up the Rhine, attempt to *form a Landwehr*. You know the place, Dilke; just fancy

Dominie Sampson, with a musket on his shoulder, standing *at ease* on Ehrenbreitstein.

Pray tell Mr. Reynolds* what he has escaped by being born, as Dr. Watts says, in a Christian land. He is an excellent *Blue*, but would not turn up well with *Red*. What a "six weeks' vacation!" What a march of mind for the schoolmasters abroad! It must seem to them like a night-mare dream, till assured of the reality, by feeling instead of the long flowing locks, affected here by the student, the bald *regulation* nape. The situation must seem as bewildering as Dr. Pangloss' with a tulip-eared bull puppy between his knees. Fancy Westminsterian Braine learning the "brain-spattering art." Imagine Dr. G—— mounting guard at the Mint, or Principal O—— standing sentinel by the Regent's bomb, whistling "Lawk a mercy on us, sure this be not I," with a pantomime change in the distance, of the London University into Sandhurst College. Our doctor's son is doing duty as a private in De Franck's regiment, so is the son of another M.D., and they are under no slight apprehension of having to carry a knapsack at the review. How should you like a taste of that same? Imagine yourself wanting to march in *three divisions*, in request by Lord Hill, H——, and Mr. Jack Junk, at the same time. Fancy Wentworth dancing at one of his mother's genteelest parties in the uniform of a private of the Tower Hamlets. And what a review you would make, mind, not a criticism. Yourself, with your eye-glass in the Rifles; Cunningham in the Grenadiers; Chorley in the band; H—— in the Artillery; T—— a Lancer; the stout C—— in the "Light Bobs;" and John F—— a "worthy Pioneer." Alas! for the "Athenæum," Mrs. Dilke would

* *My grandfather, head writing-master* at Christ's Hospital.—T. H.

have to be a suttler! By the bye, we got our present lodgings in spite of the captain of the —th, who would have given five dollars a year more; but his wife, a termagant, was well known as the "suttler," (her nickname amongst the military), and our landlord would not have her at any price. I hope Jane won't lower his rent still further. * * * *

There are some here, in appearance to the eye, anything but gentlemen, in the best sense of the word. You cannot mistake them.

Perhaps they have got the worse attributes of the French Revolution, a *nominal equality*, which puts the low, base, vulgar, and rich on a *false level* with "God Almighty's gentleman," which rank I do seek with all my heart; and endeavour that the English character shall not suffer at my hands; and though I resent, on public grounds, what I meet with, I am content to be a dweller here, whose character is to be judged by its own merits. But I feel the question gravely, and recommend it to your consideration. *I* may be prejudiced, but *F*—— is a good witness. Give me credit for honesty, when he tells you he as readily fights, what you may call my prejudices, as those of the Germans. After all, cui bono, what I write? Why, after all, I appeal to the "Athenæum," because it is as free from party and from prejudice as myself, *and no more.* There's a hit for you, Big Ben, in answer to your "right-hander."

Besides it has, and must have, an influence from its honesty, impartiality, and ability, and therefore, with all my humble three dittos, I endeavour to give it the benefit of my views.

W——, the other officer, says the same thing of the Rhenishers.

He calls them "méchant," and says they are a much better *sort of people elsewhere.* He says, moreover, that some

Germans, lately returned from Switzerland, have made the observation, that the people there are corrupted and deteriorated, in the same way as I judge them to be partly here. There are two subjects which form handles against us, and are rather favourite topics here,—Ireland,—and the Duke of Wellington's remarks on the discipline of the Prussian army,—which have provoked much angry discussion.

As for Ireland, I am glad to see there is a chance of righting her at last, but what a sorry figure do some of the Peers cut!

I have just got the "Athenæum" containing Raumer. He is very flattering to us in some things, but his true picture of Ireland gives one pain, abroad,—to think what foreigners *must* conceive of our wisdom or government. I doubt, however, of the wisdom of returning for a remedy to the good old times when "*mendicant* monks imparted *their* goods to the poor." He learnt to *bull* in Ireland, seemingly. Again, I do not clearly understand whether the "unhappy nation that has been for four-and-forty years seeking for liberty in all directions," refers to France or England. But, in either case, I do not agree with this prescription of "moderation, contentedness, and humility," by which I understand a sort of waiters on Providence, gaping for "a thrice happy Prussian's" condition, a "free proprietary peasantry,—a contented and tolerant clergy, and well educated youth," at the hands of the Tories or their equivalents. But I, perhaps, misunderstand him,—the issue being to be Murrayan, gave me the impression. The two countries are widely different; what a *good, absolute* King can do here, cannot be done with us. If our peasantry were free and proprietary, I think they would work as hard and be as contented as the Germans. But the English labourer, labour as he may, can but be a pauper; and it seems a *little unreasonable to* require him to sit at Hope's

or Content's table, eating *nothing*, with the same cheerfulness and gaiety as the barber's brother at the Barmecide's feast.

They have just carried by, in procession, with boys, two and two, a *dead schoolmaster!* Poor fellow; have they drilled him to death, or is he a deserter by anticipation? What a new translation they have of "*cedant arma togæ!*" How would Othello's pathetic farewell to arms read to a Prussian Pedagogue? Methinks he would have the black boy well horsed for it. Well! poor * * * * is gone, and, parodying Coleridge's apostrophe on the death of the Dominie, "May he be wafted to heaven by disembodied spirits that are no *Corporals!*"

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We have had several little excursions. One to the Laacher Zee, amongst the volcanic mountains. We went on Whit-Monday, but it ought to have been *Ash*-Wednesday, considering the soil of the road we went through. Their proper scavengers would have been Cinderellas. The walls and houses thereabouts are built with lava, and the lake itself is supposed to occupy an extinct crater. What a lovely, little, secluded lake it is, embosomed in trees, and perched on the crest of a mountain; not like an eagle's nest, but a water "Roc's." It is said to be, in the middle, 200 yards deep, and the water is supernaturally clear. We fished, but of course could catch nothing, though there be huge Jack and Perch; in truth, as I could see my line from the top, of course they could see it at the bottom. There is a decayed church and cloisters, and the monkery and gardens afford delightful residence. There is also a referendarius here who does not care for it, what a taste! He is seldom there. It is a delicious spot. I honour the olden monks for the taste *with which they* pitched their tents. Methought as I

walked in their cloisters I could have been willingly a Benedictine myself, especially when I saw a pair of huge antlers over one of the doors,—like a sign of "good venison within." We have booked this place for you to visit, when you come. Indeed, we thought of you, at our "champêtre," and drank your healths in our wine, for as the "hospitallers" have quitted, we had to carry our cold baked meats with us. The return was through a country reminding me of some of the romantic parts of Scotland, but on a larger scale and more diversely wooded. Through mountain-passes, and by rapid winding trout-streams, we suddenly came to Tönnenstein; a little Brunnen in a lovely glen. I asked the priestess, (a buxom young damsel (in a Cologne cap, which you know is somewhat like a muslin soup-plate) very gravely whether the water was good for a man "with a wife and children," and she replied as gravely in the affirmative, handing me a glass of *bubble* without *squeak*. With wine and sugar, it drinks like champagne, but it is good neat. But, Lord! what an effervescing, gunpowder plot of ground do we Germans live upon! I scarcely seem safer than your brother at Chichester. Every spring beneath us seems boiling hot, or boiling cold. And if I was a freeholder, I should feel some quakings in reckoning all between the sky and the *earth's centre* as my own. I should certainly content myself with tilling the upper crust of the soil instead of being too curious in mining. Bless us all! should our Teutonic Terra be seized with active inflammation in her stomachic regions, instead of the evident chronic one she suffers under! If we have any living Saurians, below, as the Rev. Kirby opines, they must be salamanders. How little do the infant Germans, with an eruption on all their heads, dream of another that may happen under their feet. We have been once or twice to *Lahnstein, a favourite resort* here, on the river Lahn, where

we have obtained the credit of fishing with "a spell," on account of our success; when the old native anglers had failed, simply because we fished at the top and they at the bottom. They have no notion of fly-fishing. The only attempt we ever saw was a Captain of Engineers gravely fishing in the Moselle with a hackle-*fly* and a *worm*, at once; but the *infancy* of his art may excuse the *tops* and *bottoms*. For the sake of Mrs. Dilke, I must relate two adventures at Lahnstein, the first almost as laughable as Mr. L——'s. Whilst we were fishing,—all of a sudden I missed De Franck, but spied him at last up to his neck in the middle of two rocks between which he had slipped in jumping from one to another. He made a strange figure when he came out,—the best lay figure for a River-god imaginable,—for German sporting jackets have an infinity of pockets, and there was a separate jet of water from every one, as well as from his sleeves, trousers, and each spout of his drowned moustachios (N.B. they're very long). He did not seem much improved, when, having gone to the Inn, he returned in a suit of the landlord's, who, though twice as tall, was not half so stout. However, we did not care for appearances, for we thought nobody would notice him, as it was not a holiday, and there was no company. But we were mistaken. The landlord's dog sniffed a robbery, and knowing his master's clothes again, insisted on stripping the counterfeit, and was obliged to be pulled off *vi et armis*. The landlord was very much distressed, and made a thousand apologies: and, to do him justice, was a very obliging, honest, reasonable fellow, and certainly deserved to be paid better than *with his own money, out of his own waistcoat pocket*, by De Franck, as we discovered afterwards. This was the comic part, now for the *tragic*. In the meanwhile, Jane, whose legs are not so *elephantine as they were*, you will readily suppose, made shift

to scramble, with Miss Von B——, up to the ruined castle of Lahn-eck.

Having seen everything on its old ground-floor, female curiosity prevailing over female fear, tempted them up a dilapidated staircase to one of the mouldering attics; and then, how unfortunately fortunate! some half-dozen of the topmost stairs caught the contagion of curiosity, and paid a visit to the cellars. You may imagine the duet that ensued *in a very high key*—but as you know I am deaf and De Franck was more intent on the *perch below*, than on the *perch above*, it was, consequently, a long hour (Jane says six) before they were rescued, heartily sick, you may be sure, of the local and the vocal. They swear they will never *ascend* any more old ruins again, so I suppose the next time we shall have to *hoist* them out of some old subterranean.

However, the event has supplied a new lay or legend of the Rhine—only in *my* version, after a lapse of half a century, two female skeletons were found on the battlements, with their mouths wide open.*

These excursions have done me good every way, and joined to a *rule* of going out every practicable evening to fish in the Rhine or Moselle by way of exercise, have restored me to some strength. I have prospered in health ever since the great effusion of blood—in fact, had I been well bled at first, all would have been saved. My friends may now be easy about me—and all the rest are well. Jane and Fanny mean to bathe at a bath-house on the Rhine bridge. It is very healthy and pleasant, only the tow-rope of a barge took off the whole roof, and so frightened the female dippers, that some of them ran out and fainted on the bridge.

* My father subsequently worked up this incident into a very thrilling sketch in the "New *Monthly*," entitled "The Tower of Lahneck," see "*Complete Works.*"—*T. H.*

The bath man and bath woman, concerned for their subscribers, very wisely *restored* them by carrying them all in again—one by one.

I am glad you liked the wine, but you must come here for the next. You may drink my improvement in Art with all my heart—but as to my sketch, the distinctness you object to is characteristic, and peculiar in Spring.

I am as clear as to that, as the atmosphere. De Franck and I verified that you could see the smoke of a pipe *beyond* the Moselle. De Franck made the remark the other day, that it was like "seeing through a glass." In fact, I have once or twice neglected my spectacles from not feeling the *want* of them. You must see it to believe it, I grant. Why I almost fancy myself an eagle, or at least a Dollond, as I look along the mountainous horizon with the minutest shrubbery defined on it. I recollect, especially last year, when I came up the Rhine, I felt almost that I had seen gnomes and fairies—the people at work on the face of the mountains, looked so *distinct* and yet so *small*, they appeared literal dwarfs—for want of that medium mistiness which ordinarily signifies distance. The only conviction you had, sensually, of their being so remote was from the silence: you saw, but you could not hear, the blows of their pick-axes, &c. The effect is really miraculous. My eyes seemed well washed with fairy euphrasy; methought, what a pure element it must be that we German fishes now swim in! as good for the lungs as the "Lung Arno." Some of us find it too pure if taken neat, and so mix it with smoke.

N.B. The defunct, lately carried by with "dirges due," was not a schoolmaster, but a butcher, whose widow had borrowed the boys to give éclat. The Spanish general, Spinola, died "of having nothing to do," and I suppose Lent *killed the Flesher.* That same Lent was a horrid invention,

at least for inland towns. I hope it is not the bad fish, but they are dying here on all hands,—two or three children a day. Thank God, we seem in a little Goschen, all well! But we have had an omen, at least equal to a raven on the chimney-pot. The children are just come in from a walk, and a *strange* doctor stopped Fanny, and talked to her in the street!

* * * *

I have never had any of the vulgar insane dread of the Catholics. It appears to me too certain that they are decaying *at the core*, and by the following natural process :— men take a huge stride at first from Catholicism into Infidelity, like the French, and then by a short step backwards in a reaction, attain the *juste milieu*. You see I philosophise, but it is in the air of Germany; only I do not smoke with it.

I cannot help agreeing with Von Raumer about English music; I am deaf and have heard as little good as he; but why sneer at our buying *better?* if we purchased Italian, we paid lately the same compliment to the German. I believe in their "real music," but as for their "real song" I have a creed that the "sickly sentimentality" is as much a characteristic of the best German as the worst English. As for our painters, whom he despises, let him show me a German Turner (except of the stomach), a Stanfield, an Etty, a Stump, a Gump. They are as unheard of as our musicians, except a notorious German, who daubed for George the Fourth. But when were the German artists pictorially great with pen or pencil? Fuseli represented both classes. In their sublimest they introduce the ridiculous, whereas a rale genuine Kentuckian in his ridiculous approaches the sublime. I would rather, as to style, prefer the last. Fair play's a *jewel: if you* want examples, I'll give them to you

out of Goethe himself. We had a specimen of their fine arts yesterday, on a flag carried before a funeral: on one side was a Virgin and Child, both *dark*, mulatto, as if inclining to Lord Monboddo's theory that Adam was *black*, or half-and-half—whereas, on the other side was a bishop, *in pontificalibus*, blessing three little children in a literal washing tub,* washed as fair as an English mother could desire—as Jane, for instance. This is fact, and it is as fair to judge from it as from the drawings of lap-dogs and poodles at our Society of Arts, an imbecility long since marked down as a subject for the "Comic"—with that void Aiken, at his head or tail, whom Coleridge used to compare to an "Aching void!" *Apropos* of Art, in the palace here; in the concert-room, there was to have been a series of frescoes from the "Last Judgment" of Rubens, very appropriate supposing the orchestra *all trumpets*. But as the laws of *acoustics* only had been neglected, the concert-room was abandoned, and it is now devoted to the sittings of assize when the frescoes would be of some relevance, and accordingly they are *not* there. I have this on the authority of Schreiber, the guide-man, noticed shortly before Raumer, to whom I owe a grudge and will pay it. As the Americans say, if they *poke* their *fun* at me, I will poke again.

* * * *

* This was a representation of St. Nicholas restoring to life the "Three Young Men of Noble Family," who got into a literal pickle, *vide legends passim*. St. Nicholas was the favourite saint with us children, for, on the eve of his day, we used to put our shoes outside the bedroom door, and his Reverence was believed to have filled them in the night with the toys, &c., we discovered in them the next day. I believe, but won't confess to any experience, that a child who had been naughty, generally found a rod in his slipper in lieu of the toys. It is almost to be wished that the German tree had brought over the St. Nicholas' day custom with it as a branch.—*T. H.*

I am hard at work at my "Comic," somewhat puzzled for subjects, as most of my foreign ones must go to the German book, which I want to make as good as possible.

I do get the "Athenæum," though somewhat more tardily than formerly, and it is a great treat. It *ought* to be very successful. We admired much the articles on Talfourd's "Ion," and Taylor's political book: my mind misgives me they are yours. Pray write as often as you can. Jane desires me to say she longs for Mrs. Dilke's promised letter. As for myself, you will not soon have some more last words. But I do live in hope of meeting you bodily this autumn. and would write a whole "Athenæum" (a double one) to *help you out.*

Methinks *fat* as most of the company would be, we should almost talk ourselves into consumptions. Mind, no more Margate! If I chalk all along the dead wall in Grosvenor Place, it would be, "Ask for Coblenz," "Try the Rhine," "Beware of Dublin," "Inquire for Alten Graben!"

We often fancy ourselves in your family circle, and wish you could take a stick to it and trundle it over here. Pray remember us kindly to everybody, to William and Wentworth, and the rest of the family, "by hook and by *Snook*." Desire Fanny Staunton to add moustachios to my portrait, and put a pipe in my mouth.

Jane goes all lengths with me in her love, and so does Fanny, and so would Hood, jun., if he could, as he should. The manœuvres will begin the last week in August, and then the King will be here; so, dear Mrs. Dilke, mind you keep Dilke in marching order. I have only post time to add God bless you all in my more serious style, which some prefer to my comic, and Jane says Amen religiously, though she has fished of a Sunday. She denies it, and I believe it is an *error—she only went to* an equestrian play.

Mind the address—as the quacks say—of, Dear Dilke,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

I forgot to mention that the soldiers have an odd sounding mode of suicide. As *ball* is hard to get at, they sometimes shoot themselves with *water*,—which blows the head to atoms worse than shot. Now for something in the grand style. One fellow in the true spirit of the *German sublime*, did it with a forty-eight pounder, and went off with *éclat*. How proud some Charlotte must have been of such a Werter!

752, ALTEN GRABEN, *12th July*, 1836.

MY DEAR DILKE,

You will wonder at hearing from me so soon again, but it is a broken day, and an epistolary one, as I have other letters to write—and perhaps the French letter will be worth the postage; and, above all, I have a positive pleasure in writing to, as well as receiving letters from you. You see I can make as many good excuses for writing, as others for their silence. But the truth is, I have not many correspondents, nor many conversibles; so that I select you, both to write to and to talk to on paper—for fear I should die of that most distressing of complaints, a suppression of ideas. I do not, however, though I am in Germany, pretend to open a regular account of debtor and creditor, and expect you to liquidate every letter of mine, as if it were a foreign bill of exchange, by an equivalent on your own side. I know your time is too valuable to be so drawn upon, and so is mine too; but, then, for me to write to you is matter of *recreation*. You have *too much* of that of which I have *too little—society: so* that if I choose to call on you, or leave

my card, *i.e.* letter, I do not peremptorily expect your returning my visits. Now we understand each other; and *should* you ever tire of my billets, you can give me a genteel cut, by returning my last under cover, which ought to be equivalent to "not at home;" or you can get Mrs. Dilke to make spills of them, for I hate my writings to be of no use to anyone. A case, I believe, peculiar to my "Plea of the Fairies:" I had, I remember, to bid myself for the waste, for fear of their going to the book-stalls. So you can publish my letters if you do not like them, and trust to my buying up the remainders.

We are all well—as well as the heat, that is to say, will let us be. But we never had, as apparently all the world has had, a stranger season. First, a long, cold, wet spring; and then, all at once, out of the ice-pail into the frying-pan, like preserved fish. Our powers of contraction and expansion were well tried. I am, as you may guess, not strong, and wonder I did not become literally *friable*. At mental work I sat in a room (always in shade) with the glass at 80; and at bodily work at a true African heat.

We went one day to see the Royal Iron-works at Säyn, and really, with all the great furnaces and the ladlefulls of glowing red liquid metal, the process going on under a *roof*, the sun seemed to heat the fire, without any great bellows.

One day, while fishing at Lahneck, De Franck and I pursued a trout stream till it ended in what I have several times observed about here, where there is water. There was a sort of earthy cauldron sloping down, almost a regular circle, till you came to a level surface of meadow and water, as the Laacher Zee. The whole country is volcanic—tremendously so, if you think of all the hot springs—a real Solfaterra. Extinct crater, or not, I felt *boiled dry* in it till I *longed to plunge into* the clear little stream before

me, so cool, so clear; but probably it would have been my death; for, do you know, trout live here in rivers too *cold* for any other fish, and we caught nothing but trout, nor has anybody else. However, in this beautiful picturesque bottom I almost *devilled* myself, without curry or cayenne—in spite of a queer brown holland smock-frock, garnished (as the Germans cannot do even *simplicity* without a flourish) with a flowing brown holland frill! It was one of their sporting costumes, lent me by De Franck; and whilst wearing this, and he in another like thereunto, we had deposited our ordinary coats at a house in the village. And here note, for I wish to be just, that the conservatives of our said coats would not, without the greatest difficulty, accept a doit—I ought to say a groschen—for their trouble, although Germans, and *Jews*. I had, perforce, to give it to a poor sick boy, as an excuse for leaving it, whom I singled out with a sort of Irish philanthropy, to prove we are all Christians. I wish I could hope to give him another little piece of *bad* silver (you know, of course, the *washed*, or rather apparently *unwashed* face of Friedrich Wilhelm on our Prussian coinage), but he seemed destined to abstract a unit from the gross sum of the twelve tribes at present in existence. Set this off against my last picture of the people of these parts, and lament with me that you must go *from* the Rhine to meet with *natures* that correspond with its natural beauties. Perhaps I am wrong; I know you think I am prejudiced, but I think I am not. Every day fresh *facts*, not fancies, corroborate my views. You will find a new one in my notice of M. The imposition, I know, was made light of, and made a joke of even, as against the English.

I could quote political reasons for this jealousy, which *certainly does obtain*, besides more private ones. Namely

under the heads of free trade, probable union of France, Belgium, and England against the Holy Family, alias Holy Alliance, which I guess is a main head and front, besides avarice and envy, and most exaggerated notions of our wealth.

I am translating a *serious* tale, illustrative of England, from the "Zeitung," where a lady of Euston Square offers £50,000 *per annum*, a mine in "*Cornwales*" and £20,000 in "East India Actions" (? shares), as a reward for finding her lost child. The lady dies—the King's carriage and all the nobility go to the funeral; the will bequeaths *all her property* to the *finder*, and nothing to the child; and the said child is eventually found by a dog called "Fog"! Imagine a *London fog* finding anything; And these are "Sketches of our Manners" gravely written and read on the Rhine—one of our thoroughfares!! It will make a good chapter in my book as a German exercise!

* * * *

752, Alten Graben, Coblenz, 29*th October*, 1836.

My dear Mrs. Elliot,

You will be surprised to hear that Hood is at this present writing, at, or near Berlin—from thence he goes to Küstrin, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Breslau, Dresden, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and then back to Coblenz. Mr. De Franck's regiment, the 19th, has been ordered from here to Bromberg,*

* In the beginning of October, the 19th Polish Infantry were ordered to march to Bromberg, and my father was induced, by the invitation of his friend Franck (and indeed of all the officers of the regiment), to march with them. My mother's letter is put a little out of date here, in order not to interfere with the continued narrative of my father's letters. This was almost the last of my father's days of health, and henceforward—although there have been occasional mentions of illness before—the letters *will record a gradual but sure* decline of health.—T. H.

and he proposed Hood's joining their march as a friend of his. As it was his intention to travel for his German book, this affords the best opportunity. He would see parts of the country which are not common to travellers; he would have the advantage of very pleasant companions, and the help of Mr. De Franck's German, who speaks it as well as a native—and Hood therefore very gladly accepted the invitation. The regiment marches fifteen or twenty English miles per day for three days, and then rests one. Mr. De Franck advised Hood to buy a horse to go with them, and when he wished to return, he could sell it and come back by *diligence*. He was so fortunate as to meet with a good one, with new saddle, bridle, and all, for *seven pounds, ten shillings!* As he could not start with them, Mr. De Franck took the horse with him, and they arranged to meet at or near Eisenach. I must tell you that all the officers very politely expressed much pleasure at his going with them. The Captain desired the Quartermaster to arrange quarters for him with De Franck. The Colonel, who has translated his "Eugene Aram" into German and is a very clever man, sent him a handsome message and invitation. Knowing that Mr. Dilke could not leave London for longer than five or six weeks, it had been settled that I should go with Hood as far as Eisenach, and they would not suffer us to alter this; so leaving them here, Hood and I left for Frankfort on the 11th of October, and reached Eisenach on the 13th. We stayed a night there, and went to Langen Seltzers the next morning, expecting to find Mr. De F., but his battalion was quartered in a village near, and we had to go on there. We found him in the house of a Saxon peasant, or rather farmer, for they seemed well to do and had five or six fine cows. We had their two best bed-rooms—good *sized and nicely furnished*—only we were obliged to go

through one to the other. The first had two beds for Mr. Franck and a brother officer, and the inner one, which was also the sitting room, had one for us: this was rather unpleasant, but if I had been a princess I could not have commanded any better, so I treated it in the best manner I could. Our friend had been out and shot a brace of partridges in the morning, and the Polish officer, his comrade, undertook to superintend the cooking them for supper. I had brought tea with me, but had some difficulty to find a substitute for a teapot, and the luxury of teaspoons was quite unknown, and Hood * carved one out of a bit of pine wood. For supper, they brought us a brown dish of potatoes, boiled in their skins, another dish of boiled eggs, some butter, and a large brown loaf, so the birds were a nice

* My father was very ingenious in this way, and had a knack of "cutting and contriving," of which we possess many evidences. While in Germany, he bought a small toy theatre for us, and then (and subsequently at Camberwell, during an illness) drew, painted, and cut out the characters and scenery for a tragedy (Paul and Virginia), a spectacle (St. George and the Dragon), and a pantomime. The figures were very clever, and the groups and procession capitally arranged—and the dragon *was* a dragon! Some of the scenery, such as the planter's house, and the cottages of Margaret and Madame de la Tour, are gems of effect and colour. Two moonlight scenes were very good too—the grave of Paul and Virginia, and the Palace in St. George, where a (tinsel) torchlight procession by water wound up the play. The whole, however, cannot be described, and must be seen to be appreciated. On high days and holidays this theatre used to be brought out, and my father used to perform the pieces to the delight of the little friends (and big ones too) who were present. He used to extemporise the dialogue, which was considered by the elders, who were better judges than we children could pretend to be, very lively and apt. His stage management, properties, and machinery were capital, and I can still remember the agony with which I used to see the wreck in Paul and Virginia break up by degrees, and the bodies of the lovers washed in over the breakers. In addition to these means of evening entertainment he had a magic lantern, for which he painted a number of slides, some humorous, and some pretty ones—a flight of doves and swallows with a hawk, and a little cottage in the snow, with a "practicable" regiment marching over a bridge.—*T. H.*

addition. After supper, the host and his wife came to inquire if we had been comfortable—they were unused to entertain such people, but they had done their best. The man then produced a bottle of spirit (very like Scotch whiskey, with a peat flavour even, made from rye), and offered a glass to each, first shaking hands all round. The wife, in the course of the evening, had brought her baby in her arms, and a beautiful little fat thing it was; and Hood desired Franck to tell the father how much we admired it—that it was so fat, we could not ask for all, but would like to have a part of it. We thought the man's answer very ready: "Tell the gentleman, that I speak like the mother to King Solomon, I cannot suffer him to take a part, I would rather present him the whole of it!" As you may suppose, this was all very new and amusing, and we were very merry, only Hood complained at times of pain in the side; still we thought he would be better in the morning, and that it proceeded from over-fatigue. But his night was very restless, and when he rose, the pain was so great, that we found he would not dare to venture on horseback; so we made a fresh arrangement, to go and stay at Saxe Gotha, at a quiet inn we had called at on our way, and that he should again meet the regiment on the next Tuesday at Halle, supposing him to be better for care, rest, and nursing. This all turned out to our wish; the pain proceeded from cold in the muscles of the chest, and he was soon well.

On Sunday, at twelve, I left him to return here, for I was to have been with the Dilkes at Coblenz, on that day. He saw me off from Saxe Gotha—but when the diligence arrived there, it was full, and as six passengers were there who had taken places, the conductor placed us "extras" in *two* "post waggons" as they call them, and Hood went *away quite pleased* at my going so comfortably. But alas!

this was not to continue; after two stages, they brought out an *old, old* diligence, in which they placed five gentlemen and myself. At Vach, where we supped, having quickly finished mine, I went out to get into the coach, and found a smith mending the wheels, and listening with all my German ears, heard the conductor ask if he was sure it was strong. This was enough for me—but I was too timid to communicate all this in bad German to the others; so I sat nursing my fears "to keep them warm," in most profound silence—suffering a womanly martyrdom. Of course I was not surprised, though dreadfully frightened, when the crash came. About eleven o'clock, when we had got to the top of a steep hill, and so, fortunately, were going slowly, the wheel came off and we were turned over! The young man opposite me scrambled out (we were uppermost) at the window; he did *not* tread upon me, but this was my luck, not his care, for he evidently only thought of himself. As soon as he was out, some one looked in at the window, and holding up my hands, I begged him to help me, but I soon repented this; for, seizing hold of my wrists, he began to pull me out "by force of arms" in spite of my entreaties, which being in English of course he did not understand. I really thought he would break them, for my whole weight was hanging and I could not find anywhere to fix my feet against at the side. At last he dragged me out upon the top, and there I seemed likely to remain, for he went to help out the rest, and I stood trembling, bruised, and crying in the utmost distress, when I heard a voice in the road say, "Don't be alarmed, let me assist you down." "Thank God! that's English," I said, and I was almost ready to jump into the gentleman's arms for very joy, as I was afterwards compelled to do for very help, for it was only by his *lifting me from the edge*, that I could reach the ground.

He then went to search for my bag, which held my passport and my shawl. It was, most fortunately, a lovely moonlight night: darkness would have added much to my horror. I found I had a blow on the back of the head, and one on my right shoulder, but I came off better than others; one poor man was sadly cut about the face and head, and another had his arm very much hurt. My English friend now having found my bag and shawl, proposed placing me in a britzka, in which a German and his valet were travelling, but who had stopped to assist. But the old gentleman did not, or would not understand, and I said very proudly in German, that I would rather stand there than trouble him. Upon this he was very pressing, and insisted on my getting in, but the diligence being near in which the Englishman was a passenger, I very soon exchanged my seat for the only vacant one there was in it, and went all the rest of the way in it to Frankfort. The other unfortunates were taken on in post waggons, and were *twice overset again*—not arriving at Frankfort until four o'clock—we got there by one.

I went from Frankfort to Mayence that evening, and on Tuesday morning came in the steamboat down the Rhine. It was a beautiful day; and though too rapid, I think the Rhine is much finer to come down—you see it with better effect than to go up it.

* * * *

You of course have heard of our grand review. There were such preparations for it, and so much talk beforehand, and every village round Coblenz as well as the Stadt itself, so crammed with military that we did expect something "prodigious," but the weather was miserable, and we were a *leetle* disappointed; still it was such a sight as I never *witnessed before, and* shall not again. The Lager, or Camp,

was erected at the end of August; but the three or four grand days were about the middle of September. The Crown Prince was here three days to review them; but I thought the two days' "sham fights" after he left by far the most interesting. The Camp was erected on the large plain on the other side of the Rhine and Moselle, between here and Andernach. There were booths for the sale of fancy goods, for refreshment, and for dancing, theatres, horse-riding, &c., and one large one called the Officers' Booth, where they dined always. In front of these tents was a range of kitchens for the soldiers at short distances from each other, a quarter of a mile in length. Behind these were the tents for those troops who could not be disposed of in towns or villages. To those who had only seen at a theatre the representation of a "tented field," this was a beautiful sight, and the lovely green hills that bound the plain on all sides added to the fine effect of the scene.

We engaged a carriage early, knowing the Dilkes were coming, and were so lucky that we paid for the four days, what others paid for one; but poor Mr. Dilke's illness quite spoiled the enjoyment, though they insisted on our going, as we had promised to take a young lady with us. It was unfortunate, too, that what we had reckoned on as an amusement, viz., that we live in the street that leads to the bridge, turned out a source of annoyance to our poor friend, on account of the noise of the carriages and troops going in and out. On the last day but one, Hood and I and Fanny went to see the taking of Bassenheimer, a village seven or eight English miles off. The stupid people of Coblenz having seen the troops reviewed in order, and the Crown Prince, did not care to go to see this, so ours *was the only party present*. We followed what seemed the

successful and advancing army, but on gaining the brow of a hill our troops began to retreat, and we saw the enemy coming out of a dark fir wood, and steadily marching up the ascent. Our situation was very advantageous for seeing the manœuvres, so we drew a little to one side and allowed them to pass us: it gave me a very excellent notion of a battle, the tramp of the feet, the measured beat of the drums, and the firing of the skirmishers was truly exciting. I wish Hood was here to give you a description,* for on talking it over with Franck, he was astonished to find how clearly he had seen it all, and pointed out how one side lost the vantage ground, and ultimately was conquered by that oversight.

We have great hopes of returning next year to England, if it please God to continue Hood's health, which of course so much depends on, indeed, all of comfort and success! The hope of seeing my dear friends and native land again, renders the prospect of the next winter here not quite so cheerless. I fear we shall miss our friend Franck very much, both his society, and his many friendly acts, and also his assistance in speaking German, for we are both of us rather dull in acquiring it. I quite pine after English books,

* This review, no doubt, was the origin of the game of military manœuvres my father made for us. He got some common wooden toy soldiers, and painted them in proper colours, putting feathers, epaulettes, and all other necessary accoutrements for officers, band, and privates, with colours and tents for each regiment. The whole formed two armies, which acted against each other by certain rules, not unlike chess, and the game was won by the general who took the best position. The two armies were supplied with cannon and caissons, baggage-waggons, and all requirements. The field was supplied with bridges, churches, villages, and forts—all little models. The game was a most ingenious one, and afforded us much amusement, and was greatly admired by my father's friends who saw it. *This is another instance* of the trouble and time he spent in finding amusement *for his children.*—T. H.

and fear when I return I shall feed too greedily, like a famished man, and so not benefit till time gives me a more healthy appetite. What a loss the musical world has suffered in the death of poor Malibran! I was very sorry to hear of it, she was a beautiful singer, and an admirable actress. Hood has been to the Opera at Berlin, and saw "Undine;" it was very well done he says, and all the Royal family were present. The theatre here is wretched, and the actors too bad to laugh at even.

With best love to you all, believe me to be ever, my dearest Mrs. Elliot,

Yours affectionately,

JANE HOOD.

The following are extracts from my father's letters to his wife, during the march.

GOTHA, *18th October*, 1837.

MY OWN DEAREST AND BEST,

I send you a packet for B—: the "Love Lane" is longer by some verses, so send the present copy; so much for business, and now for the pleasant.

We parted manfully and womanfully, as we ought. I drank only half a bottle of the Rhine wine, and only the half of that, ere I fell asleep on the sofa, which lasted two hours. It was the re-action, for your going tired me more than I cared to show. Then I drank the other half, and as that did not do, I went and retraced our walk in the Park, and sat down in *the same seat*, and felt happier and better. Have not you a romantic old husband? To-day I had some pain, but I had written hard, and I resolved at dinner, out of prudence, and to set you at ease, to ask for advice, *when good fortune engaged* me in English conversation with

a young German physician, a capital fellow; and over a bottle of champagne between us I frankly asked his advice and stated my symptoms. He jumped at once at the cause, and asked if I had travelled long in one position, &c. I gave the history of our journey, and he said it was nothing but what I had supposed, a cold in the pectoral muscles from *that* night in the coach. I am to wear flannel on the chest, and that is all; there is nothing to apprehend. As this coincides with my own views, I hope it will set you quite at rest on the subject, and that you will thank me for putting it out of doubt. He was a nice fellow and we are to meet again at Berlin. I go off to-night at seven, and have little time. I think you will like the "Desert Born."

I hope you got home safe and well, and found all so. Kiss my darling Fanny and Tom for me over and over. Kindest love to the Dilkes if they are with you. I have a world to say to them and you (my next will not be so hurried). I must keep my terrestrial globe of talk to some other time. Take care of yourself.

Kiss the dear children for me, and believe me,

Ever yours,

THOMAS HOOD.

23rd October.

MY OWN DEAREST AND BEST JANE,

I feel quite happy, and more for your sake than my own, that I have nothing but good news to communicate.

I got to Halle yesterday rather late, four or five in the afternoon. There was a strict examination of passports at Erfurt, and mine was refused *a visé* or *frizé* as Heilman *calls it*; I believe because it was in French,—the Dummkopf! I found Franck domesticated (I ought to say quar-

tered, but it would sound like *cutting up*) in *Butcher Street*, the very place for filling one's cavities. After some good beer, bread and cheese, by way of dinner, and a rest, we went and settled all the passport affair right, and then went to head-quarters. My reception was very gratifying indeed, they all seemed really glad to see me, and Franck's captain was particularly friendly; and I quite regret my loss of German, as he is very merry, and likes to talk. There were some gentlemen from Merseberg, who had known some of the officers when the battalion was formerly quartered there, and all was jollity. They were very friendly too, and I felt quite at home, and moreover, supped on the famous Leipsic larks, things that Martin of —— Street would lick the lips of his heart at. Finally, I packed up my trunk, &c., went to bed, and slept soundly and dreamt (don't be jealous for we cannot command our dreams, I wish I could!) but it was of little Tom, God bless him. I rose with the larks, was well up to my time, marched to the muster, mounted my nag, and here I am, at a quarter past one, writing to you, after completing not only my first march, but a hearty dinner. Luck turned at last, for I rose without any pain, for the first time, and consequently in good spirits. I am delighted with my nag, Franck has got him into such excellent order; I was only oft him twice, but thank goodness without hurting myself, as it was merely dismounting according to the regular mode when we halted. Tell Fanny he walks after Franck and knows him like a dog; I expect to be equally good friends with him, by feeding him with bread. Fanny herself might ride him, and I only fear I shall be sorry to part with him at last. I rode so well as to pass muster for a trooper, and *did* the turnpikes. At one village a man said, "There goes the doctor!" The *morning was beautiful*, the road good and straight as a line

ever the immense plains near Leipsic, where so many a battle has been fought. For some distance I rode between the captain and a gentleman in plain clothes; it turned out he had formerly been a soldier in the battalion, and is now a Professor, and there was I the author turned soldier! I did wish you could have gone with us: the first halt was very amusing, such miscellaneous breakfasting, and a boy with a large tin of hot sausages, sold all off in a minute to his surprise, and regret that he had not brought a whole barrow full. The colonel passed in a carriage; I did not see him, but he stopped Franck to ask if I was there, and sent his compliments. Tell Fanny I was introduced to Minna's father. Minna is not going to leave Coblenz yet, so that she can have her with her sometimes, before she goes. I assure you I found myself getting better every mile, and when we got here about ten, felt so fresh, indeed, not even stiff, that I could not believe the march was over.

From Gotha to Halle was somewhat tedious in a *bei wagen*—without any adventure save one. At supper, for we did not leave till nine, there were two gentlemen; one of whom talked with me a good deal in my bad German; but to my surprise when we had gone some miles he addressed me in English. We sat together in the coupé and gossipped nearly the whole night on England, Bowring, Campbell, &c. He told me he had been an *emigré* from Germany on account of his politics which had brought him into great trouble, and had held an office at the London University; but having settled his differences with Government, is now a Professor at some College in Prussia. Perhaps Dilke will know who he is. I have had good quarters as yet. Bill of fare to-day: roast pork, ditto goose, with apples, good soup, good beer, pickled cherries, celery roots in slices, as large *and round* as turnips, lamb's milk cheese stuck full of

caraways. I should like to see *your* face at the last article. I have no more to say in the victualling line except that Franck caught Heilman ramming matches into his cayenne pepper by mistake for a fire bottle.

And now, dearest, it delights me to hope and think that whilst I am writing, you are at home safe and well, and are just now sitting down to dinner, or ought to be with the pretty little pair; perhaps with the pretty big pair too. You know who I mean! It was fine weather for you, and it was in favour of your impatience that you would travel quickest, nearest home. I hope you enjoyed the Rhine from Mayence. I shall long eagerly to know about you all, whether the Dilkes have left, and how he was, &c., and you bore your solitary journey. I have thought of you continually, and enjoy by sympathy beforehand the comfort you will feel in reading this, a *true* and not a flattering picture of my mind, body, and estate. I feel really as well as I say, and have now no doubt of getting *very* much better if not quite restored by this trip, with other advantages to boot. (There is a bunch of comforts for you, like the posies chucked in at a coach window.) We drank your health in beer (excuse the liquor). I ramble on how I can, having to take a sleep, and then go in the evening to meet the others, perhaps to play at whist, half-penny points. We are in a pretty little village, and among people the reverse of Rhinelanders. The sudden change from marching soldiers, &c., is quite laughable; look out of window, and there is not a trace of military, not even a cap; all are indoors snoozing, &c. In the evening we shall swarm like bees.

Franck will write to you next, as I shall be busy, but I determined to show you to day by a long letter how well I was after my march. I shall also write a few lines at the *end of this to Fanny, who* I hope helps and pleases you as

much as she can. If the Dilkes are not gone, give my love to them and say all that is kind. I left in a sad hurry, and had not even time to thank Mrs. Dilke, without whom I should never have been launched. Tell her I shall be as grand over my march, as if I had crossed the Simplon. If you write of your journey faithfully to your mother, the break down and all, I suspect it will be "vardict sarve 'em right! Hood and Jane are both gone mad together!" The officers who were in love seemed reconciled to their fate. I have found "my own Carlovicz" again—only time to shake hands, but expect him this evening. Wildegans is well again, but gone forward two hours further than us. He was with me all the way nearly. It will be our turn next I guess for a long spell, but I could have gone much further to-day than we did. I have promised the captain to get fat under his command.

I fear you will have no more long letters till the "Comic" is done; but am I not good for this one? I am quite repaid by the anticipation of your pleasure in it. I fear you will have to copy what I send you of MSS., for fear of their miscarrying. I sent you a packet from Gotha.

* * * *

My dear Fanny,

I hope you are as good still as when I went away —a comfort to your good mother and a kind playfellow to your little brother. Mind you tell him my horse eats bread out of my hand, and walks up to the officers who are eating, and pokes his nose into the women's baskets. I wish I could give you both a ride. I hope you liked your paints; pray keep them out of Tom's way, as they are poisonous. *I shall* have rare stories to tell you when I come home; but *mind, you must* be good till then, or I shall be as mute as a

stockfish. Your mama will show you on the map where I was when I wrote this; and when she writes will let you put in a word. You would have laughed to see your friend Wildegans running after the sausage boy to buy a "*würst*:" there was hardly an officer without one in his hand smoking hot. The men piled their guns on the grass, and sat by the side of the road, all munching at once like ogres. I had a pocketful of bread and butter, which soon went into my "cavities," as Mrs. Dilke calls them. I only hope I shall not get so hungry as to eat my horse. I know I need not say keep school and mind your book, as you love to learn. You can have Minna sometimes, her papa says.

Now God bless you, my dear little girl, my pet, and think of your

Loving Father,

THOMAS HOOD.

EXTRACT.

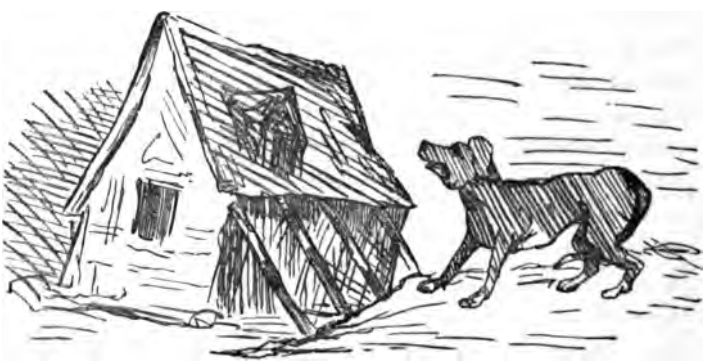
POTSDAM.

From having gone through woods, full of old stumps and roots of trees, without a fall, I begin to pique myself on my horsemanship; but yesterday got into a bit of a caper. I was anxious to inquire at the post-office of Belitz, so had to get before the others, which I all but effected, when just entering the town in a narrow street I was obliged to wait with my horse's nose just against the big drum, which he objected to pass; but I contrived to keep him dancing between the band and the regiment. I was more lucky than a captain in Coblenz, whose horse ran away with him slap through the band, all of whom he upset, breaking their instruments to the tune of 300 dollars damages. I am glad I did not know this at the time.

We rise at four, and march about five or half-past. It is

moonlight earlier, but then becomes dark, so I march till I can see the road, and then mount; after about three quarters of an hour we halt for a quarter of an hour, and then on again to the general rendezvous, overtaking or passing other companies on the road, for we are quartered sometimes widely apart. At the rendezvous we halt and breakfast—a sort of picnic—each bringing what he can. If I had been searched yesterday they would have found on me two cold pigeons, and a loaf split and buttered. I have learned to forage, and always clear the table at my quarters into my pockets.

It is an amusing scene when we sit down by the roadside; some of the officers, who have had queer quarters, bring sketches of them; one the other day had such a ruinous house for his, that his dog stood and howled at it. At the



inn at Kremnitz, I had dinner, supper, bed and breakfast for 7 good groschen, about 11 pence! Think of that, ye Jewish Rhinelanders. Many of them, moreover, returned the common soldiers the five groschen the king allows for their billeting, and gave them a glass of schnaps besides. They are *a friendly, kind* people, and meet you with the hand held out

to shake and say "welcome." I like the Saxons much. Then we marched to Wiltenberg, where a Lieut. J——, an old friend of Franck's, made us dine with him at the military Casino. He spoke French, and I found him very intelligent, and somewhat literary; so we got on well. He asked me if we English had not a prejudice against the Germans, and I assured him quite the reverse.

He seemed pleased, and said, "To be sure we are of the same race" (Saxons). He took me over the town, famous as one of Luther's strongholds. His statue conveyed the very impression I had from a late paper in the "Athenæum,' a sturdy friar, with a large thick-necked jowly head, sensual exceedingly,—a real sort of bull-dog to pin the pope's bull. From thence we went to Pruhlitz to our quarters, which were queerish; Franck was put in a room used as the village church, and I in the ball-room; we were certainly transposed. Our second quarters were at Nichel, near Truenbreitzen. We arrived after a march of eight hours and a half, think of that for me! and I came in all alive and kicking. We got it over wide barren heaths, and plenty of deep sand. Our billet was on the Burgomaster, or *schultze*, and his civic robe was a sheepskin with the wool inward, the usual wintry dress in those bleak parts. The lady mayoress a stout, plump, short-faced *mutterkin*, with a vast number of petticoats to make amends for shortness. I told my host I was an English burgomaster, so we kept up a great respect and fellowship for each other. You would have laughed to see Bonkowski hugging and kissing the Frau—it is reckoned an honour—and the husbands stand and look on; we shook hands all round, and then dined; I was not too curious about the cookery, and ate heartily. Every time I came to the window, a whole group in sheepskins, like baa-lambs on their hind *legs, pointed me out to each* other, and took a good stare; so

I suppose Englanders are rarities. At leaving, the Burgomaster inquired very anxiously about me, and being as he thought in the way to get information, he said he had heard of *Flanders*, and wanted to know if it was money like *florins!* There was a Worship for you!

* * * *

We had but two beds; one for me, and one for Bonkowski, and Franck was on the straw.

Thence we went to Schlunkendorf (what a name!) near Belitz: quartered at a miller's, very clean and wholesome, but only two beds, so Franck was littered down again. I wanted the host to give him corn instead of straw, by mistake, and then come and thrash them both out together. I forgot to say the little captain called on me at Pruhlitz to see how I was, and took tea with us. Last night I called on Bonkowski, who was opposite to us; I found him flirting with the Frau. I told her I had come 50,000 miles, was married at 14, and had 17 children; and as I was in yellow boots, and Mrs. D.'s present of a robe, and really looked like a grand Turk, she believed me like Gospel. We made a Welch rabbit for supper, and then played loo till bed-time for pfennings; I had a young officer for our third instead of Bonkowski. This morning I rode over from Schlunkendorf to Belitz, Heilman taking back the mare, where I found your welcome letter, and started by diligence to Potsdam where I am, having just eaten a capital dinner—chiefly a plate of good English-like roasted mutton—and a whole bottle of genuine English porter. I am to brush up here to see them parade before the king to-morrow morning.

Then a day's rest here, and then to Berlin. After the parade, a party of us are going to Sans Souci and so forth, sight-seeing. Franck hopes to introduce me to the Radziwills *at Berlin. I* have no pain, and really wonder how I

march. But I had made up my heart and mind to it, and that is everything; it keeps me, I think, from falling off my horse, I am so determined to stick to him, and keep my wits always about me: in fact, I quite enjoy it, and only wish I could return so, 'tis so much better than being jammed up in a diligence, and, says *you*, "less dangerous!"

Pray tell my dear, *good* Fanny, that at Schlunkendorf there was a tame robin that killed all the flies in the room, hopped on the table, and the edges of our plates, for some dinner. I am delighted with her keeping her promise to me.

My project is to go with the 10th Company to Custrin, and then home by Frankfort on the Oder, Breslau, Dresden, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Mayence, Coblenz, where God send I may find you all well.

The country round Berlin, the Mark of Brandenberg, is bitter bad, deep sand almost a desert. I don't wonder the Great Frederick wanted something better. Some parts of our marches, through the forests, with the bugles ringing, were quite romantic, and the costume of the villagers, when they turned out to see us pass, really picturesque. I have now made five marches, and am not fatigued to speak of. I am sworn comrade with most of the officers; one rough-looking old captain told me, when he got to Berlin he should have his Polish cook, and then he should ask me to dinner, promising me an "*overgay*" evening, which I shall take care to get out of. By-the-by, when we were at the burgomaster's, I saw said captain, striding up and down in a great fume before the house; it turned out he was to sleep in the same room with a man, his wife and *seven* children! which he declined. Finally, I believe, he was put in the school-room in an extempore bed. We are often short of knives, spoons, and *forks; but the poor* creatures do their best and cheer-

fully, so that it quite relishes the victuals. I shake their hands heartily, when we part. Yesterday I had a nice dessert of grapes, sent over to me by Bonkowski, and they are scarce in these regions.

Carlovicz one night got no quarters at all; it is quite a lottery. You should have seen Wildegans riding on a baggage waggon between suttlers! Tell Tom that Franck comes to pat my horse, and she spits all over him sometimes, for she has rare yeasty jaws; and yesterday I had the prudence to take myself to leeward after spangling the captain's cloak all over! She eats rarely, and will sell well, I dare say; but I shall be sorry to part with her. When I find myself on horseback, riding through a long wood with the regiment, it seems almost like a dream; your mother will no more believe it than your upset. You have subjects enough now for the Elliots with a vengeance, and so shall I have! I wish I *could* wish the Dilkes may be comfortably in Coblenz by my return. As they are not wanted, they would see the vintage; God bless them any way, and say everything kind for me. I really think they might stay longer in Coblenz, quiet and cheap enough, and recover thoroughly, against their winter campaign of company. I long to see them again ere they cross the sea.

I have rambled on to amuse you, and left little room to say all I could wish to yourself; but you will find in your own heart the echo of all I have to say (rather an Irish one, but a truth teller).

* * * *

I seem to have scarcely had an inconvenience, certainly not a hardship, and it will ever be a pleasant thing for me to remember. I like little troubles; I do not covet too flowery a path. By-the-by, I have some dried flowers *for my flower-loving* Fanny, gathered at odd out-of-the-

way places. I will show her where on the map when I return.

It was singular in the sheepskin country, whilst the men were all so warmly pelissed, to see the women in the short petticoats, their legs looking so cold. I suspect I pass for very hardy, if not foolhardy, I slight the cold so; but it seems to me a German characteristic, that they can bear being sugar-bakers, but can hardly endure what I call a bracing air.

* * * *

Bless you, bless you, again and again, my dear one, my only one, my one as good as a thousand, to

Your old Unitarian in love,

T. H.

P.S. If Desdemona loved Othello "for the dangers he had passed," how shall I love you? With my utmost *diligence*, or rather so much more than my heart can hold, that it must get a *bei wagen!* And with that earnest joke, good bye.

BERLIN, *October 29th.*

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Here I am safe—but my march is over! The Prince Radziwill has invited Franck to stay two or three weeks here, so he of course stays. As he was the pretext for my journey, I cannot well go without him; but had planned to return by Dresden and Leipsic. To-day, however, it snows; and for fear of bad roads, &c., I think I shall come direct. Moreover, owing to the hurry, I have none of my papers or lists with me, so that I find it difficult to do anything with the "Comic." You may look for me, therefore, *in a fortnight from* the date of this. I hope the Dilkes

will not be gone. I shall not write again. I am very well, and busy going about. I saw the Cadet school here yesterday morning. I swig away at good London porter. Don't you envy me?

Last night I was at the opera—"Undine"—the whole royal family present; it was very well done, and I really longed for Tibbie,* it was so full of fairy work. Nearly the whole of the 19th were there, and Wildegans says he regrets not to have heard the comments of the men. I have been with him to the exhibition of pictures this morning. Then we took leave, and it made me quite down to say Good-bye to so many, and probably for ever. He desired me to say everything that is kind to you, Fanny, and Tom. I was introduced to the Colonel last night, at the opera. We have a great joke amongst us: half the officers, having a day or two's leave, stay here behind the regiment; they lunch with me sometimes, and we call it "eating the horse." I suppose I shall get rid both of him and his price before I leave.

I have met with no disagreeables here, which will please you, and shall reserve all stories for our *tête-à-têtes*. In a fortnight you may expect me.

Tell my dear Fanny I was very much pleased with her letter, and so was her friend Franck. I gave her love to Wildegans and Carlovica. I parted with Wildegans yesterday, about two o'clock. I reckon I shall never see him again. He desired everything kind to be said to you, and said he should never forget us, and spoke of the children, "*kleine* Tom and Fannie *la petite*."

God bless you all three, dear ones!

* A pet name for his daughter.

BERLIN, *November 2nd*, 1836.

MY OWN DEAREST AND BEST LOVE,

I do not know whether this will reach you on your birthday, but I hope so.

I have been very busy sight-seeing, and very gay. The day before yesterday Franck brought me an invitation from Prince William Radziwill, the head of the family, to dine with him at three o'clock. I was run for time, having to get dress-boots, &c.; and to crown all, a coach ordered at half-past two did not arrive till three, nor could I make them understand to get another. Thank heaven, the dear Princesses were long in dressing, for it would have been awful to have kept them waiting.

They say no man is a prophet in his own country, and here literature certainly came in for its honours. The Prince introduced me himself to every one of his family, who all tried to talk to me, most of them speaking English very well. Some spoke French, so I got on very well, save a little deafness. The Prince placed me himself next to him at dinner, on his right hand, and talked with me continually during dinner, telling me stories and anecdotes, &c., and I tried to get out of his debt by some of mine. There were present Prince William, Prince Boguslaw Radziwill, Prince Adam Czartoriski, Prince Edmund Cläry, Count Wildenbruch (whom I had met before), Count Lubienski, Councillor Michalski, Hofrath Kupsach, Captain Crawford, R.N., Princess Cläry, Princess Felicia Cläry, Princess Euphemia Cläry, Princess Boguslaw Radziwill, Princess Wanda Czartoriski, and Miss von Lange, lady-in-waiting. So I was in august company. (Franck was obliged to dine at the Duke of Cumberland's.) *I was quite delighted* with the whole family; they

are all excellent. I stayed till seven. We were very merry after dinner. Franck came in, and the Princes kept telling me sporting anecdotes about themselves and him. Prince William proposed to call on me and see my sketches, but I told him I had none, and then begged his acceptance of my books, which I am to send. The Princesses asked me to send them this year's "Comic." Both the Prince Radziwills shook hands with me at parting. They (the Princes) have since spoken of visiting me, but Franck declined it, on the plea of my being so far off; for the place was so full, not a bed was to be had when I arrived at that end, and I am in quite a third-rate hotel, at the opposite quarter.

I have more particulars to tell you when we meet, but I knew you would be pleased to hear of this. The Duke of Cumberland asked Franck who "that gentleman was who marched with his regiment," and was surprised to hear it was me; he had been told it was an officer. Prince George spoke in such very handsome terms of me that I left my card for him. As he regretted not having had the last "Comic," Franck presented one of his. It was a sad pity, but the Prince is quite blind; a fine young man, and very amiable. I do not know whether I shall see any of the Princes again before I go, but I expect I must call to take leave. They had even read "Tylney Hall!"

Since writing the above, I have been unwell, and could not meet Franck as I promised at the Exhibition. I think principally it arose from a sudden change in the weather, from really severe frost to rain. Only yesterday we were walking in the fish-market, where the huge tubs of jack, carp, &c., were almost frozen hard, but to-day the streets are covered with genuine *London*-like mud. I have seen Franck, however, at the café where I dine, and he told me Prince *William called on me* yesterday, and the other Princes to-

day, also Count Wildenbruch. This is really most flattering attention. I sent to-day to one of the Princes a written account of Franck's tumble into the Lahn, which I expect will make them laugh, as I had highly embellished it. Franck is gone again to-night to the Duke of Cumberland's. We only meet by snatches. He and a young lieutenant, Von Heugle, are all I see now of the 19th. The latter and I are very good friends—he is quite young, and having leave as long as Franck's, and more leisure, we go about together a good deal. You should hear the lamentations of Franck and myself, that you are not here,—it is really amusing.

Yesterday I was in the Musée, and saw some wonderful pictures: the "Titian's Daughter," for instance. I should like to be one of the attendants for a month. There were some curious antique pieces I will describe when we meet. Altogether I have had a most happy time of it, and in health and every respect have reason to be highly gratified. I am now all right—a little good port wine, which all the officers here recommended me to take to-night, has cured me, and here I am writing to you with the spirits of a lark, in the hope that after a couple or three days, every hour will bring me nearer to all that is dearest to me on earth.

The following letter was written after my father's return from Berlin to his friend Lieut. de Franck, who was then with his regiment at Bromberg. My father missed him sadly on many accounts, and indeed I think, after he left, Coblenz became very dreary and tedious to him. They were fellow disciples of Izaak Walton in the "gentle art of angling," and after his friend's departure, my father found his pleasant fishing rambles had lost their greatest charm. They had spent so many happy days with rod and line at Lahneck, *and by the side of the* Mozelle, &c., that the old haunts

seemed very lonely and deserted after Lieut. de Franck left. The frequent address of "Tim says he" between them, arose from the following dialogue which my father had picked up somewhere.* The characters were supposed to be a thoughtless Irishman in difficulties, and his more prudent servant, and the conversation ran thus :—

"Tim!" says he.
"Sir!" says he.
"Fetch me my hat," says he,
"That I may go," says he,
"To Timahoe," says he,
"And go to the fair," says he,
"And see all that's there!" says he.
"First pay what you owe!" says he.
"And *then* you may go," says he,
"To Timahoe," says he,
"And go to the fair," says he,
"And see all that's there!" says he.
"Now by this, and by that," says he, "—Tim, hang up my hat!" says he.

This so tickled their fancies that "Tim says he" was a far more frequent preface and salutation than their own proper names. The origin of the nickname "Johnny," I have not been able to trace.

752, Alten Graben, Coblenz, *Dec. 2nd*, 1836.

Tim, says he,

It was odd enough I should have my accident too, as if to persuade me that German eilwagens are the most dangerous vehicles in the world—but about four o'clock on the third morning after "a great leap in the dark," the coach turned short round, and brought up against the rails at the

* *Vide* "Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs."

roadside; luckily they were strong, or we should have gone over a precipice. There we were on the top of a bleak hill, the pole having broken short off, till we were fetched by *bei wagens*, to the next station, where a new pole was made; but it delayed us six hours. Here I got the first of my cold, for the weather and wind were keen; the night journey from Frankfort to Mayence in an *open* coupé confirmed it. I could not help falling asleep in it from cold. So I came home looking well, and as ruddy as bacon; and the very next day turned *white* with a dreadful cough, which ended in spitting blood; but I sent for the doctor, was bled, and it was stopped; but I am still weak. To make things better I had not sent enough for the "Comic," and was obliged to set to work again, willy-nilly, well or illy. I have not been out of doors yet since I came home, but shall in a day or two. The Rhine and Moselle are very high—the Castor Street is flooded—the weather being very mild—but I guess cold is coming, for I saw a fellow bring into the town to-day a very large wolf on his shoulders. He was as fat as a pig. I found all well at home. Tom stared his eyes out at me, almost, and for two days would scarcely quit my lap. He talks and sings like a parrot. I should have liked to see your Grand Hunt (a Battue), but for sport I would rather take my dog and gun and pick up what I could find. The night procession must have looked well. Poor Dilke went away very unwell, but the last account of him was better. I did not get home soon enough to see him. I am going to give him a long account of my march. I think the horse sold very well, but cannot fancy what you will do with the saddle, unless you put it on a clothes-horse when you want to ride. Don't forget in your next to let me know the fate of the cheese. I guess it got "high and mity" enough to deserve a *title*. *Oh! I do* miss the porter at Berlin! Schu-

macher's is to let again, and the beer we get is "*ex-crabble?*" I hope next winter to taste it in London, but can form no plans till my health clears up more. I must beg you in your next to give me the list of the officers. I was to have had it before we parted, as I begin my German book with the march. How do you find your quarters? Are there any Miss A——s at Bromberg? By the bye, I undertook a letter from Lieutenant B—— to deliver here, and sent it by Katchen, who says the mother came in and made a bit of a *row*. But I cannot well understand what she said in German. Perhaps there has been a cat let out of the bag, the young lady having left the letter lying on the table in view of the mamma.

How is Wildegans? and do you ever see him and Carlovicz? My kind regards to both, and most friendly remembrances to all you see, not forgetting *my* captain. How you will delight in settling down to your drill duties and parades after so much gaiety! I quite envy you: a few raw recruits would be quite a treat! You do not tell me whether you had any trolling with Prince Boguslaff: all our old fishing-stands by the Mosel are under water. I hope to get you out a "Comic" early in the spring, and the books for Berlin; but I shall not know how to get anything over before, as I guess land-carriage cometh very dear, and they must come *viâ* Ostend till the Rhine-boats run again. Perhaps my painter will come out early, as Jane has told you I am to be "done in oil." I have now no news—how should I have? for I have at least been *room*-ridden. I shall take to my rod again as soon as the season begins; but I shall miss you, Johnny, and your "wenting in." * I

* Mr. Franck had so forgotten his English as to make little mistakes at *times, and once said* he "wented in" somewhere. Of course this gave my *father an opportunity for inventing* endless fun.—T. H.

must promise you a better letter next time. This is only a *brief* from

Dear Johnny,

Yours ever truly,

JOHNNY.

Fanny and Tom send their little loves.

COBLENZ, *December 15th*, 1836.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I shall soon begin on my German book with "wigger." I have material prepared. Minor adventures on the march I have not given, as you will see them there. I pique myself on the punctuality of my brief military career. I was never too late, and always had my baggage packed by my own hands ready for the waggon. It was almost always dark at setting out, and I had to lead my horse till I could see. After half an hour, or an hour, we took generally a quarter's rest, for a sort of after-breakfast; then made for the general rendezvous, where we piled arms, and all fell to work on our victuals,—a strange picnic, each bringing what he could; and we made reports, and some showed sketches of their last night's quarters. On the whole, I was very fortunate. Some were regularly hovelled, in pigeon-houses or anywhere. It was a lottery. On the march I rode by turns at the head or the tail of the companies, talking with such of the officers as could speak French. They were, one and all, very friendly, and glad of my company. I almost wondered at myself, to find that I could manage my horse so well, for we had queer ground sometimes, when we took short cuts.

I assure you sometimes I have almost asked myself the *question, whether I was I*, seeming to be so much out of

my ordinary life,—for example, on horseback, following, or rather belonging to, a company of soldiers; the bugle ringing through a vast pine wood to keep us together, or the men perhaps singing Polish songs in chorus, for this is a Polish regiment chiefly.

About a year ago I had a military cloak, at the contractor's price, from Berlin, but without any idea of a march. Thanks to it, and my horse having been a captain's of engineers, with its saddle-cloth, &c., I cheated the king of all the road-money, for they let me pass all the toll-houses as an officer. I was taken alternately for the chaplain and doctor of the regiment. It did me a world of good, but the finish marred all again. I was disappointed at not going to the end with them, but as De Franck stays, I could not well proceed; and I have since heard he has been stopped three weeks more, to go on a grand hunting party into Austria. I am going to set to work to learn German during this winter, as I know I shall be able to turn it to account. I am reading the papers, but they are not worth reading.

I shall be very happy to see Mr. L—— and show him all the *countenance* I can in Coblenz as a portrait painter, by letting him take my own, but, for my part, I never got any good of my face yet, except that it once got me credit for eighteen pence at a shop, when I had gone out without my purse. If he has not yet seen the Rhine, he will find the "face of nature" very well worth his attentions, and I shall have much pleasure in offering him such hospitality as we have here,—for it is not quite English in its fare, this good town. But a change is sometimes agreeable. I had a change of it on the march, and I cooked our supper of Welsh-rabbits one night, but though it was good Stilton cheese, no less, *the two German* officers we invited express, wouldn't eat it. *It ran a near* chance of being thrown away, because it was

turning blue. I must tell you of a good joke. I sent De Franck's servant with my passport to a country Burgomaster to be *visé*,—he brought it back with a message that "I could not be '*frizé*,' without coming in person!" Encore. They use little fire bottles very much here,—one morning at four o'clock we were an immense time getting a light, the bugle had sounded long ago,—at last we found him with a bundle of about fifty phosphoric matches, trying them all by turns in our little *phial of Cayenne*, very much bothered that they would not catch fire. And now, dear Wright, adieu, with kind regards,

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

752, ALTEN GRABEN, COBLENZ, 26*th Dec.*, 1836.

MY DEAR DILKE,

I intended to write to you long ago, but, as usual, I have been laid up in ordinary, a phrase you must get some Navy Pay Officers to translate, it ought to be Le Fever. My marching, in fact, ended like Le Fèvre's, in a sick bed — my regiment came to a regimen! Oh, Dilke, what humbugs of travellers you and I be now, that we cannot compass a few hundred miles, but the leech must be called in at the end! I came home, looking ruddy as a ploughboy, and, excepting some signs of my old local weakness, better apparently than since I have been here; but almost the next day after my return, I turned white, with a most unaccountable depression, which ended in a fit of spitting blood as before. Dr. S—— was immediately sent for—I was bled, and there was no return.

Now I cannot believe that such a poor crow as I can have too much blood. I suspect this time it was a touch on the lungs, which *were never* touched before, being indeed my

strongest point. I attribute it to our unlucky accident of the coach—at four o'clock of a cold, windy morning. However, I am nearly right again, but weak and low—rather: your kind letter has just arrived with its good news, quite equal to three cheers, one for Dilke, one for the "Comic," and one for myself. I was afraid the first would be worse for his homeward journey. I must and will think you set off too soon, and as a prophet after the fact, you had plenty of mild fine weather before you, for it only snowed here for the first time yesterday, Christmas Day! I am heartily glad to hear of so much decided improvement, but it will be a weak point always and require great care;—even at the expense of having a fell of hair like a German.

If he cannot get it *cut at home*, he deserves to have his head shaved for that last expedition. What would Dr. S—— say, only I can't tell him. I hope *you, Mrs.* Dilke, preached a good sermon on it, and you will do well to read him daily a morning lesson out of the Bible, showing how Samson lost all his strength by going and having his hair cut. What an epitaph must I have written, if he had died through *that* little outbreak of personal vanity:—

> "Here lies Dilke, the victim to a whim,
> Who went to have his hair cut, but the air cut him."

I certainly do not agree any more than Dr. Johnson as to his being a *Cyst*-ercian; from the great tenderness, the evil did not seem to me to be so deeply seated as Dr. B. supposed, but nearer the surface; I have now great hope of him—barring barbers—and especially that leaving Somerset House; the change will perhaps add to his years, and let him live a *double number*, provided always he don't come up the Rhine again. I am always happy to see friends—but *really I do wish* you had not come, for now we have nothing

so agreeable to look forward to, and not much at present to look back upon! I wonder if the visit will ever be returned —shall I ever go *down* the Rhine and drop in at Lower Grosvenor Place?

I live in hope of the first part at least; I try to fill up my own cavities instead of the sexton's by every care I can take; for instance, I am sailing on Temperance principles. I drank your health, and the compliments of the season to you yesterday, in a glass of Jane's ginger wine; and at night, being Christmas, indulged in a glass of—lemonade! As for you, Maria, having lost your sides, you must expect to be always middling, but no more spasms! So huzza for us all—who knows but our united ages may become worthy of a newspaper paragraph, some forty years hence?

I am glad you relish the "Comic" so well: indeed I always try that it shall not fall off, whatever its sale may do—that the fault may be the public's, not the private's. But it seems doomed never to be early—thanks to that slug-a-bed, Katchen, and her German phlegm, it was some three weeks after it should have been out.

In the meantime, I will give you some particulars of my excursion. You have heard how well I got through my first day's ride—it was a fine morning, and we crossed part of that flat which surrounds Leipzig—what an immense flat it is! An ocean of sand literally stretching beyond the reach of the eye. It seems to have been intended for the grand armies of Europe to decide their differences on. That is to say, if Nature or Providence ever intended to form convenient plains for wholesale butcheries, of which I have some doubt.

However, it is classic ground to the soldier, as several great battles have taken place in the neighbourhood. The next *morning, I packed* up and started at four, and after

rather a longer spell got to Brenha, where I found my quarters at a sort of country inn and butcher's shop rolled into one. I only breakfasted at Brenha—spending the rest of my time at a château of Baron B——'s, with De Franck and the Captain—the old Major-domo, the image of a Scotchman, doing the honours. He sent down to invite me, and thenceforward I boarded at the château, and only slept and breakfasted at the inn. I had the prettiest girl in the place for my waitress—and told her I was a prisoner of state on parole with the regiment, which interested her in my favour, I suppose: anyhow it brought up the mother—dram bottle in hand—who sat herself down, *tête-à-tête*, at the table, and seemed determined to hear all the rights of it: but I grew very strong in English, and her curiosity could get nothing out of me. At the château we lived like fighting-cocks, and drank a very good wine, made on the estate, as good as much of the Rhenish.

We had a sort of under-steward for our host, and for our waiting-maid an ugly, grisly female, with the addition of an outlandish head-dress, and a huge frill—stiff, and *fastened behind to her cap*, so that she was in a sort of pillory. The pretty girl at the inn did not get half so much of my attention. The fare—poultry, jack, carp, beetroot, neat's tongue. I saw in the farm-yard some very fair pigs—one with a stiff neck—his head regularly fixed on one side; some excellent Polish fowls; and in a long stable a range of fine-ish cows, with a long solid bench before them, where each had a circular hollow scooped for it like a bason. I have seen tables for human beasts, in Berkshire, with the dishes and platters scooped out in like fashion—not a bad plan for sea-faring furniture—not over cleanly, perhaps, but fast and not breakable. There was also a garden and a fish-pond in it.

The next day being a rest, we spent at the same place, and

we went trolling, the steward giving us leave, in a mill-stream, where we only caught one little jack before dinner, who had tried to swallow the bait, a carp as broad as himself. We brought both into the house, as they were, by the way of a curiosity, but leaving tackle and all in the passage, during dinner, we hooked the favourite cat to boot, who had taken the bait too. Our bad sport in the morning procured us leave for the afternoon, in the *garden pond*, a sort of preserve, where we immediately hooked a good large jack. As soon as the line went off under the weeds, I pulled out my watch to give the fish eight or ten minutes to pouch the bait, while De Franck stood still as a statue with the rod; the captain up at his window wondering what solemn operation was going on. At last we got him, a good jack; then a second, a third, and a fourth, the face of the steward lengthening at each catch in the most laughable manner. He evidently thought we should "distress the water," as it is technically termed. Jack are much esteemed, you must know, in Inland Germany, and the old man was quite glad when we packed up our tackle. He was comforted at last to find, three were so little hurt, that they might be thrown in again. But he told us half in joke, half in earnest, when we came again he should set a watch over all his ponds.

Three years since there were four thousand trees blown down on the estate by a storm, they stopped all the roads in the neighbourhood, which took fourteen days in clearing; and some of the trees are not yet removed.

They must have had some such treats in Germany elsewhere, I guess, during the late hurricanes. At the inn I had one dinner, one supper, bed twice, and two breakfasts, for ten groschen, or one shilling. But these bye-places are poor, and a little money goes a great way. Here I not only found *soap for the first time* in Germany, but a place in the

bason expressly for holding it. The Saxons seemed generally good sort of people. Our next march took us across the Elbe to Wittenberg. A Lieutenant J——, an old crony of De Franck's, met us on the bridge, and insisted on our dining with him, so we got leave, dined at the Casino, and J—— showed me the lions of the place.

As to Luther's statue, I could not help thinking of Friar John, in Rabelais, as a brother of the same order. Thinks I to myself, so I am to thank that fellow up there for being a Protestant! I had remarked at Wittenberg the peculiar tall glasses, a full foot high, with a glass cover (no stems), and afterwards at Berlin I saw Luther's drinking-cup, or vessel, made after the same jolly fashion. J—— showed me his residence, now a College, where he said a good deal of mysticism prevails. J—— drove with us, in a hired carriage, to our quarters, about an hour's ride through deep sand to Pruhlitz, a very tiny village. We passed, by the way, a well miraculously discovered by Luther when he was dry, by a scratch of his staff in the sand—he looked more like the tapper of ale barrels. In our quarters I had for a wonder, a *four-post bed* with the old feather beds below and above, and as the bed was made at an angle of thirty five degrees, I slept little more than I should have done on a "Russian mountain," always sliding down and getting up again. Hereabouts this slant was quite the fashion. Partridges are so plentiful about Leipsic and Wittenberg, as to be three groschen the brace. Next morning we got to the Mark of Brandenburg.

When we arrived here, the whole population had turned out to see us, as military do not often appear in such parts. The females look very picturesque—for the single wear black head-dresses, the married red ones, quite a game of *rouge et noir*. *I don't think* Cook could have been more wondered

at by the Sandwichers, than I was by the Nichelites. A party waited in front of the house, and pointed me out whenever I came to the window, and stared with only the glass between us, as heartily as if they had really been sheep and not merely skins. The Captain of the 11th Company (mine was the 10th) called politely to see how I was lodged. * * * I was much amused in the evening to see the gaunt hogs trotting home of their own accord, from I know not where—each going into his own quarters as regularly as we did—and the geese the same, though some next door houses were infinitely to appearance more selectable than their neighbours.

I saw a goose wait for a long while at a house, where no door happened to be open, till at last she was admitted. I will give you a recipe for our dinner. First make some rice-milk rather watery, and strew in a few raisins. Then cut a fowl in pieces, six perhaps, and make a broth with it. Pour the first dish and the second together, and the mess is made. We had two beds for three; so De Franck slept on the straw. Next morning we got to Belitz; from here we rode across to Schlunkendorf, quartered with De Franck and another at a miller's. Miller's by the way, are the best quarters everywhere, though we got but two beds, and so De Franck was littered down. I went out after dinner, and could see nothing but a sandy waste with a windmill. In my yellow boots, and figured robe (Mrs. D.'s present), I was not at all out of costume, for such an Arabian-like scene. Next day being a rest, I took advantage of it to push on to Potsdam to see all I could. Here ended my actual marching with the regiment. For the next morning the king came to Potsdam to review it. He was much pleased; but as an instance of his love for military minutiæ, and correct ear, *when they were giving* him cheers, the huzzas and the drums

did not time exactly together, and he exclaimed "What beating is that?"

Everything about Potsdam smacks of the Great little Frederic, but nothing is more striking than the superabundance of statues. They *swarm!*—there is a whole garrison turned into marble or stone, good, bad, and indifferent. They are as numerous in the garden as the promenaders; there is a Neptune group, for example, without even the apology of a pond. The same at Sans Souci—in fact, everywhere. The effect, to my taste, is execrable, or ridiculous. Solitude and stillness seem the proper attributes of a statue. We have no notion of marbles mobbing. I saw, of course, all the apartments and relics of Frederic. The chairs torn by his dogs, his writing-table, &c. The Watteaus on the walls, containing the recurring *belle* Barberini, pleased me much; he seems to give a nature to courtliness, and a courtliness to nature, that make palace-gardens more like fairy-land, and their inhabitants more like Loves and Graces than I fear they be in reality. I was much interested by a portrait of Napoleon when consul (said to be very like), over a door in the palace. It had a look of melancholy as well as thought, with an expression that seemed to draw the heart towards him. There must have been something likeable about him, to judge by the attachment and devotion of some of his adherents; but I could not help believing before the picture, that when younger, he had been of a kinder and more benevolent disposition than is generally supposed.

One of the other curiosities was the present king's bed—a mere crib. I visited the Peacock Island, of which I thought little; and two of the country-seats, the Crown Prince's and Prince Charles's. The first in the style of an Italian villa, *with frescoes, in the* medallions of which are introduced

portraits of personal friends, &c.; but the German physiognomy does not match well with the Italianesque. The public are admitted into the gardens—even when the Prince is enjoying himself in them with his parties: this is very, almost ultra-liberal; but it seems to me a German taste to enjoy nothing without this publicity. At Prince Charles's (he is attached to the sea, and wished to be a sailor) I saw some annuals on his table, and an English caricature; also English prints and pictures hung in the rooms. He is partial to us, and I entered my name in a book he keeps to know of his visitors. I saw some fine pictures in the gallery—Titians; a most miraculous *living* hand of flesh and blood, as it seemed to me to be, in one of them.

I entertained some of the officers here to luncheon; they dined by invitation with the Guards, who gave them a dinner, first for the king, and secondly for themselves. I saw here the Russian colony, living in cottages *à la Suisse*. I saw, of course, the famous mill that beat Frederic in a battle, like Don Quixote; and I sat down at Frederic's table where he worked, with a statue of Justice in sight through a window at the opposite end of the room—"a conceit! a miserable conceit!"—that he might always keep justice in view. An acted pun! As his favourite dogs were all buried with a tombstone apiece, very near Justice's feet, there ought to have been some *meaning* there, too; but I could not find or invent it, unless that Justice had more to do with dead dogs than with living ones.

The garrison church, externally, looks like an arsenal, 'tis so be-stuck with helmets, flags, and military trophies, carved in stone; but in the interior it is worth one's while to go into a dark narrow tomb, just under the organ, only to reflect on the strange chances of finding Frederic and his *father so near, and yet so* peaceable, as they lie side by side

—*not* "lovely and pleasant in their lives, but in their deaths not divided."

* * * * *

And now, my dear D., with kind regards to Mrs. Dilke,

Believe me ever

Your faithful friend,

THOMAS HOOD.

On returning from Berlin, my father settled down to complete, as far as possible, the matter and drawings for his German book. In one of my mother's letters to England, she says, "You will be glad to hear Hood intends seriously to study German during the winter, and I don't mean to let his purpose cool. He talks of seeing more of Germany in the spring." (Here my father seems to have been at his old tricks again of embellishing my mother's letters, for there follows in his own handwriting.) "At present Germany has seen *him*. As at Berlin there was London porter, reasonable Cheshire cheese, to say nothing of *caviare*, smoked goose breasts, and other relishes, he says he regularly 'filled his cavities.' After the discipline his stomach underwent in such villages as Schlunkendorf and Nichel it is so much improved in its tone, that I have very little of my old trouble, and it *was* a trouble, in suiting it. He swears that he eats 'würst' even with a relish. I wish he had marched a year ago, and almost regret with Mr. Dilke that he is not in the army. I mean to make him a present of a walking-stick on New-Year's day, and to make him trot out on errands."

The German book "Up the Rhine," progressed favourably, the "Comic Annual" coming out as usual. I can just recollect the actual finish of the latter. My father always

wrote most by night, when all was quiet and the bustle of the day and the noise of us children stilled in sleep. This year I recollect being waked by hearing my father and mother in the next room, packing the little box of drawings and MSS. to send off by steamer to England. When they found I was awake my mother came in and rolled me up in a huge shawl, installing me in an arm-chair; we then finished up with a merry supper, though it must have been nearer morning than night, my father, relieved from the anxiety and worry of his work, brightening up through all his fatigue, and joking and laughing quite cheerfully. Each following year did these finishing suppers take place, to celebrate the completion of the "Comic Annual."

CHAPTER V.

1837.

At Coblenz—Letters to Mr. Wright, Lieut. de Franck, and Dr. Elliot—Leaves Coblenz—Settles at Ostend—Letters to Mr. Wright, Dr. Elliot, and Mr. Dilke.

In the beginning of 1837 my father finally made up his mind to leave Coblenz. Among other reasons, the difficulty of sending backwards and forwards was really serious. "A month to come, and a month to go," as he writes to Mr. Wright, "makes a serious difference in time to me, and throws out all my plans." In these days of easy railway locomotion, when there is even a line almost over those primitive wilds he travelled through on his march, this time seems fabulous. It is curious to think how all these increased facilities for travelling must have civilised those remote places,—such as Schlunkendorf and Nichel,—and transformed, I will not say improved, the Schults and his fellow-villagers of the sheepskin robes into very ordinary German peasants, with fewer outlandish characteristics, and with possibly less honesty.

752, Alten Graben, Coblenz, 13*th January*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

I have no doubt but the Count you are doing some cuts for, is the same that Prince Radziwill mentioned to me, as engaged on a work on modern German art. The Prince alluded to the excellence of our *wood-cutting*.* You would do well to send the Count some of your *best specimens;* I

* *Those* who remember the rudeness of the Comic cuts, or even those of "*Up the Rhine*," will smile at this.—T. H.

saw some wretched German woodcuts in the Berlin exhibition. I think the name I recollect was something like Raczynski. I should not be surprised if seeing the Comic had suggested you to him as good wood-engravers. The Germans cannot cut; and if they could make fine cuts, couldn't print them. And yet Albert Dürer, a German, was the founder of the art. I am hard at work at my German book. You will soon have a box. Some of the subjects are larger than usual, and must be printed the long way of the page.

I have no time to write more, except to present all good wishes and seasonable compliments to yourself and Mrs. W. Pray remember me kindly to all friends, not forgetting poor Ned Smith. Did I name a book for Harvey? But I trust to you, who know my wishes, to rectify all casual mistakes and omissions.

I am, my dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

I shall write a chapter on German Draughts (of Air), and their invention of cold-traps. I have a stiff neck, that goes all down my back, and then comes up the other side, thanks to their well-staircases and drying-lofts in the attics.

752, ALTEN GRABEN, COBLENZ, *April 23rd*, 1837.

MY DEAR JOHNNY,

Aren't you glad to hear now that I've only been ill and spitting blood three times since I left you, instead of being very dead indeed, as you must have thought from my very long silence. I began a letter, indeed, a long while ago; but, *on hearing of* the setting off of the box, I waited

for its arrival, and a precious wait it was. Only a month and three days, and my box was still longer in going to London. Hurrah for German commerce! It must thrive famously with such a quick transit! One might almost as well be in America.

I had a sharp brush with the Customs' officers after all, for they wanted to unpack it at the office, which I would not stand. I think I scared Deubel, I was in such a rage; but I gained my point. You know last year they offered to send an officer to the house, and even declined to see it at all; so I told them. There was a full declaration of every article, and I was charged for "*plumbing*," by which I understand the putting of *leaden seals* on, but there was no trace of anything of the kind. To make it worse I have since ascertained that the scoundrels had already opened it at Emmerich. This has been such a sickener to me that I have made up my mind to leave this place, with no very pleasant recollections of its courtesy towards strangers.

However, I shall have my revenge: the materials of my book are in London, and so let the Rhinelanders look out for squalls. I hope you will like the tackle; it all came safe; and Wright assures me it is the very best made, and at the wholesale price. I send the Prince's and Wildenbruch's at the same time. The bad weather for fishing hitherto will make the delay of less consequence. Did you ever know such hot and cold, such snow and rain? It has been killing work; we were all well "gripped;" and a nasty insidious disease it is, leaving always its marks behind it. I have got all my books (save one, which is out of print) for the Prince, in the newest fashion of binding.

Tim, says he, I laughed heartily at your description of the fishing at Bromberg, for you seemed in a whimsical dilemma *enough; and so, after* wishing with all your heart, soul, and

strength to be within reach of salmon, you were frightened at them when you had them at hand!

I should be rather nervous for my tackle myself. It would have been no use writing to R——, who knows no more about it than I do; nor have I any practical salmon-fisher of my acquaintance—they are chiefly Scotch and Irish. But I am pretty certain of this point, that there is nothing peculiar in it from other fly-fishing, but that all use stronger tackle, larger bright flies, big as butterflies, and that you must play with the fish a wonderful deal more,—say half or three-quarters of an hour,—to wear them out. There is a famous winch and line coming with this. If I were you, I would get up some sort of a German rod extempore, put this winch on it, and make the experiment before risking your good rod. For myself, Johnny, I must give up all hope of ever wetting a line at Bromberg; not only are my marching days over, but I fear I shall never be able to travel again. I am now sure that this climate, so warm in summer and so cold in winter, does not suit my English blood. Inflammatory disorders are the besetting sin of the place. Witness poor Dilke. And at my last attack Dr. —— told me he saw the same thing every day. The man who bled me, and there are *several* bleeders here, told me he had attended eighty that month. Moreover, I had been not merely moderate, but abstemious; at one time only drank Jane's ginger-wine, and at my last attack was actually only taking two glasses of this wine a day. We even get good English porter now at the Trèves Hotel, *and I dare not touch it!*

This low diet does not at all suit me. When I was a boy I was so knocked about by illness, and in particular by a scarlet fever so violent that it ended in a dropsy, that as I *grew up I only got* over by living rather well. Besides,

as all doctors know, studious pursuits exhaust the body extremely, and require stimulus at times, so I have made up my mind to decamp. My present idea is *per* Cologne and Aix to Ostend or Antwerp, when I shall be able to get over to England in a few hours at any time, if necessary; and should I get strength to travel, I can see something of Belgium and France. I rather incline to Ostend on account of the sea air, which always does me great good. I shall regret the children not completing their German here; but the difficulty of intercourse (which neutralises all my efforts to be early with my books) and the climate forbid it; and, in addition, I have quite a disgust to Coblenz, or rather its inhabitants. I have begun German myself, through L——, but that must be at an end. I find him as a German Jew better than the Jew Germans of the place. I have not seen the General, "cos why?" I have only crossed the door three times, perhaps six, since I came from Berlin. But I shall call some day before I go. When my plan is once arranged I shall go at once. Towards the end of this month, I suppose, I shall trouble the chub again for the last time. I have some famous large chub flies by the box—some like small cockchafers. I am not sure whether my chest will stand the casting. It is miserable work, Tim, to be such a shattered old fellow as I am; when you, who are in years my senior, are gallivanting and like a boy of nineteen! The artist who is coming out to take my portrait will have a nice elderly grizzled head to exhibit! What! that pale, thin, long face the Comic! Zounds! I must gammon him, and get some friend to sit for me. *Apropos*, I sent up two months ago a box full of sketches of my Rhine book; and I had managed such a portrait of D—— in a Rhenish spare bed! I have drawn, too, the captain who gave me leave to *make use of his jolly* red nose, Mr. Schultz, Mrs. Schultz

and all, not forgetting the maid in the pillory-ruff at Burg-Kremnitz. D'ye know, Johnny, I half suspect the Rhinelanders opened my box going down, and were not best pleased at my sketches of some of the dirty dandies hereabouts, which perhaps makes 'em so uncivil. Should all happen that I have wished to the Coblenzers in general, and the Douane in particular, during the last ten days, they will be far from comfortable. Only imagine that I blessed everything for them down to their pipes! They have the worst of the French character without the best of the German. I have no news to tell you about them: how should we pick up any, for we are not on speaking terms with any one in the place, save the two teachers? Nor have I been to the Military Casino, so that I cannot answer your inquiry how the young ladies take the loss of the 19th.

I have just asked L—— if there is any local news. He knows nothing except that this last winter there have been *more* balls and parties than usual, so that the ladies have not kept their faith to the 19th.

As to the breaking off the *verlobbing* with Von B. we have not heard one word about it. How should we? Perhaps it is not true, but has only been reported to quiz you, and make you fancy you have a chance again. But I will drop that subject, or I shall make you as savage as you were one night with me and Wildegans, and even with yourself, till I expected you would call yourself out. Oh, Tim, she enjoyed hitting you over the heart, like the man who had a donkey with "a bit of raw."

She is learning English, of course for your sake says you—but I forget! I see you in fancy twisting your moustaches and pouting.

Since writing the foregoing, Tim, I am a little better; but *wasn't I in luck, after* spitting blood and being bled, to catch

the rheumatism in going down-stairs. I ordered leeches on my foot, and the wounds bled all night, so I was uncommonly low, as you may imagine. I suppose I shall get out some day. This morning I was going to have a ride for the first time, but it clouded over, and I gave it up. What a precious season we have had—eight months' winter. But now the ice will be broken up, and you will be blessing me for not sending your tackle.

What do you think, Tim, of a black man, who, by dancing and singing *one* little song called "Jim Crow," has cleared, in London and America, 30,000*l.*! There's one string to your bow for you! I never heard of the history of the bit of Stilton that went on to Bromberg. The Cheshire we send makes Welsh rabbits well—don't forget to try it. Also you will find some ginger for ginger-beer. I send a box of lozenges for "Ganserich," for the cold drill mornings. I shall always be glad that I saw you as far on your road as I could; but when I look back and think how very little I have stirred out of the house ever since I came from Berlin, that march seems to me a dream.

I do not think that the book about it will come out before the next Comic. I have been so delayed, the spring season for publishing is over. You'll be sure to have it. I have drawn you just as you came dripping out of the Lahn, and I mean to try some way or other to commemorate Wildegans. Tom Junior does not forget any of you. The other day he pointed to that old fat major or colonel of the 29th, who walks about with a thick stick, and laughed, and said: "There is Franck."

He says "Franck brought Bello—Bello is Tom's dog"—and he always toasts "Vildidans and Tarlyvitz" when he gets a drop of wine. He talks a strange jumble of English and German, *and English according* to the German Grammar. "That is

hims," "There is you's chair," "Will you lend it for me," &c., &c. Fanny is very well again, and very good; Jane is as usual; she is now drinking porter, at which I look half savage. Only think, porter and Cheshire cheese, and I daren't take *both!* I mustn't even *sip*, and I long to *swig*. Nothing but water. I shall turn a fish soon, and have the pleasure of angling for myself. I am almost melancholy, for I never had any serious fears about my health before; my lungs were always good. But now I think they are touched too. I've had a sort of plaister on my chest, which will not heal; but I won't bother you with my symptoms. In spite of all this, I ordered this morning a new fishing-jacket—a green one: so you see I mean to show fight, and keep on my legs as long as I can. But one must reckon the fishing calendar a month later; those that used to spawn in May will do it in June, I expect. Of course they would not come out while there was snow. I meant to have got some gudgeons this month, which is the prime, or, ought to be the best, season—but this is all gone by. I have such difficulty in writing, I cannot send you so long a letter as I should wish; it is some exertion to me at present to think of anything; I am obliged to keep myself quiet.

I cannot give more particular messages, for the names are very difficult to spell—but I trust to you not to omit my compliments to every officer of my acquaintance in *our* regiment. I must, however, especially name my own quarter-comrades Von Bonkowski, and Von Heugel, of whose attentions I retain a grateful impression, often recurring in memory to Hagelstadt, Burg Kremnitz, Nichel, and Schlunkendorf. Pray give me all the regimental news when you write. I shall not leave here till June—and, at all events, you shall hear from me before I move. We have our *lodgings till 15th* July, but shall not stay so long as that.

and now, old fellow, God bless you, and send you all sorts of luck, and happiness, and sport, and promotion—everything you wish. May you pull out salmons, and may salmons pull you in, but without drowning you. I say, Tim, says he, if I was at Bromberg wouldn't we have fun; but that's over. So as Mahomet said to the mountain—"why if I can't come to you, why you must come to me." Farewell and Amen, says, my dear Johnny,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Rather better to-night.

Your box leaves here with this—acknowledge receipt of all.

752, ALTEN GRABEN, *Saturday, 29th April*, 1837.

MY DEAR FRANCK,

I quite forgot to ask in my letter for what I wanted. If you can spare it then, not otherwise, please to send me the book the old clergyman gave you on the march, of military songs.

I mean that where he says his sweetheart is his belt, his knapsack, his firelock, &c., &c.; if you have it not, tell me the name of it.

So we are going; that's *decided*—on the 1st of June—a week earlier if we can get all our arrangements made. I am better, and feel quite pleased with the thought of leaving Coblenz, of which I am heartily sick—for it has nothing now to make us regret it, but the mere beauty of the scenery. We shall go to Ostend for the sea, if we do not like it to Bruges, Ghent, or Brussels, for as I do not expect to come to the Continent again, I mean to see a little *of Flanders and* France, should I be strong enough, while

there; and then we are so near we can pass over to England in a few hours whenever we like.

Dilke says he will not swear he *won't* come over to see us, though he had such bad luck in his visit to us here. There is a gentleman coming out shortly with the Comics, so I will send you one, and one for Prince Charles, if you like to send it. By the time you receive this I hope you will have your box quite safe. Don't forget to toast some of your cheese, it makes famous Welsh rabbits. We sup on them four nights a week. I suppose, Johnny, all my fishing will "suffer a sea change," and I must adapt my tackle for flounders, soles, whiting, cod, and mackerel.

As to wittles and drink, Coblenz is worse than ever. There is no Bavarian beer now, and no Westphalian hams! Deubel pulls a very long face at our going, and no wonder, for there are lists of "lodgings to let" as long as your arm. I never saw so many before. I am riding out every fine day to gain strength, and bid good bye to the views. We don't take Katchen with us, who has been trying hard to go, as well as to be made residuary legatee as to all our things here—modest impudence!

And now, old fellow, God bless you. I will write again with the "Comic" when it comes. The Dilkes desire kind remembrance to you; so does Jane, and Fanny ditto, and Tom ditto ditto. Don't forget me to all the 19th, including the staff, and believe me, from my top joint to my butt,

My dear Tim,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

752, Alten Graben, Coblentz, *April* 29*th*, 1837.

My dear Doctor,

Many thanks for your kind letter; it positively did me good. But you seem seldom to put pen to paper without that effect, whether in letters or prescriptions. I wrote a very brief notice of the state of my health to Mr. Wright.

The Germans drink low sour wines, and have a horror here of anything that *heats* them in the way of drink, such as Spanish wine, &c. Yet, in spite of this care, they are subject to inflammatory attacks very commonly. The grippe here took that character very decidedly.

Fanny was obliged to have leeches on her face. Tom's was highly inflamed, and had a great discharge from his nose and behind his ear, which were very sore. Mr. Dilke's attack here was attended with strong inflammation. We have heard only yesterday of an English lady obliged to have leeches; in fact, there are standing advertisements in the town papers where leeches are to be had cheap. I *know* of three barber-surgeons who bleed; there may be more. The one who bled me in February is only just set up, and he told me he had bled eighty that month; one may say two hundred and fifty, between the three operators, with safety. Inflamed eyes are extremely common here, and there is a peculiar inflammation of the whole face called the "rose." I dare say the causes may be found in the very great changes of temperature here, both abroad and at home. The sun is *very* much warmer than in England, and the winds are much colder.

It is dangerous to pass from the sun into the shade. Then *in the houses their* mode of building is the worst possible.

This one is a fair sample. Below, a passage right through the house, with front door to the street and back door to the yard, always open till after ten at night. From the middle of this passage a well-staircase right up through the house, terminating in the garrets, where the high roofs are full of unglazed windows or holes, for the special purpose of creating draughts for drying linen. On this stair, or on open landings, all your room-doors open; so that you step out of a close stove-heated room into a thorough draught of the street air. I tried it once by thermometer: the room was 60°, and outside 45°. The winters are very cold, and doubly so in these comfortless buildings. I used to fancy the Germans never cut their hair, by way of defence against cold in the head; but I saw two fight the other day, and the hair was of the greatest feminine use, namely, to pull at. My last attack of spitting blood came on the moment after going down the stairs; and the first time I came up them again I caught the rheumatism, and had leeches on my foot, which bled all night. So I am somewhat reduced, and the diet here is anything but nourishing. Take for example the present bill of fare: no fish ever, no poultry now, no game of course, never any pork, veal killed at a week old, beef from cart-cows, and plough-bullocks, which when cold is as dry and almost as white as a deal board. The very bread is bad, poor wheat mixed with rye and inferior meals. The people are poor, and the ground is wretchedly over-cropped. It is a beautiful country indeed to the *eye*, but I shall not regret leaving it. There are no books within reach, and no society, which I need not to care about, for the torpidity or apathy of mind in these people is beyond belief. German phlegm is no fable; but you will have a book about them next half-year, with plenty of sketches. The communication, too, with London is so vexatious and

slow (it takes above a month) as to be a serious evil to me. I had resolved on a change on this account alone, when my last illness clenched my decision. We are going to Ostend, where I shall be not only within reach of England, but hope to be benefited by the sea-air, which always did me the most marked good. I have tried in vain to master German, partly from its difficulty, and partly from having only the intervals between my attacks for all I had to write or draw. But Fanny talks it fluently, and Tom understands it perfectly, as well as English. Fanny is very well now; and Tom a fine hearty fellow, full of fun, which his motley jargon makes very comic. The "*Jane*," too, wears very well. For myself, I keep up my spirits on my toast-and-water, which is all I drink, save tea and coffee, and seem rallying again. I have a sort of appetite, too, if there were anything worth eating.

I really cannot do as the invalids do here. Mrs. Deubel, our landlady, as the first luxury on recovering from the grippe, comforted her inside with a mess of dried bullaces in sour wine! Head only tells half the truth, for instance, of the breeches maker, who ate a bowl-full of plums; but he doesn't hint that he swallowed all the stones. I *know* that's their way of eating cherries! I could tell you some strange stories. The mortality here has been great, but of young children it is painfully so all the year round. And no wonder—the other day a mother called in a barber-surgeon to save expense. The child had a rash—he put ice on the head—turned the red spots blue and black, and it died.

When we are at Ostend you will perhaps be tempted to come over, and see us, and the country.

The cities in Belgium are interesting, and all within easy reach. I think I shall make a strange sitting to an artist, *who wants my* portrait for next year's exhibition!

I look more like the Rueful Knight than a Professor of the Comic.

Pray tell Mrs. Elliot that the man at Moselweis, whither we went by moonlight, who had only a bit of plum tart in his house, failed subsequently, as might be expected, but another has taken the gardens, and they are as popular as ever. I hope it has not given her a taste for White Conduit House, and the like. But it was a sample of our German manners and amusements.

I have not learned smoking yet; but hate it worse than ever, since I see its effects on the mind and the person. However, should I leave Germany, I have introduced angling, and am the Izaak Walton of the Rhine, Moselle, and Lahn.

I shall write a less selfish egotistical letter when I get to Ostend, to tell you how it agrees with me, as well as some little anecdotes, &c., I have not now time or space to get in; besides being a little weary of holding my pen. I flag at times rather suddenly, of course from weakness. Jane promises to write, too, when settled, in answer to Mrs. E.'s kind letter, to whom she sends her kind regards with mine; and Fanny begs to mingle—not forgetting Willy.

I am, my dear Doctor,

Very truly yours,

THOS. HOOD.

I was ordered lately a sort of slow blister on the chest, which would only stick on by help of strips of adhesive plaister.

752, ALTEN GRABEN, COBLENTZ, *May 4th*, 1837.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

As regards "Up the Rhine," I am glad you liked the drawings; *you* are right about them, they will require

engraving, and I should like them well done. They are not like the Comic cuts, mere jokes; but portraits and facsimiles of the people, &c., and should be correctly done. I hope to make it altogether a superior book. I shall have another set of good ones to send you; which you may show to Harvey if you like. I have a rare bother about the box with the Customs. It had been opened at the frontier; and they wanted to open it again here. But I had them—some wet had got in, and the blocks were almost wet, and one of the bindings was a little stained by damp. I admire the style of the Prince's books. I did not venture any more than you to open the Prince's things, they seemed so well packed, but sent them off as they were.

My fancies now are rather piscivorous,—I am thinking of skate, brill, turbot, dabs, and flounders, and even what Jane once resented so, a red-spotted plaice. I have at times quite longed for oysters, fancying they would agree well with me—they are considered so nourishing. Dilke would call me a humbug if I say there's little nourishment on the Rhine, but so it is, and it gets worse. Last year Bavarian beer was to be had, none this; Westphalian hams ditto. And yet, oh yet when I look at the Rhine, it *is* a lovely country, and I love the beautiful. I shall see all I can before I go, as I can carry all the scenery vividly in my mind.

* * * * *

I am glad to hear you liked my letters on copyright: I have got the "Athenæum" with the second part. I think, remembering T——, I let off the booksellers pretty easily. I was glad at having such a subject in the "Athenæum:" when I get nearer I hope to be in print there more frequently; for here, things I should like to have my say on *are gone by before* I can come at them. Ostend will be

next best to being in London. I have some thoughts of beginning a new series with next Comic if I can hit on any novelty to distinguish it. I have a dim idea of one in my head.

The heat here is sudden, and would try us all if we stayed through June. Jane, who has conquered a little German for household use, will have to learn a new jargon. They talk, I believe, bad Dutch and French, and I expect English also. The cities are very interesting, and easy to get to—famous pictures to be seen; so, if you contemplate coming, I will reserve my visits to them for your company. I have lots of funny things to tell you. When Dilke was here I did not get a single gossip with him, he was too ill to talk or be talked to; and when better I was away at Berlin; so I should also stand some chance here of dying of a suppression of ideas. Jane is hearty in health now: Fanny very good, reads a good deal, and remembers it to good purpose. As for Tom, he is a fine, funny, spirited fellow, with a good temper, and very strong. Yours that I remember must be getting into big boys. My godson ain't much the better for his godfather's Christian looking-after, is he? And mine are away from their godparents among Roman Catholics and Jews. Fanny makes crosses of wax, and Tom is very fond of Passover cakes. Our maid is a Roman Catholic, but the easiest one I ever saw. She confesses only once a year, and very seldom goes to mass, from sheer indolence. She is the most phlegmatic being I ever saw.

> "Should the whole frame of Nature round her break,
> She unconcerned would hear the mighty crack—"

provided it did not hurt herself; a fig for German philosophy —it's all selfishness.

Pray give our kindest regards to Mrs. Wright, and the

same to yourself. I do now live in hopes to see you before long, and so remain,

My dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Pray don't forget to remember me to E. Smith, and recommend to him, in my name, to hold his shoulders instead of his sides when he laughs. Did I ever tell you that there is a young man over the way so like you we call him "John Wright." N.B. I will try to fatten my face up for Mr. Lewis against he comes!"

At this time we finally quitted Coblenz, travelling down the Rhine by successive day's stages. The railroad was then only just commencing, which has since afforded such increased facilities of speed and comfort. It is to be regretted that so little was known of Germany and Belgium in those days. My father's constitution was as unfitted for the miasmatic swamps and mists of Ostend, as for the alternate extremes of heat and cold at Coblenz. But for his exile to these countries—an exile which he underwent for the faults of others—he might still be delighting the world with the later fruit of a genius that had barely attained its maturity at the time of his death.

39, RUE LONGUE, OSTEND, *June 28th*, 1837.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

You will see from the above address that we are not only safe here, but settled, after a prosperous but slow journey; so that it was luckily performed, with the advantage of fine weather to boot. Our exit from Coblenz was worthy *of the entrance*: the farce did not, like many modern ones,

fall off at the end. We had a famous row with our landlord. He rushed up his own stairs, and shouted from the top, "Dumme Engländer!" And then Jane had a scrimmage with him. R——i played the Italian traitor to both sides all the time. Finally, just on the gunwale of the packet, as it were, they gave us a finishing touch; for Jane called to pay a bookseller on the road, and he made her pay for a number more than she had had.

As for Katchen, she cried at the parting point—partly, I suppose, because we did not take her with us (for she told all her friends she intended it), and partly because she was bidding farewell to good wages and to *enough to eat*—a case, by her own account, rather uncommon with servants in Coblenz. We had a fine trip down to Cologne, lodged comfortably, and took a coach to Liège, with an old coachman, oddly enough, of the very family we were going to visit. Next night at Imperial Aix, and the following one after a long pull, and a fine, but tremendously hot day, at M. Nagelmacher's at Liège. He has a beautiful country-seat an hour's drive from the city; but I was so exhausted with heat and fatigue I could scarcely speak, and kept my room all the evening, but rested there, and enjoyed the two next days extremely.

There are beautiful grounds, rhododendrons, hill, wood, and all quite to my taste, with a superb view. Moreover, one of the most amiable and accomplished families I ever met with. The lady paints in oils beautifully. I really took them for good Dutch pictures. A delightful, sweet girl about twelve made Fanny very happy, and Tom raced about like a young Red Indian, till he was half baked in the sun.

The Nagelmachers all speak French except Mademoiselle, so that Jane had to sit very like the matron of the Deaf and Dumb School; but she made up for it with our friend Miss

Moore. We parted sworn friends with the Nagelmachers; ate and slept wretchedly at a dirty inn at Tirlemont; and the next night reached Brussels, where we rested the Sunday, too tired to stir out, except the children, who went to see St. Gudule. Besides, it was wet weather. We started next day with a new coachman for Ghent. Slept at Ghent, and thence by trackshuyt (or barge) through Bruges to this place, where we arrived at seven in the evening in good style rather as to fatigue, after such a long pull with children, luggage, and bad health. I ventured to drink a glass of porter on leaving Brussels, which helped me up amazingly, as for four or five months previously I had not positively touched wine, beer, or spirit, till that hour. I then thought I might have held the curb too tightly, but there was no more porter to be had all the rest of the way. Jane, of course, is fatigued very much, but no more than was to be expected.

To do poor Fanny and Tom justice, they were models for grown travellers, ate and drank whatever came before them, slept when tired, waked all alive, talked and made friends with everybody—waiters, maids, coachmen, and all—so much so, that the coach was loaded with large bouquets of purple and white lilac, and other flowers: got into no scrapes except from exuberant fun, and came in at the end as fresh as larks, though almost roasted from sitting in the coach with their backs to the sun and no blinds.

Give my remembrance to all, and come as soon, and stay as long, as you can, Jane begs to say ditto, as I feel sure it will do me good, body and mind, to see friends.

Yours, ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, 30th *June*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

We have now been here a week, and I have exposed myself to the sea-breeze to judge of its powers; and, as it has had no evil effect on my lungs, I begin to hope they are not very unsound, and that in other respects for sea-side enjoyment there cannot be a better place.

The Esplanade is very fine, and the sands famous for our brats, who delight in them extremely. We munch shrimps morning and night, as they are very abundant, and quite revel in the fish. I have dined several days on nothing else, and it is such a comfort to think of only that strip of sea between us, quick communication by packets, and posts four times a week, that I feel quite in spirits as to my work, and hopeful as to my health. I am very weak, but otherwise as well as can be expected from such repeated attacks.

But I have moved only just in time, for I feel convinced the Rhine was killing me, between hurry, worry, delay, tedium, disgust, the climate, and the diet, and the consciousness, with all these disadvantages, of no very great improvement besides in health. I write a long letter by this same post to Dr. Elliot, with further particulars that I may have the benefit of his advice, how to live and keep alive.

I have now the comfort of thinking, that whatever I may do will not be long in reaching you, whether blocks or MS. It will even be possible here to see the proofs; not that I undervalue your kindness in that respect, but the German book would have unusual difficulties as to names, words, &c. I shall see some of the Germans here, as some come for bathing; and I propose, if strong enough, to take a trip, by-and-by, *through the old* Flemish cities, which are well worth

Moore. We parted sworn friends with the Nagelmachers; ate and slept wretchedly at a dirty inn at Tirlemont; and the next night reached Brussels, where we rested the Sunday, too tired to stir out, except the children, who went to see St. Gudule. Besides, it was wet weather. We started next day with a new coachman for Ghent. Slept at Ghent, and thence by trackshuyt (or barge) through Bruges to this place, where we arrived at seven in the evening in good style rather as to fatigue, after such a long pull with children, luggage, and bad health. I ventured to drink a glass of porter on leaving Brussels, which helped me up amazingly, as for four or five months previously I had not positively touched wine, beer, or spirit, till that hour. I then thought I might have held the curb too tightly, but there was no more porter to be had all the rest of the way. Jane, of course, is fatigued very much, but no more than was to be expected.

To do poor Fanny and Tom justice, they were models for grown travellers, ate and drank whatever came before them, slept when tired, waked all alive, talked and made friends with everybody—waiters, maids, coachmen, and all—so much so, that the coach was loaded with large bouquets of purple and white lilac, and other flowers: got into no scrapes except from exuberant fun, and came in at the end as fresh as larks, though almost roasted from sitting in the coach with their backs to the sun and no blinds.

Give my remembrance to all, and come as soon, and as long, as you can, Jane begs to say ditto, as I feel sure will do me good, body and mind, to see friends.

Yours, ever

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, 30th J

My dear Wright,

We have now been here a week, and I hav
myself to the sea-breeze to judge of its powers;
has had no evil effect on my lungs, I begin to hope
not very unsound, and that in other respects for
enjoyment there cannot be a better place.

The Esplanade is very fine, and the sands famous
brats, who delight in them extremely. We munch s
morning and night, as they are very abundant, and
revel in the fish. I have dined several days on nothin
and it is such a comfort to think of only that strip
between us, quick communication by packets, and posts
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I am, dear W.,

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

Tom,* whom I have told of your hand, expects you, and even anticipates your appearance. You would laugh to see him walk with one arm trussed up like a fowl's wing, as he expects to see you.

* This is an allusion to an accident which happened to Mr. Wright's hand while he was out shooting.—T. H.

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, 13*th July*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

* * * *

We find ourselves very comfortably settled now. If you come there is a spare bed for you, and another for the Dilkes; so that if you should come together there is room for all. I am looking anxiously for your coming, as I think it would do me good, and give me spirits to finish off in style the books for this year. There are four mail packets come every week, and one Company's steamer. We have had famous weather, not one unfair day since we came; but if you prefer bad weather you can wait for it, though I think it will be late this year.

I cannot make up my mind to write any particulars to you, as I look forward to the pleasure of telling them. I get the "Athenæum" regularly here on the Wednesday; and have been introduced to two people here, Colley Grattan and—but the other I will show you, and then surprise you with his name.

I wish I could end here without having worse news; but our *début* here has not been in all respects lucky. Poor Jane has had a terrible sore throat, so much so, that I was obliged to call in a doctor; who gave her two grains of calomel only, but which seemed to revive all she had taken in her former illness, and in consequence she had her mouth in a dreadful state. A warm bath will carry this off, and we have one within a door or two; but she has had a relapse with her throat, probably from coming down too soon. I am assured it is *not* an affection belonging to the place, which they say is very healthy, and the people look so. *Grattan has been* here some years, and speaks well of

it too. Poor Tom has had a most severe pinch with the street door, and has lost the nail of his finger; but let's hope this is all the footing we have to pay here.

And now, my good fellow, come as soon and stay as long as you can; and tell B—— not to make me quite such an *Exile of Hearin'*. And mind do not write to me any of your *poste restante*, but to the address at the head of this. It will save postage if you bring your next yourself. I cannot help thinking that perhaps, as the French say, you *are* here next Saturday, in which hope I sign and *resign* myself, dear Wright,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

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Pray congratulate Moxon for me on having an article on his sonnets in the "Quarterly," where I never had a line though I write odes!

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, *Saturday, 10th Sept.*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

I received yours this afternoon. Your account of your brother's family, and still more of the funeral, is very gratifying, and contains all the comfort that one could have under such affliction: it must have soothed your feelings very much to witness such an unusual demonstration. A man is not all lost who leaves such a memory behind him. I am heartily glad your reflections have such a scene to rest upon, connected with him, to set-off against some of the bitterness of the deprivation.

You may be at ease about me, my health has not delayed the Comic; but I was so forward with the cuts, I thought it worth while to wait to send them *all* at once instead of by detachments; and accordingly I shall despatch them to you next week. What a comfort to think that they will not have to be six weeks on the way! It makes a vast difference. *I except the* frontispiece. Did I understand you that

Harvey would do one? His pencil is worth having—that there may be something artist-like; but if any doubt of delay say so at once, as I should in that case prefer knocking one off myself. I do not know of anything more we want per parcel, unless you have a spare copy of the "Tower Menagerie." Do not forget two or three copies of "Eugene Aram" unbound, one or two of last Comic. But you had better see the Dilkes, for we have strong hopes of their coming out, and they would perhaps bring what we want.

Don't think of any beer, we get good here now. The poem in the "Athenæum" about Ostend confirmed us in our hopes. I suspect it is written by Sir Charles Morgan (Lady Morgan's hub.), who has heard them talking of it. I wish they may come, as there is a chance now of their enjoying themselves; and I should like to talk over German matters with him.

* * * For my part I say hang party! There wants a true *country party* to look singly to the good of England—retrench and economise, reduce taxes, and make it possible to live as cheap at home as abroad. *There* would be patriotism, instead of a mere struggle of Ins and Outs for place and pelf. Common sense seems the great desideratum for governors, whether of kingdoms or family. I suspect the principles that ought to guide a private family would bear a pretty close application to the great public one; their evils are much of the same nature—extravagance, luxury, debt, &c. Thanks for your recipe, I may try it some day, but I am shy of stimuli. I do not suffer either under lowness of spirits; now and then I feel jaded rather, and indulge perhaps twice in a week in a single glass of sherry: my appetite is better than it used to be. I always eat breakfast now; so if I can but conquer the lung-touch, or whatever it is, I shall do. I *think I have got* a fair set of cuts, and have some good

stories for the text of the Comic; so that I am going on quite "as well as might be expected."

Are the other German cuts done? I have a hint to give you about the cutting the Comic,—not to cut away my blacks too much, as they give effect. I am not sure whether some of the German cuts do not want black, but perhaps they *print* up more. I am so pleased with your ideas of the fables, I think I shall do them next after the German book, with nice little illustrations.

Jane is getting dozy, and so am I, for it is twelve o'clock; so I must shut up. Tom is very well, and talks of "Mr. Light and Jim Co." Oysters are in here; that is to say, they send every one of them up to Brussels. I think I'll petition the King about it. My swallow seems disposed to migrate on that account to the capital.

Hang their shelfishness! confound their grottoes! I own I did look forward to the natives, but one cannot have everything in this world. As the 'prentices say, "I'm werry content with my wittles in this here place!" Our kindest remembrances to yourself and all yours. God bless you.

My dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

39, RUE LONGUE, 16*th October*, 1837.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

According to promise to B——, I sit down to write to you to day.

* * * *

On the subject of my health, I feel somewhat easier, as it seems to give me better eventual hope. God knows! It has been a *great comfort to* me, and gone somewhat towards a

same to yourself. I do now live in hopes to see you before long, and so remain,

My dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Pray don't forget to remember me to E. Smith, and recommend to him, in my name, to hold his shoulders instead of his sides when he laughs. Did I ever tell you that there is a young man over the way so like you we call him "John Wright." N.B. I will try to fatten my face up for Mr. Lewis against he comes!"

At this time we finally quitted Coblenz, travelling down the Rhine by successive day's stages. The railroad was then only just commencing, which has since afforded such increased facilities of speed and comfort. It is to be regretted that so little was known of Germany and Belgium in those days. My father's constitution was as unfitted for the miasmatic swamps and mists of Ostend, as for the alternate extremes of heat and cold at Coblenz. But for his exile to these countries—an exile which he underwent for the faults of others—he might still be delighting the world with the later fruit of a genius that had barely attained its maturity at the time of his death.

39, RUE LONGUE, OSTEND, *June 28th*, 1837.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

You will see from the above address that we are not only safe here, but settled, after a prosperous but slow journey; so that it was luckily performed, with the advantage of fine weather to boot. Our exit from Coblenz was worthy *of the entrance:* the farce did not, like many modern ones,

fall off at the end. We had a famous row with our landlord. He rushed up his own stairs, and shouted from the top, "Dumme Engländer!" And then Jane had a scrimmage with him. R——i played the Italian traitor to both sides all the time. Finally, just on the gunwale of the packet, as it were, they gave us a finishing touch; for Jane called to pay a bookseller on the road, and he made her pay for a number more than she had had.

As for Katchen, she cried at the parting point—partly, I suppose, because we did not take her with us (for she told all her friends she intended it), and partly because she was bidding farewell to good wages and to *enough to eat*—a case, by her own account, rather uncommon with servants in Coblenz. We had a fine trip down to Cologne, lodged comfortably, and took a coach to Liège, with an old coachman, oddly enough, of the very family we were going to visit. Next night at Imperial Aix, and the following one after a long pull, and a fine, but tremendously hot day, at M. Nagelmacher's at Liège. He has a beautiful country-seat an hour's drive from the city; but I was so exhausted with heat and fatigue I could scarcely speak, and kept my room all the evening, but rested there, and enjoyed the two next days extremely.

There are beautiful grounds, rhododendrons, hill, wood, and all quite to my taste, with a superb view. Moreover, one of the most amiable and accomplished families I ever met with. The lady paints in oils beautifully. I really took them for good Dutch pictures. A delightful, sweet girl about twelve made Fanny very happy, and Tom raced about like a young Red Indian, till he was half baked in the sun.

The Nagelmachers all speak French except Mademoiselle, so that Jane had to sit very like the matron of the Deaf and Dumb School; but she made up for it with our friend Miss

Moore. We parted sworn friends with the Nagelmachers; ate and slept wretchedly at a dirty inn at Tirlemont; and the next night reached Brussels, where we rested the Sunday, too tired to stir out, except the children, who went to see St. Gudule. Besides, it was wet weather. We started next day with a new coachman for Ghent. Slept at Ghent, and thence by trackshuyt (or barge) through Bruges to this place, where we arrived at seven in the evening in good style rather as to fatigue, after such a long pull with children, luggage, and bad health. I ventured to drink a glass of porter on leaving Brussels, which helped me up amazingly, as for four or five months previously I had not positively touched wine, beer, or spirit, till that hour. I then thought I might have held the curb too tightly, but there was no more porter to be had all the rest of the way. Jane, of course, is fatigued very much, but no more than was to be expected.

To do poor Fanny and Tom justice, they were models for grown travellers, ate and drank whatever came before them, slept when tired, waked all alive, talked and made friends with everybody—waiters, maids, coachmen, and all—so much so, that the coach was loaded with large bouquets of purple and white lilac, and other flowers: got into no scrapes except from exuberant fun, and came in at the end as fresh as larks, though almost roasted from sitting in the coach with their backs to the sun and no blinds.

Give my remembrance to all, and come as soon, and stay as long, as you can, Jane begs to say ditto, as I feel sure it will do me good, body and mind, to see friends.

Yours, ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, 30th *June*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

We have now been here a week, and I have exposed myself to the sea-breeze to judge of its powers; and, as it has had no evil effect on my lungs, I begin to hope they are not very unsound, and that in other respects for sea-side enjoyment there cannot be a better place.

The Esplanade is very fine, and the sands famous for our brats, who delight in them extremely. We munch shrimps morning and night, as they are very abundant, and quite revel in the fish. I have dined several days on nothing else, and it is such a comfort to think of only that strip of sea between us, quick communication by packets, and posts four times a week, that I feel quite in spirits as to my work, and hopeful as to my health. I am very weak, but otherwise as well as can be expected from such repeated attacks.

But I have moved only just in time, for I feel convinced the Rhine was killing me, between hurry, worry, delay, tedium, disgust, the climate, and the diet, and the consciousness, with all these disadvantages, of no very great improvement besides in health. I write a long letter by this same post to Dr. Elliot, with further particulars that I may have the benefit of his advice, how to live and keep alive.

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Bring with you such of the German cuts as are engraved, and arrange for as long a stay as you can, as it will do me good to converse a little about old times. The first news we had on arrival here was of the King's death, a kind old friend of mine. I do not mourn for him visibly, for it is too hot for blacks; and the English here, who are all blacked at top, or bottom, or in the middle, no doubt take me for an extreme Tory or Radical. The King and Queen of Belgium come here in a fortnight; so that I shall be the neighbour of royalty, as they will live in our street, only three or four doors off. I am rather tired from writing at length to Elliot; and, moreover, feeling you are to come soon, I do not care to pen what I would rather say personally. So, with kind regards to Mrs. W., in which, with love to yourself and the boys, Jane and Fanny join, not forgetting my godson in particular.

I am, dear W.,

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Tom,* whom I have told of your hand, expects you, and even anticipates your appearance. You would laugh to see him walk with one arm trussed up like a fowl's wing, as he expects to see you.

* This is an allusion to an accident which happened to Mr. Wright's hand while he was out shooting.—T. H.

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, 13*th July*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

* * * *

We find ourselves very comfortably settled now. If you come there is a spare bed for you, and another for the Dilkes; so that if you should come together there is room for all. I am looking anxiously for your coming, as I think it would do me good, and give me spirits to finish off in style the books for this year. There are four mail packets come every week, and one Company's steamer. We have had famous weather, not one unfair day since we came; but if you prefer bad weather you can wait for it, though I think it will be late this year.

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Pray congratulate Moxon for me on having an article on his sonnets in the "Quarterly," where I never had a line though I write odes!

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My dear Wright,

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My dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

39, RUE LONGUE, 16*th October*, 1837.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

According to promise to B——, I sit down to write to you to day.

* * * *

On the subject of my health, I feel somewhat easier, as it seems to give me better eventual hope. God knows! It has been a *great comfort* to me, and gone somewhat towards a

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My dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

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39, RUE LONGUE, OSTEND, *June 28th*, 1837.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

You will see from the above address that we are not only safe here, but settled, after a prosperous but slow journey; so that it was luckily performed, with the advantage of fine weather to boot. Our exit from Coblenz was worthy *of the entrance: the* farce did not, like many modern ones,

fall off at the end. We had a famous row with our landlord. He rushed up his own stairs, and shouted from the top, "Dumme Engländer!" And then Jane had a scrimmage with him. R——i played the Italian traitor to both sides all the time. Finally, just on the gunwale of the packet, as it were, they gave us a finishing touch; for Jane called to pay a bookseller on the road, and he made her pay for a number more than she had had.

As for Katchen, she cried at the parting point—partly, I suppose, because we did not take her with us (for she told all her friends she intended it), and partly because she was bidding farewell to good wages and to *enough to eat*—a case, by her own account, rather uncommon with servants in Coblenz. We had a fine trip down to Cologne, lodged comfortably, and took a coach to Liège, with an old coachman, oddly enough, of the very family we were going to visit. Next night at Imperial Aix, and the following one after a long pull, and a fine, but tremendously hot day, at M. Nagelmacher's at Liège. He has a beautiful country-seat an hour's drive from the city; but I was so exhausted with heat and fatigue I could scarcely speak, and kept my room all the evening, but rested there, and enjoyed the two next days extremely.

There are beautiful grounds, rhododendrons, hill, wood, and all quite to my taste, with a superb view. Moreover, one of the most amiable and accomplished families I ever met with. The lady paints in oils beautifully. I really took them for good Dutch pictures. A delightful, sweet girl about twelve made Fanny very happy, and Tom raced about like a young Red Indian, till he was half baked in the sun.

The Nagelmachers all speak French except Mademoiselle, so that Jane had to sit very like the matron of the Deaf and Dumb *School; but* she made up for it with our friend Miss

Moore. We parted sworn friends with the Nagelmachers; ate and slept wretchedly at a dirty inn at Tirlemont; and the next night reached Brussels, where we rested the Sunday, too tired to stir out, except the children, who went to see St. Gudule. Besides, it was wet weather. We started next day with a new coachman for Ghent. Slept at Ghent, and thence by trackshuyt (or barge) through Bruges to this place, where we arrived at seven in the evening in good style rather as to fatigue, after such a long pull with children, luggage, and bad health. I ventured to drink a glass of porter on leaving Brussels, which helped me up amazingly, as for four or five months previously I had not positively touched wine, beer, or spirit, till that hour. I then thought I might have held the curb too tightly, but there was no more porter to be had all the rest of the way. Jane, of course, is fatigued very much, but no more than was to be expected.

To do poor Fanny and Tom justice, they were models for grown travellers, ate and drank whatever came before them, slept when tired, waked all alive, talked and made friends with everybody—waiters, maids, coachmen, and all—so much so, that the coach was loaded with large bouquets of purple and white lilac, and other flowers: got into no scrapes except from exuberant fun, and came in at the end as fresh as larks, though almost roasted from sitting in the coach with their backs to the sun and no blinds.

Give my remembrance to all, and come as soon, and stay as long, as you can, Jane begs to say ditto, as I feel sure it will do me good, body and mind, to see friends.

Yours, ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, 30th *June*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

We have now been here a week, and I have exposed myself to the sea-breeze to judge of its powers; and, as it has had no evil effect on my lungs, I begin to hope they are not very unsound, and that in other respects for sea-side enjoyment there cannot be a better place.

The Esplanade is very fine, and the sands famous for our brats, who delight in them extremely. We munch shrimps morning and night, as they are very abundant, and quite revel in the fish. I have dined several days on nothing else, and it is such a comfort to think of only that strip of sea between us, quick communication by packets, and posts four times a week, that I feel quite in spirits as to my work, and hopeful as to my health. I am very weak, but otherwise as well as can be expected from such repeated attacks.

But I have moved only just in time, for I feel convinced the Rhine was killing me, between hurry, worry, delay, tedium, disgust, the climate, and the diet, and the consciousness, with all these disadvantages, of no very great improvement besides in health. I write a long letter by this same post to Dr. Elliot, with further particulars that I may have the benefit of his advice, how to live and keep alive.

I have now the comfort of thinking, that whatever I may do will not be long in reaching you, whether blocks or MS. It will even be possible here to see the proofs; not that I undervalue your kindness in that respect, but the German book would have unusual difficulties as to names, words, &c. I shall see some of the Germans here, as some come for bathing; and I propose, if strong enough, to take a trip, by-and-by, *through the old* Flemish cities, which are well worth

seeing. Perhaps we may get together to one or two of them, as the communication is easy.

Bring with you such of the German cuts as are engraved, and arrange for as long a stay as you can, as it will do me good to converse a little about old times. The first news we had on arrival here was of the King's death, a kind old friend of mine. I do not mourn for him visibly, for it is too hot for blacks; and the English here, who are all blacked at top, or bottom, or in the middle, no doubt take me for an extreme Tory or Radical. The King and Queen of Belgium come here in a fortnight; so that I shall be the neighbour of royalty, as they will live in our street, only three or four doors off. I am rather tired from writing at length to Elliot; and, moreover, feeling you are to come soon, I do not care to pen what I would rather say personally. So, with kind regards to Mrs. W., in which, with love to yourself and the boys, Jane and Fanny join, not forgetting my godson in particular.

I am, dear W.,

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Tom,* whom I have told of your hand, expects you, and even anticipates your appearance. You would laugh to see him walk with one arm trussed up like a fowl's wing, as he expects to see you.

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39, Rue Longue, Ostend, 13*th July*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

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We find ourselves very comfortably settled now. If you come there is a spare bed for you, and another for the Dilkes; so that if you should come together there is room for all. I am looking anxiously for your coming, as I think it would do me good, and give me spirits to finish off in style the books for this year. There are four mail packets come every week, and one Company's steamer. We have had famous weather, not one unfair day since we came; but if you prefer bad weather you can wait for it, though I think it will be late this year.

I cannot make up my mind to write any particulars to you, as I look forward to the pleasure of telling them. I get the "Athenæum" regularly here on the Wednesday; and have been introduced to two people here, Colley Grattan and—but the other I will show you, and then surprise you with his name.

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And now, my good fellow, come as soon and stay as long as you can; and tell B—— not to make me quite such an *Exile of Hearin'*. And mind do not write to me any of your *poste restante*, but to the address at the head of this. It will save postage if you bring your next yourself. I cannot help thinking that perhaps, as the French say, you *are* here next Saturday, in which hope I sign and *resign* myself, dear Wright,

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Pray congratulate Moxon for me on having an article on his sonnets in the "Quarterly," where I never had a line though I write odes!

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, *Saturday, 10th Sept.*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

I received yours this afternoon. Your account of your brother's family, and still more of the funeral, is very gratifying, and contains all the comfort that one could have under such affliction: it must have soothed your feelings very much to witness such an unusual demonstration. A man is not all lost who leaves such a memory behind him. I am heartily glad your reflections have such a scene to rest upon, connected with him, to set-off against some of the bitterness of the deprivation.

You may be at ease about me, my health has not delayed the Comic; but I was so forward with the cuts, I thought it worth while to wait to send them *all* at once instead of by detachments; and accordingly I shall despatch them to you next week. What a comfort to think that they will not have to be six weeks on the way! It makes a vast difference. *I except the* frontispiece. Did I understand you that

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Harvey would do one? His pencil is worth having—that there may be something artist-like; but if any doubt of delay say so at once, as I should in that case prefer knocking one off myself. I do not know of anything more we want per parcel, unless you have a spare copy of the "Tower Menagerie." Do not forget two or three copies of "Eugene Aram" unbound, one or two of last Comic. But you had better see the Dilkes, for we have strong hopes of their coming out, and they would perhaps bring what we want.

Don't think of any beer, we get good here now. The poem in the "Athenæum" about Ostend confirmed us in our hopes. I suspect it is written by Sir Charles Morgan (Lady Morgan's hub.), who has heard them talking of it. I wish they may come, as there is a chance now of their enjoying themselves; and I should like to talk over German matters with him.

* * * For my part I say hang party! There wants a true *country party* to look singly to the good of England—retrench and economise, reduce taxes, and make it possible to live as cheap at home as abroad. *There* would be patriotism, instead of a mere struggle of Ins and Outs for place and pelf. Common sense seems the great desideratum for governors, whether of kingdoms or family. I suspect the principles that ought to guide a private family would bear a pretty close application to the great public one; their evils are much of the same nature—extravagance, luxury, debt, &c. Thanks for your recipe, I may try it some day, but I am shy of stimuli. I do not suffer either under lowness of spirits; now and then I feel jaded rather, and indulge perhaps twice in a week in a single glass of sherry: my appetite is better than it used to be. I always eat breakfast now; so if I can but conquer the lung-touch, or whatever it is, I shall do. I *think I have got* a fair set of cuts, and have some good

stories for the text of the Comic; so that I am going on quite "as well as might be expected."

Are the other German cuts done? I have a hint to give you about the cutting the Comic,—not to cut away my blacks too much, as they give effect. I am not sure whether some of the German cuts do not want black, but perhaps they *print* up more. I am so pleased with your ideas of the fables, I think I shall do them next after the German book, with nice little illustrations.

Jane is getting dozy, and so am I, for it is twelve o'clock; so I must shut up. Tom is very well, and talks of "Mr. Light and Jim Co." Oysters are in here; that is to say, they send every one of them up to Brussels. I think I'll petition the King about it. My swallow seems disposed to migrate on that account to the capital.

Hang their shelfishness! confound their grottoes! I own I did look forward to the natives, but one cannot have everything in this world. As the 'prentices say, "I'm werry content with my wittles in this here place!" Our kindest remembrances to yourself and all yours. God bless you.

My dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

39, RUE LONGUE, 16*th October*, 1837.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

According to promise to B——, I sit down to write to you to day.

* * * *

On the subject of my health, I feel somewhat easier, as it seems to give me better eventual hope. God knows! It has been a *great comfort to* me, and gone somewhat towards a

cure, to feel myself within distance, and have such posting and sending facilities. The receipt of the Comic cuts in three or four days actually enchanted me. Altogether, in spite of illness, I have done more this year. I feel I only want health to do *all*. I do not lose time when I am well, and am become, I think, much more of a man of business than many would give me credit for.

Now for your main subject; I wish with you, we could talk it over instead of writing. There are so many points I should like to know something about. Such an idea as a periodical would have been impossible at Coblenz to entertain for a moment. Indeed some months back I should at once have rejected the notion from sheer mistrust of my health. But I have now more hardihood on that score, and shall turn it well over in my mind. I have no doubt in the world that such a thing well done would pay handsomely, but I do not yet see my way clear. For instance, it is hardly possible for the first of January, seeing that the Comic and the German book have to be done. Then there must be *two* numbers of the new work, for I would not start without a reserve in case of accidents, or the whole craft would be swamped in the launching. Moreover, the idea is yet to seek, as much, indeed all, would depend on the happiness of that. There is no end of uphill in working with a bad soil. Now I am not damping, but one must look at the probabilities and possibilities, and count chances. As for coming often before the public,—as I mean to do that anyhow, it goes for nothing. Nor am I afraid of its running the Comic dry, fragmentary writing being so different, that what is available for one will not do for the other. So I shall seriously keep my eye on it, in the hope of some lucky thought for a title and plan. Such an inspiration would *decide me at once* perhaps. In such a case we must have a

consultation somehow, as writing not only is unsatisfactory, but takes up so much time.

Please God I be well the year next ensuing, the Comic will take up but one quarter of my time, and I must have some work cut out for the rest. I fancy the fables for one thing, but that would be light. I do not think I fall off, and have no misgivings about over-writing myself; one cannot do too much if it be well done; and I never care to turn out anything that does not please myself. I hear a demon whisper —I hope no lying one—I can do better yet, or as good as ever, and more of it; so let's look for the best. Nobody ever died the sooner for hoping. I do not know that I can say more on the subject; it *must* be vague as yet. Of course, January is the most important; but if it *cannot* be done, I have no doubt of February, health being granted. But I would a thousand times rather talk over all these things instead of writing of them. I am glad to get rid of the pen and ink if I can, out of school-hours, and there is a sort of spirit and freshness about *viva voce* that on all joint affairs is much more invigorating than scribbling.

And now, my dear fellow, I must close, for I am so tired I shan't add anything but Good night.

Yours ever,

T. Hood.

21st November, 1837.

My dear Wright,

In a hasty note to B——, I made an angry piece of work, which yours received to-day does not serve to unpick. I complained that, for want of *reporting progress*, I was at a loss to adjust my matter to the finis, and behold *the fruit*.

Had I known that the "Song from the Polish" and "Hints to the Horticultural" made some twenty-two pages instead of sixteen (as I reckoned by guess), I should hardly have written two unnecessary articles.

They were, in fact, the drop too much that overbrims the cup. But for them I should have come in fresh; but through those, and, above all, the nervousness of not even knowing if the two articles before had been received, I half killed Jane and half killed myself (equal to one whole murder) by sitting up *all* Saturday night, whereby I was so dead beat that I could not even write the one paragraph wanted for preface, whereby five days are lost.

I suppose there was a gale at Dover, for what you had on Saturday ought to have reached on Friday. I guessed the "Hit or Miss" well enough, as I can count the lines in a poem, but prose beats me, having to write it in a small hand unusual to me.

Of course my sending a short quantity would cause a fatal delay, and I was hardly convinced even with the two superfluities that I had done enough. It is a nervous situation to be in, and I do not think you allow enough for the very shaky state of health that aggravates it. I am getting over it by degrees; but at times it makes me *powerless* quite. It is physical, and no effort of mind can overcome it—I could not have written the end of preface to save my life. Indeed, Sunday I was alarmed, and expected an attack.

I am rather vexed the "Concert" will not be in as I like it. I think such *short* things are good for the book. Had it been in the palmy days of the "Comic," I should have given an extra half sheet; but now I can't afford anything of the kind. However, I am not sorry to have two articles to the fore. Should the re-issue be decided on, the "*Concert*" *will do* for the first number, with a prose article

I have partly executed. I think it is a very likely spec, and the best that can be done under circumstances. There is a tarnation powerful large class, who can and would give one shilling a month, and cannot put down twelve shillings at once for a book. I know *I* can't, and you would hesitate too.

You will understand "Potent, Grave, and Reverend Signors" to face the opening of preface, as if addressing them.

Take care of your cough lest you go to Coughy-pot, as I said before; but I did *not* say before that nobody is so likely as a wood engraver to cut his stick.

It is only fair as I have abused you that I should thank you for seeing the "Comic" through the press at all. I forgive all your errors beforehand, as I know mistakes will happen. Pray accept, then, my sincere and earnest thanks for the more than usual trouble I fear I have given you, for I could not guide you much in the cut-placing. God bless you.

Yours, dear Wright,

Ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

39, RUE LONGUE, OSTENDE, *2nd December*, 1837.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

I have several times been on the point of writing to you; but firstly came a resolution to try first the effect of the place on me; secondly, the Dilkes; and, thirdly, the "Comic." Indeed, an unfinished letter is beside me, for (some time back) there seemed to be a change in the aspect of my *case, to which I* can now speak more decidedly.

seeing. Perhaps we may get together to one or two of them, as the communication is easy.

Bring with you such of the German cuts as are engraved, and arrange for as long a stay as you can, as it will do me good to converse a little about old times. The first news we had on arrival here was of the King's death, a kind old friend of mine. I do not mourn for him visibly, for it is too hot for blacks; and the English here, who are all blacked at top, or bottom, or in the middle, no doubt take me for an extreme Tory or Radical. The King and Queen of Belgium come here in a fortnight; so that I shall be the neighbour of royalty, as they will live in our street, only three or four doors off. I am rather tired from writing at length to Elliot; and, moreover, feeling you are to come soon, I do not care to pen what I would rather say personally. So, with kind regards to Mrs. W., in which, with love to yourself and the boys, Jane and Fanny join, not forgetting my godson in particular.

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* This is an allusion to an accident which happened to Mr. Wright's hand while he was out shooting.—T. H.

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, 13*th July*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

* * * *

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* * * *

On the subject of my health, I feel somewhat easier, as it seems to give me better eventual hope. God knows! It has been a great *comfort to me*, and gone somewhat towards a

cure, to feel myself within distance, and have such posting and sending facilities. The receipt of the Comic cuts in three or four days actually enchanted me. Altogether, in spite of illness, I have done more this year. I feel I only want health to do *all*. I do not lose time when I am well, and am become, I think, much more of a man of business than many would give me credit for.

Now for your main subject; I wish with you, we could talk it over instead of writing. There are so many points I should like to know something about. Such an idea as a periodical would have been impossible at Coblenz to entertain for a moment. Indeed some months back I should at once have rejected the notion from sheer mistrust of my health. But I have now more hardihood on that score, and shall turn it well over in my mind. I have no doubt in the world that such a thing well done would pay handsomely, but I do not yet see my way clear. For instance, it is hardly possible for the first of January, seeing that the Comic and the German book have to be done. Then there must be *two* numbers of the new work, for I would not start without a reserve in case of accidents, or the whole craft would be swamped in the launching. Moreover, the idea is yet to seek, as much, indeed all, would depend on the happiness of that. There is no end of uphill in working with a bad soil. Now I am not damping, but one must look at the probabilities and possibilities, and count chances. As for coming often before the public,—as I mean to do that anyhow, it goes for nothing. Nor am I afraid of its running the Comic dry, fragmentary writing being so different, that what is available for one will not do for the other. So I shall seriously keep my eye on it, in the hope of some lucky thought for a title and plan. Such an inspiration would *decide me at once* perhaps. In such a case we must have a

consultation somehow, as writing not only is unsatisfactory, but takes up so much time.

Please God I be well the year next ensuing, the Comic will take up but one quarter of my time, and I must have some work cut out for the rest. I fancy the fables for one thing, but that would be light. I do not think I fall off, and have no misgivings about over-writing myself; one cannot do too much if it be well done; and I never care to turn out anything that does not please myself. I hear a demon whisper —I hope no lying one—I can do better yet, or as good as ever, and more of it; so let's look for the best. Nobody ever died the sooner for hoping. I do not know that I can say more on the subject; it *must* be vague as yet. Of course, January is the most important; but if it *cannot* be done, I have no doubt of February, health being granted. But I would a thousand times rather talk over all these things instead of writing of them. I am glad to get rid of the pen and ink if I can, out of school-hours, and there is a sort of spirit and freshness about *viva voce* that on all joint affairs is much more invigorating than scribbling.

And now, my dear fellow, I must close, for I am so tired I shan't add anything but Good night.

Yours ever,

T. Hood.

21*st November*, 1837.

My dear Wright,

In a hasty note to B——, I made an angry piece of work, which yours received to-day does not serve to unpick. I complained that, for want of *reporting progress*, I was at a loss to adjust my matter to the finis, and behold the *fruit*.

Had I known that the "Song from the Polish" and "Hints to the Horticultural" made some twenty-two pages instead of sixteen (as I reckoned by guess), I should hardly have written two unnecessary articles.

They were, in fact, the drop too much that overbrims the cup. But for them I should have come in fresh; but through those, and, above all, the nervousness of not even knowing if the two articles before had been received, I half killed Jane and half killed myself (equal to one whole murder) by sitting up *all* Saturday night, whereby I was so dead beat that I could not even write the one paragraph wanted for preface, whereby five days are lost.

I suppose there was a gale at Dover, for what you had on Saturday ought to have reached on Friday. I guessed the "Hit or Miss" well enough, as I can count the lines in a poem, but prose beats me, having to write it in a small hand unusual to me.

Of course my sending a short quantity would cause a fatal delay, and I was hardly convinced even with the two superfluities that I had done enough. It is a nervous situation to be in, and I do not think you allow enough for the very shaky state of health that aggravates it. I am getting over it by degrees; but at times it makes me *powerless* quite. It is physical, and no effort of mind can overcome it—I could not have written the end of preface to save my life. Indeed, Sunday I was alarmed, and expected an attack.

I am rather vexed the "Concert" will not be in as I like it. I think such *short* things are good for the book. Had it been in the palmy days of the "Comic," I should have given an extra half sheet; but now I can't afford anything of the kind. However, I am not sorry to have two articles to the fore. Should the re-issue be decided on, the "*Concert*" *will* do for the first number, with a prose article

I have partly executed. I think it is a very likely spec, and the best that can be done under circumstances. There is a tarnation powerful large class, who can and would give one shilling a month, and cannot put down twelve shillings at once for a book. I know *I* can't, and you would hesitate too.

You will understand "Potent, Grave, and Reverend Signors" to face the opening of preface, as if addressing them.

Take care of your cough lest you go to Coughy-pot, as I said before; but I did *not* say before that nobody is so likely as a wood engraver to cut his stick.

It is only fair as I have abused you that I should thank you for seeing the "Comic" through the press at all. I forgive all your errors beforehand, as I know mistakes will happen. Pray accept, then, my sincere and earnest thanks for the more than usual trouble I fear I have given you, for I could not guide you much in the cut-placing. God bless you.

Yours, dear Wright,

Ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

39, RUE LONGUE, OSTENDE, *2nd December*, 1837.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

I have several times been on the point of writing to you; but firstly came a resolution to try first the effect of the place on me; secondly, the Dilkes; and, thirdly, the "Comic." Indeed, an unfinished letter is beside me, for (some time back) there seemed to be a change in the aspect of my case, to which I can now speak more decidedly.

I have done the "Comic" with an ease to myself I cannot remember before.

We are also very comfortable here. Fanny is quite improved in health, getting flesh and colour, and Tom is health itself. Mrs. Hood, too, fattens, and looks well. I have got through more this year than since I have been abroad. I wrote three letters some months ago in the "Athenæum" on Copyright, which made some stir, and I have written for a sporting annual of B——'s. Also in January I am going to bring out a cheap re-issue of the "Comic" from the beginning, so that my head and hands are full. I know it is rather against my complaint, this sedentary profession; but in winter one must stay in a good deal, and I take what relaxation I can; and, finally, "necessitas non habet leges." I am, notwithstanding, in good heart and spirits. But who would think of such a creaking, croaking, blood-spitting wretch being the "Comic?" At this moment there is an artist on the sea on his way to come and take a portrait of me for B——, which I believe is to be in the Exhibition; but he must flatter me, or they will take the whole thing for a practical joke. Of course I look rather sentimentally pale and thin than otherwise just at present. I must take a little wine outside to give me a *colour*. I have a little very *pure* light French wine, *without brandy*, which I take occasionally. I got it through Blackwood, but do not drink a bottle a week of it—certainly not more. One great proof of its being genuine is, that it is equally good the second day as when first opened. French wine is cheap here; it only costs me, bottles and all, under fourteen pence per bottle.

We had an agreeable fillip with a visit from the Dilkes, accompanied by his brother-in-law and sister, who have a *relation at Bruges*. It put us quite in heart and spirits, for

we are almost as badly off here as in Germany for society. Not but that there are plenty of English—but such English —broken English and bad English—scoundrelly English!

There is also a possibility of seeing an English book now and then. Nay, there is a minor circulating library two doors off, but Jane and I had such reading appetites, we got through the whole stock in a month, and now must be content with a work now and then—say once a month. But we go on very smoothly and as contentedly as we can be abroad. Almost every Fleming speaks English more or less, and our lodgings are really very convenient, and our landlord and lady very pleasant people.

He is not an old man; but was a soldier, and marched to Berlin, and he is a carpenter *by trade*, but paints, glazes, and is a Jack of all trades. I have in my own little room a *chamber organ*, and I discovered the other day that he had made it himself, and he quite amuses me with his alterations, contrivances, and embellishments of the premises. He dotes too, on children; and Tom is very fond of him, and of his wife, too, but declares he will not dance any more with Madame, because "she fell down with him in the gutter, and kicked up her heels."

He gets a very funny boy with a strange graphic faculty, whether by a pencil or by his own attitudes and gestures, of representing what he sees. I have seen boys six years old, untaught, with not so much notion of drawing, and he does it in a dashing off-hand style, that is quite comical. His temper also is excellent, and he is very affectionate, so that he is a great darling Fanny goes to a day-school, and is getting on in French, and improving much. So that I only want health at present to be very comfortable, and for the time being I am better where I am than in London. I have as much *cut out for me* as I can do; and am quiet here, and

beyond temptation of society and late hours, living well and cheaply to boot. I seem in a fair way of surviving all the old annuals—most of them are gone to pot. My sale is nothing like the first year's, but for the last three or four it has been steady, and not declined a copy, which is something. The re-issue promises well.

If I were but to put into a novel what passes here, what an outrageous work it would seem!

This little Ostend is as full of party and manœuvring as the great City itself—or more in proportion. I verily believe we have two or three duels per month. There have been not a few about the minister at the Church—both parties having a man to support—and one gentleman actually fought three duels on the question. Some of us are very dashing, too; but it is a very hollow *Ostend-tation*. But I like the natives, they are civil and obliging, and not malicious, like the Rhinelanders. The English benefit them very much, and they seem in return to try and suit them. Indeed, the prevalence of speaking English amongst the very lower class does them credit, and reflects disgrace on the "Intellectual Germans" of the Rhine, who do not even speak French, which here is very general also. I believe this to be a very prosperous, happy, and well-governed country.

And now I take warning to close. Jane is very anxious to explain to Mrs. Elliot that she has not been unwilling, but unable to write. I have written you but a stupid desultory letter, but hope you will get the Comic about the same time, and that it may prove more amusing.

I am still rather languid, and have had to write besides on business; but having a spare hour or two, and something decided to say on my health, would not defer longer. I am *unfeignedly glad* to hear of your professional success, and

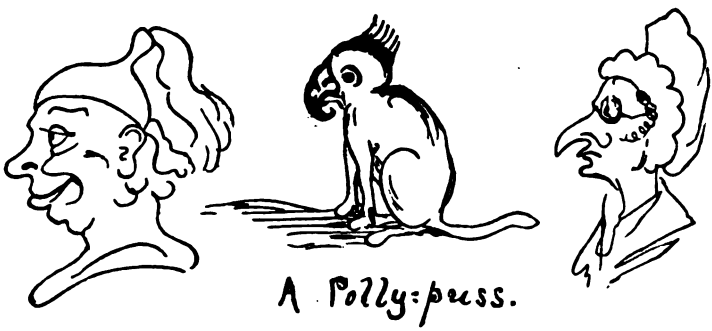
also find from Dilke's report that I have to congratulate you on your brother's connection with Mr. C——.

Pray give our kindest regards to Mrs. Elliot, and Fanny's love and Tom's, which is always overflowing to "Willie," and God bless you all as you deserve.

I am, my dear Doctor,

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.



CHAPTER VI.

1838.

At Ostend—Illness—"Hood's Own"—Mrs. Hood to Mrs. Dilke—Portrait Painted by Mr. Lewis—Letters to Mr. Wright, Lieut. De Franck, and Mr. Dilke.

I INSERT the following letter from my mother to Mrs. Dilke as an example of the illness and harass under which most of my father's works were completed.

89, Rue Longue, Ostend, *Feb.* 24, 1838.

My dear Friend,

I write a few lines, for I am sure you have all been sadly vexed and uneasy at the last account I sent to Wright, and the non-appearance of anything for "Hood's Own." On the Wednesday morning we sent for Dr. B., in hopes that he might suggest something serviceable. All Tuesday Hood had been in such an exhausted state he was obliged to go to bed; but I was up all night, ready to write at his dictation if he felt able; but it was so utter a prostration of strength, that he could scarcely speak, much less use his head at all. The doctor said it was extreme exhaustion, from the cold weather, want of air and exercise, acted upon by great anxiety of mind and nervousness. He ordered him port wine, or said he might safely drink a bottle of Bordeaux, but this would not do; and the shorter the time became, the more nervous he was, and incapable of writing. I have never seen Hood so before; and his distress that the last post was come without his being able to send, was dreadful. When it was all over, and since, I have done all I can to rouse him from vain regrets, and to-day he is better.

I will not attempt to describe our harass and fatigue from days of anxiety, and nights of wakefulness and sitting up.

I have nothing to tell you new, and am, with love to all,

Yours affectionately,

Jane Hood.

After the post was gone—and the pressure therefore removed—my father recovered, as will be seen in the following letter.

39, Rue Longue, *Feb.* 28, 1838.

My dear Wright,

The books per Stewardess arrived in port Monday night, but are not delivered yet, thanks to that folly the Carnival, which plagues other houses besides the Customs. In Coblenz it was kept up by the tradesmen. Here it is the Saturnalia of the lowest class. Neither Germans nor Flemings ought to Carnivalise—though the Germans have one advantage. I have heard very good singing in parts from the common people about Coblenz, but never did I hear such howling and croaking as here. They beat our ballad-singers in London all to sticks.

Now I think of it, was there ever a Flemish singer of any celebrity? I do not recollect one. How Rooke would enjoy "Amalie's" popularity in Ostend! Shall I send him over a Flemish Rainer Family? It would be at least a novelty. Murphy seems *done up* lately; but his very style, full of long mazy sentences, is quackish, and seems purposely mystified. I have thought of two cuts for him. Low Irish, with pots and sacks, looking out for a "shower of *Murphy's;*" and "the prophet a little *out*," *i.e.* caught in a shower without his umbrella. I think he doesn't understand the *Pour* Laws.

No local news, only another bloodless duel at Bruges. I have hopes our frost has gone—I noted some wild geese yesterday going back to the "nor'ard," and every one of them is a Murphy. Give my kind regards to everybody—I can't stop to enumerate, my head is so full of "My Own." Take care of yourself, and when you dine, don't leave off hungry—leave off dry, if you like. I am, dear Wright,

Yours very truly,

Thomas Hood.

In this spring Mr. Lewis came over to paint the picture which forms the frontispiece to "Hood's Own." The likeness was an excellent one.

OSTEND, *April* 5, 1838.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I have just received "Hood's Own," and it looks like a good number. The cuts come capitally, including Scott's, which is a great acquisition. I am satisfied in print with the Elland article and Grimaldi. I had partly written some verses for the latter, but luckily did not risk going on with them, or all might have hitched. It was not my fault but my misfortune, for I had been finishing the Elland article all night in bed, and was copying out the Murphy when the last minute arrived for the mail. I did afterwards hope you would guess the case, and "take the very bold, daring, presumptuous liberty," perhaps, of getting the ghost off the stage as you could. I have read of one, that would not go off, being hustled away by the performers. But bygones must be bygones; it might have been worse. There are better than two sheets of a "Comic Annual." I was shocked to see no more advertisements, and parodying a note of B——'s, I might write "I am not the man to say *Die*." But, by the Lord Harry, you must get me fresh advertisements; *that* will give me fresh vigour to work on the letterpress and cuts! By the way, as you say, the notices get very frequent and favourable; they ought to be saved, as it might be advisable to print them some day in an advertisement, as they did formerly with the Athenæum. A thing that gets frequent and favourable notices ought to move, if properly pushed. Has B—— done anything abroad? Brussels is particularly full,—Paris,—America.—There are *plenty of English* to buy *cheap* books, and with so many

cuts, it cannot be pirated. I do not think the field has been even yet properly beaten, and a one-shilling book is the very thing where a twelve-shilling one would not do.

For the next Number, I propose "Hieroglyphical Hints," —a paper on the dismissal of the yeomanry with the old "Unfavourable Review," that you had a hand in turning into a libel on Mrs. Somebody and her close carriage. I think of writing something from a black footman on the Emancipation question.

* * * * *

I get my papers very irregularly. For instance, I have not yet had last Sunday's "Dispatch." This is bad, and might be very unfortunate, as in the charge against me of plagiarism. Pray tell B—— to blow up that "d——d boy that puts papers in the wrong box," and please then desire said boy to row his master for sending wrong advertisements. I mention this for B——'s sake, as well as my own, because he must be badly seconded in other cases as well as mine.

I am quite satisfied and pleased with your arrangement of No. 3, and only regret, my good fellow, I have to give you so much extra trouble. Do go out of town and refresh! Poor Rooke! How Amalie's nose is put out of joint! for of course you will now sing nothing about Herts, Essex, Middlesex, and Kent, but "This is my eldest daughter, Sir!" Take care of her now you have got her, at last. Some infants are squatted on, like the "spoiled child."* Mind, and whenever Mrs. Wright looks fatigued and sedentary, take care to hand her a chair. Now and then, a child is turned up with a bedstead, but that could not happen, if the maids slept in hammocks. Mind how you nurse her your-

* One of the cuts in "Whims and Oddities," engraved by Wright.—T. H.

self. Never toss her up unless you are quite certain of catching her; a butter-fingered father might become wretched for life in a moment. Don't let her go up in your study among the wild young men. What do you think of her for our Tom? Don't give her a precocious taste for lots o' daffy; or a box at the Opera. You ought to know better than dream of operatising, yourself such an invalid. I have never d——d or t——d out since at Ostend, and am going, to-morrow, for the first time; but only to my doctor's, and if anything happens, he will be at hand.

How do *all* the boys like the Gal? Poor things! I never knew a *dozen* brothers, but *one* sister managed to tyrannise over 'em all. Have you got a dictionary name yet? If I might propose, I should say christen her "Mary Wollstone-craft," as the supporter of *Female Wrights!*

You must not be out of heart about your cough,—of late years the spring has brought an almost certain influenza in England as elsewhere. Easterly damp winds are the cause. I have been teazingly coughing, and Jane is wheezy, but what proves it to be *influenzial*, is that Tom, Junior, is as hoarse as a crow. How should we weak ones hope then to escape! For he is a young horse for strength, and, indeed, has adopted from "Nimrod's Sporting," the name of "Plenipotentiary!"

There is a genteel blot, as the clerk said, on my scutcheon. That comes of foreign paper. Jane, at the other side of the table, is grumbling at it too. Thanks for the fishing-tackle,—all right,—and gone to Bromberg. I wish the Prince Radziwills would go to the Coronation and bring Franck with them. But, no! Prussia, and Russia, the two great enemies of England, are to colleague together in a family party instead. There is a great conspiracy there, or I'm mistaken, but it will fall through,—say I Murphy'd it. For

Mrs. Wright's benefit, I must tell you now, the finis of our maid, Mary. She insisted on two whole nights' leave at the Carnival, as being customary, and came home each morning between seven and eight, so done up she could hardly stand. At last, one evening there came by a jolly, roaring, set of Carnivalites that quite set her agog the moment she heard the *singing*, if it might be called so! She *took* leave *instanter*, came home next morning, jaded to death, and had occasion to *take some soda!* Of course we paid her off on the spot, and have since learned she used to *persecute* a waiter we called *Cheeks* (ask Lewis about him), and go out on the sly, and drink brandy-and-water with him. She was seen at the Carnival with petticoats up to her knees, bare-legged and beribboned, in the character of a broom-girl. Won't Mrs. Wright bless her stars there is no Carnival in England? Greenwich fair is next to it as performed here. And even the respectable people join in it, the tradespeople and all, and the children of the gentry go about in character,—some of the *banker's* here did, for example. By the bye, did I ever tell you of an incident the other day? There was going to be a grand religious procession, and a fine gilded car, or chariot containing a figure of the Virgin, which was to be filled with angels, represented by children with spangled wings, &c., and our landlord, who was engaged in preparation for it, came to borrow Tom *for an angel!* Just fancy Jane's great horror and indignation,—I could hardly appease her by suggesting that it was a compliment to his good looks.

And now, I must shut up. I will send as much and as often as I can. Give my comps. to B——, and tell him to get a whole No. of advertisements. Seriously, we must both stir our stumps, and I do my best. What would he say, now the Copyright Bill is coming on again, to reprinting my letters as a pamphlet, as proposed before?

What wouldn't I do if I had health and bodily strength? Pray for that when you pray for me, for without it, what a clog to one's wheel!

And now, God bless you and yours, including Miss Wright —only think of a *mile* of daughters, there is a family of Furlongs coming to live here, whereof *eight* are daughters— 8 furlongs = 1 mile.

Give my kind remembrances to all friends of ours, and believe me,

Dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

Two more commissions! *What* a bother I am; but would you let somebody inquire where to get it, and send me two packets of *vaccine matter* by the stewardess next Saturday, and a German grammar for Fanny, with plenty of exercises for young beginners; and pray thank E. Smith kindly for the seeds he was *sow* kind as to send. Is anybody coming out a-Maying?

39, RUE LONGUE, *July* 3, 1838.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I was disappointed at not receiving the "Hood's Own" per *Liverpool*, not from eagerness to see the dear original's reflection, but I was anxious to see how the Introduction read. I am struggling to get early this month with my matter, so as to give you as little trouble as possible. The weather has been up to to-day very so-so. I have had only one sail, and it did me such manifest good, that I quite long to get to sea again, but either there is no wind, or rain with it. You will be glad to hear I am getting better *slowly*. *I wish*, my dear fellow, you may be able to give as

good an account of yourself. Pray send me a full and particular *bulletin*. And, in the meantime, please to present my best thanks to Mrs. Wright for the cane, and tell her it is quite a support. I seem to walk miles with it.

* * * *

Did I give you the history of a steamer built at Bruges? They quite forgot how she was to get down the canal, and they will have to take down the brickwork of the locks at a great expense—some 1500 francs instead of 25; all along of her width of paddle-boxes. Well, the other day, 10,000 people assembled to see her launched; troops, band, municipals, everybody in their best; and above all, Mr. T——, the owner, in blue jacket, white trousers, and straw hat. So he knocked away the props and then ran as for his life, for she ought to have followed; but, instead of that, she stuck to the stocks as if she had the hydrophobia. Then they got 200 men to run from side to side, and fired cannons from her stern, and hauled by hausers, but "there she sot," and the people "sot," till nine at night, and then gave it up. She has since been launched *somehow*, but in a quiet way quite; she looked at first very like an *investment* in the *stocks*, and I should fear her propensity may lead her next to stick on a *bank*. The only comfort I could give, was, that she promised to be *very fast*. To heighten the fun, the wine was chucked at her by a young lady who thought she was going; I know not what wine, but it ought to have been *still* champagne.

And now, God bless you and yours; take care of yourself, and mind and send us an account of how you feel, and what your doctor says of you. The vicissitudes of such weather try us feeble ones. I am anxious to know whether you think your new doctor's course has produced any marked effect. Don't B—— mean to come, or don't he not? If he

and Mr. S—— would make the trip together, it might be pleasanter, and we have accommodation for two, and especially a *tall* one for B——, for whom an accommodation bed ought to be like an accommodation bill—the longer it runs the better. When you see Rooke, pray thank him handsomely in my name for "Amalie"—though I do not quite find the airs suit my compass. What Jane has said about F—— please to make me a partner in—and tell E. Smith that our *Sandy* soil has *Scotched* the flowers, so that he wouldn't know them for his seedlings. But Jane is very proud of them, as they are very good for Ostend. Our festival of Kermesse has begun, and will continue for a fortnight, and then we are to have the King and Queen next month, when your royal gaieties are over and gone. What does Dymock think of being cut out of the pageant? I suppose he will pretend that he "backed out." I shall try if I cannot have a verse or two about the Coronation. I want to know if any distinction was shown to Art, Science, or Literature, on the occasion. Was the P. R. A. there? Had the live Poets admissions to the Corner? What became of the V. R. at the Prussian ambassador's? He seemed only to compliment Frederick William with initials. How wonderfully well the mob behaved; but then, to be sure, they are not Tories! I am glad they cheered Soult.

And now I must shut up, and believe me, dear Wright,

Yours ever very sincerely,

THOS. HOOD.

39, RUE LONGUE, À OSTEND, *July*, 3, 1838.

I SAY TIM,

If you are dead, write and say so; and if not, pray let me hear from you. Perhaps you were killed at the *taking of Spandau*—or are you married—or what other

mortality has happened to you? or have you had the worst of a duel—or taken a fancy to the Russians and gone to St. Petersburg? Perhaps some very great "Wels" has pulled you in—or have you been to Antonin?

The chief purport of this letter is to inquire about you, so you must not look for a long one—but we are getting uneasy, or rather too uneasy to bear any longer your silence—fearing that in the unsettled state of Prussian and Belgian relations, the intercourse may have become precarious.

We are going on as usual. I am getting better, but slowly. My monthly work, and the very bad season, having been against me. I shall be better when I get to sea, but till last week I have been unable to boat it; we have had fires within the last ten days. Springs are, I suspect, going out of fashion with black stocks. Jane and the 'kin' were on board with me, and I wish you could have seen the faces and heard the uproar they made. It was an ugly, long, narrow craft enough for a short sea; three lubberly Flemings for a crew and myself at the helm. Jane groaned and grimaced, and ejaculated, and scolded me, till she frightened the two children, who piped in chorus. Tom, like a parish clerk, repeating after his mother, with the whine of a charity boy in the litany, "Oh, Lord!" &c. &c., and then very fiercely, "Take me home—set me ashore directly! Oh, I'll never come out with you again!" and so forth. So we have parted with mutual consent, so far as sailing is concerned, which is very hard, as I cannot take out any other ladies without Jane, the place being rather apt to talk scandal,—and one of our female friends here is very fond of boating. For my own part, I have been lucky enough to get a capital little boat, built under the care of an old English shipmaster, and his property—all snug, safe, and handy—so that I mean to enjoy myself as a marine.

In the meantime, Jane has made a voyage to England and back, which I shall let her relate. She had fair weather out and home, and prefers a dead calm to a living storm. I suppose I must take to sea-fishing, as there is some fresh-water fishing, but the canals are too much of thoroughfares to my taste, who enjoy the contemplative man's recreation —only with one companion. I sometimes wish for the Lahn.

It was odd enough—but on our return from Bruges fair in the barge, an English family came with us on their way from Coblenz, where they settled in the Schloss Strasse just before we left. He gave the same account of the people as I do, and was a fisherman—but caught nothing but dace.

England is all alive now with the Coronation. Why did you not egg on one of the Prince Radziwills to visit Her Majesty *vid* Belgium, with yourself in his *suite*. I read the other day that some of the 30th were come to Luxemburg. When our railroad shall be finished, it will only be two days' post from Cologne to this—and I have just taken my lodgings for another year—*Verbum sap.*

We still have an undiminished liking to the place, which suits our quiet "domestic habits," though it is notorious as dull, amongst the *notoriously* gay.

We know enough to be able to get up a rubber when we feel inclined, besides "taking our three." I get excellent Bordeaux here, and bought a cask with my Doctor, only thirteen or fourteen pence English per flask, whereof on the last 23rd May, I did quaff one whole bottle out of a certain Bohemian Goblet* to my own health, not forgetting the donor of the said vessel, which has a place of honour in my sanctum.

* This is a large Bohemian glass goblet, the gift of Franck, who brought *it from Bohemia.* If I remember rightly he purchased it of the gipsies, *who engraved the* flowers.—T. H.

What a bore it is, Johnny, that you are not in the Belgian service; most of its garrisons are near, it would be but a holiday trip to come and see you. Were I as I once was, strong enough for travel, I should perhaps beat you up even at Bromberg *vid* Hamburg. But I shall never be strong again—Jane got the verdict of our friend Dr. Elliot, that the danger of the case was gone, but that as I had never been particularly strong and sturdy, I must not now expect to be more than a young old gentleman. But I will be a boy as long as I can in mind and spirits, only the troublesome bile is apt to upset my temper now and then. We are all a little rabid at present, for after having fires far into June, the weather has just set in broiling hot, and the children do not know what to make of it.

The faces of Tom and Fanny are like two full-blown peonies, or two cubs of the brood of the Red Lion. Tom is a very funny fellow. The people of the house try to talk to him, and as they speak very bad English, he seems to think that they cannot understand very good ditto, and accordingly mimics them to the life. You would think he was a foreigner himself when he is talking to them. Fanny is learning German and French, and makes up by her quickness for some idleness.

She is very much improved, and gets stouter, as she was too thin, whilst Tom gets thinner, as he was too fat; as for Jane, all my London friends said she had never looked better, so that I doubt the policy of walking out with her, for it makes me look worse than I am.

You will judge when I send you a proof of my portrait, which is to be in the next number of "Hood's Own," on the 1st July. It is said to be very like.

I have no news to give you; but there are plenty of rumours. Of *course* you were at the grand review at

Berlin. Tell me all the particulars you can, and of your fishing, in which I take great interest, though now but a sleeping partner. I quote at the end of this a few words about Salmon. I expect a friend out here on a visit, who is very fond of the rod. By the bye, I must not forget to tell you, that the other day, which proves there must be some sort of fishing, my Doctor was called out of his bed in the morning by an Englishman, who mumbled very much, and on going to the door, found him with a hook, and not a little one, through his own lip. He had been tying it on by help of his teeth, and by a slip of the line had caught himself, genus *flat* fish. Being a Belgian hook, like the German, with the shoulder at one end and a barb at the other, it would not pull through; but had to be cut out. Lucky he had not gorged it. *My* leaf is full,* so God bless you says,

Yours, Tim,

Ever very truly,

JOHNNY.

Kind regards to Wildegans.

Tom, Junior, sends his love to you and Carlovics and Wildegans. He said to his mother this morning, "I love you a great way;" so he can love as far as Bromberg. It has just occurred to me, that there may be a reason for your silence I never thought of before. You are promoted and in the first pomp of your captainship, and too proud to own to us *privates*. If that is not the reason, I can think of no other with all my powers of imagination. Perhaps it is your D—douane that always bothered my own packages. I hate all Customs, and not least the Prussian. I wish all the officers would confiscate each other. Sometimes this

* *The other leaf* was left for my mother to write on.—T. H.

hot weather, I should like a glass of Rudesheimer, one of the few things I care for that is Rhenish—Bow, wow, wow!

The next letter is to Mr. Franck, who had been laid up with illness at Posen, and had had his head shaved.

OSTEND, *August* 20, 1837.

MY DEAR FRANCK,

I have been laid up again, but this you will say is no news, it happens so often. A sort of bastard gout, without the consolation of being the regular aristocratic malady, as if I were an aristocrat. By the way, I almost rejoice *politically* in the results of your own illness, you were always an abominable Tory, but now must needs be a moderate *wig*. But as Gray says:

> "To each their evils—all are men
> Condemn'd alike to groan."

You (to speak as a fisherman) complain of your hair line, and I of my gut, which I fear has some very weak lengths in it. I hardly go ten days without some disagreeable indigestion or other, which is the more annoying as here the victuals are really good. Moreover, I am, in a moderate

way, a diner-out; for instance, the day before yesterday at the Count de Melfort's, whom I had known previously by his book, the only one that ever coincided with *my views of the Rhine.*

In fact in spite of keeping quiet, I am a little sought after here, now I am found out. A friend of Byron's wanted to know me the other day, but I was laid up in bed; and now Long Wellesley (Duke of Wellington's nephew), my old landlord is here, and asking after me. Luckily, there are so many lame men here I am not singular in my hobble, for though I have got rid of the rheumatism these ten days, the doctor gave me a lotion with cantharides therein, that has left me a *legacy* of blisters. Then again what an abominable swindling season! The winter embezzled the spring, and the summer has absconded with the autumn.

A fig for such seasoning, when the summer has no Cayenne, and in July even you wish for your ices, a little mulled. I have only managed to keep up my circulation by dint of sherry, porter, and gin and water; and nine times out of ten, had it come to a shaking, I should have given you but *a cold right hand.* That is one of my symptoms. In the meantime the Belgians are bathing daily, but I observe they huddle together, men and women, for the sake of warmth, at some expense to what we consider decency. As for Jane she is very willing to believe that winter is absolutely setting in, as an excuse for wearing her sables.* They are very handsome, but no thanks to you on my part, considering a hint that I have had, that it is a dress only fit for a carriage! I don't mean, however, to go so *fur* as to set up a wheelbarrow. Many thanks, however, for your

* Mr. Franck had sent my mother a very handsome set of sables. After her return to England, she was so unfortunate as to *lose* all that were not *stolen, within an incredibly* short space of time.—T. H.

views of our old piscatory haunts, which cannot lead one into any extravagance, for here there is no fishing. It is another Posen in that respect—but mind do not go and marry for want of better amusement. Talking of aquatics, a pretty discussion you have got me into by your story of the beavers on the Elbe. I have repeated it, and been thought a dupe for my pains—indeed I began to believe you had hoaxed me, but only this very afternoon I have found a Confirmation of the Baptism in a book of Natural History.

In the Berlin Transactions of the Natural History Society, 1829, is an account of a family of beavers, settled for upwards of a century on a little river called the Nuthe, half a league above its confluence with the Elbe, in a sequestered part of the district of Magdeburg. There! To be candid, I always thought you mistook for beavers the Herren Hutters, or gentlemen who always wear their castors. But why talk of keeping on one's hat to a man, who can hardly keep on his own hair? Methinks instead of sables you ought to have bought of the Russian merchant a live bear, to eat up the little boys that will run after you, as they did after Elisha, crying "Go up, thou baldhead!" Of course the Radziwills, who made you so retrench your moustaches, will be quite content with you now; but I hope you will not slack in your correspondence in consequence, although I must expect to have more *balder*dash out of your own head. As for Wildegans, he will forget that you ever had any hair, and will take you for some very old friend of his father's, or perhaps for his grandfather.

For my own part as promotion goes by seniority in your service, I do hope you may have an opportunity of taking off your hat to the king, who cannot make anything less than a major of such a veteran. In the meantime you cannot be *better off* than in the 19th, which has so many

Poles to keep yours in countenance; you see how little sympathy I profess, but having fancied you killed, wounded, or missing, in some riotous outbreak, I can very well bear the loss of your *locks* as you are upon the *key* vive!

Moreover sickness is selfish, and invalids never feel acutely for each other.

The only feeling I have on hearing of another patient in the town, is a wish, that, whilst about it, he would take all my physic. When I can make up a parcel worth sending you, you shall have a copy of my face, to hang on the gallows for a deserter, if you like. Tim, says he, either I shall get over this liver complaint, and be a portly body, or the liver complaint will get over me, and I shall die like a Strasbourg goose. How lucky I should have a decent interval of health for that march to Berlin! I often recall it, Tim, trumpet-call and all, and wish you were one of our military.

I do not know how the Belgian question goes on, but would not advise you to attack us, for in case of a reverse, your Rhinelanders are not the firmest of friends to fall back upon. Your Posen Bishop is a donkey for his pains; a Needle, if it enters a piece of work, ought to go through with it. For my part I like fair play. I would have everybody married, and blessed, how they please, Christian or Jew. Privately I really believe marriages between Jews and Catholics would make capital half-and-half, one party believing too much, and the other too little.

I wear no mitre, but if you should wed a Polish Jewess, you shall be welcome to my benediction. But there has been a precious fuss about nothing. You say the Bromberg ladies, old and young, were very kind during your illness and sent you nourishing food. You have omitted to mention *whether they* considerately masticated it beforehand.

Yes? Of course you will have some fishing at Antonin. Pray present my best respects to the princes. Were I as young as I am old in health, I would come and beat up your quarters at Posen, but my travelling is over, in spite of steam and railroads; so, if we are to meet again in this world, I am the mountain, and you, Mahomet, must come to it.

My domestic habits are very domestic indeed; like Charity I begin at home, and end there; so Faith and Hope must call upon me, if they wish to meet. And really Faith and Hope are such ramblers, it will be quite in their line, so with all faith in your friendship, and a hope we may some day encounter in war or in peace,

I remain, my dear Johnny,

Your true friend,

TIM.

Tom, Junior, sends his love and says, "if you will come he will give you a kiss, *and teach you to draw.*" Vanity is born with us, and pride dies with us; put that into German by way of metaphysics. Give my love, when you see him, to the King of Hanover, and God grant to those he reigns over a good umbrella. I have many messages in a different spirit, which you will be able to imagine, for my old comrades for instance, Carlovicz. You do not mention "Ganserich," has he *forgotten* to exist; say something civil—as becomes a civilian—to the rest of your militaires on my behalf; you will see the colonel, I guess, or are you the colonel yourself? It would be fatal now to your hair to have many go over your head. Have you ever tried currant jelly to it? Thank Heaven you require no passport, or how as Heilman said, would you get "frizzé?" Shall we send back that hair lock you gave to Mrs. D.? No news except local, and *you would take no interest* in our abundant scandal, as

you do not know the parties. To me it is very amusing, there is so much absurdity along with the immoralities; it is like an acted novel, only very extravagant. You know that this is one of the places of refuge for English scamps, of both sexes. But the parson and I do not encourage such doings, we are almost too good for them.

SATURDAY, 6 P.M., *Oct.* 16, 1838.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

For myself you will be glad to hear that I am at last taking a change I think for the better: partly from better weather, but greatly I think from the occasional use of a warm sea-bath, and partly, B—— says he thinks, I am wearing out the disease. Time I did, says you, or it would have worn me out.

Something perhaps is due to a slight change of system, but I almost flatter myself, there is a change for the better. I have done without my doctor for an unusually long time, partly from being better, and partly from knowing how to manage myself; I have left off Cayenne and Devils, and such stimulants recommended by B——. I begin to think as they are supposed to be bad for liver complaints in India, they ought not to cure them in England, and referred to Elliot, who said "No," very decidedly.

But I have no great faith in the principles of my doctor here, though some in his skill, but without the first, the last goes for little. He shook my opinion lately when I had rheumatism, by giving me cantharides in lotion, which favoured me with a sore foot for weeks. It looked like making a job. I now eat well and have much less than before of those depressions, though hurried and well worked. The baths I do think *very highly* of. Should you see Elliot, *ask him; you might* run over here for a fortnight, they are

almost next door and cost little. *Think of this seriously. I have not felt* SO WELL FROM THE 1ST JANUARY, *as during the last ten days:* accordingly I am getting on, and, at the present writing, have a sheet of cuts, besides those sent, and some tail-pieces drawn. I expect next packet (on Tuesday), to send you a good lot; they promise to be a good set, and I find the pencilling come easier, which is lucky, as they are to your mind too. So I am throwing up my hat, with hope of making a good fight.

I doubt whether the first article will be on the Coronation, which is *stalish*, but seem to incline to "Hints for a Christmas Pantomime, personal, political (not party), and satirical."

I hope to send with this "the Reminiscences," but if not they will be certain to come with the cuts on Wednesday; I am so full-swing on the drawings, I hardly like to leave off to write. You say you are short of prose, but there is all "Doppeldick." We heard to-day from Franck: he is well, and back, to his great joy, at Bromberg and his fishing; he has at last caught a salmon of eleven pounds. He tells me a sporting anecdote of a gentleman he knows, that will amuse you, as it did me. He was shooting bustards, of which there are plenty near Berlin. They are shy to excess, but do not mind country people at work, &c.; so seeing a boy driving a harrow, he went along with him, instructing him how to manœuvre to get nearer. At last, wishing to cross to the other side of the harrow, he was stepping inside of the traces, as the shortest cut, when at that very instant the horses took fright, and he was obliged to run, with the gun in one hand, taking double care between the horses' heels, and the harrow, which occasionally urged him on with short jobs from the spikes. It might have been serious, but just as he *was getting tired* out, the horses stopped at the hedge;

the gentleman, besides the spurring, having his breeches almost torn off by the harrow. Franck wants me to draw it, and truly a flogging at *Harrow* School, would hardly equal it for effect.

Wellesley went back to Brussels to-day; I declined dining with him, but he sent me venison twice, some Wanstead rabbits, birds, and a hare. We have been up the railway to Bruges in forty-six minutes, Brussels in six hours for nine francs! Tell B—— to think of this. Count Edouard de Melfort wrote a book, "Impressions of England;" he is a cousin of the Stanhopes, the family are to stay here the winter, and as we like him and her, and they seem to like us, they will be an acquisition for the winter. They sometimes drop upon us, as he calls it, and we drop upon them. As to local news, lots of scandal, as usual; I could fill a whole Satirist with our own town-made. I think the idea of "The Heads" a good one, but do not like the specimen either as to the head, or the style of the writing; and now God bless you. I must to work again, and leave Jane to fill up the rest. Kindest regards to Mrs. W. from

Your ever, dear Wright,

Very sincerely,

THOMAS HOOD.

N.B. My hand aches with drawing, I am going to bed for a change.

Pray put in again the advertisement of Harrison's Hotel in "Hood's Own," and keep it standing to the end; kind regards to everybody all round my hat. We had a complete wreck, close to the mouth of the harbour, such "a distribution of effects," no lives lost, but such a litter, as Jane would call it. The cook's skimmer was saved, at all events, for *I saw it.*

There was a soldier shot to death at Franck's last review —putting stones in the guns! The confusion on our rail is great, one may easily go on the wrong line; two of our party at Bruges were actually in the wrong coaches, but were got out in time; I shall make some fun of this. We have had the Nagelmacher family from Liège, and Miss Moore, lodging for a fortnight on the floor below, but they are gone again. How goes on the Amaranth, or off rather? And have you seen the Bayaderes? Our new opposition steamer is come—"The Bruges"—a very fine boat. But how will the fish like the railroad? Seeing they now have such facilities for going by land, there will be many more fish out of water; who can calculate the results in future, of railroads to bird, beast, and fish—besides man? We have begun fires in my little room, quite snug. Tom is going into trousers for the winter, and is very proud of it. He complained the other day that "Mary washed all the *flavour* off his face."

Well, I must shut up; I have done a good day's work, and leave off not very fagged, but rather cocky, as the tone of this will show. Give me but health and I will fetch up with a wet sail, (but not wetted with water). Who knows but some day Jane will have a fortune of her own, at least a mangle. Has your mother sold her mangle? I admire Harvey's "Arabians" extremely.

November 22, 1838.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I have no immediate occasion for writing, but hoping that my chance letters may be as agreeable to you as yours are to myself, I sit down partly for your sake and partly for mine own, as it is pleasant to exchange the pencil for the pen. I have just sent you off nine more principal cuts: *in my list I have* put "Off by Mutual Consent" and

"All Round my Hat" as principals, and so you can make them, should I not send you others in lieu by the packet that leaves here on Saturday, when I hope to send you all the drawings, tail-pieces and all; exclusive of frontispiece, which I should be really glad if Harvey would do for me, however slightly, I sending an idea for it, as I am very short of time. The effect of "Hood's Own" has been to somewhat hinder the "Comic," by preventing that quiet *fore*thinking which provided me with subjects, but I have done wonders on the whole.

The "Comic" is always *a lay miracle*, and done under very peculiar circumstances; perhaps being used to it is something, though the having done it for so many years, and having fired some 700 or 800 shots, makes the birds more rare, *i.e.* cuts and subjects. But somehow it always *is* done, and this time apparently by a *special Providence*. God knows what I did, for the "Hood's Own" was the *utmost* I could do. Strange as it may appear, although little as it is, it amounts probably on calculation to half a "Comic," as to MS. But I literally *could do no more*, however willing; the more's the pity for my own sake, for it was a very promising spec. For the rest I feel precisely as you do about "My Literary Reminiscences," but the fact is all I have done, I hoped to do in one or two numbers. For instance, the very last time I was thus thrown out.

As usual, I had begun at the end, and then written the beginning; all that I had to do was the middle, and breaking down in that you had but a third of what I had intended. It was like a fatality. Moreover I never wrote anything with more difficulty, from a shrinking nervousness about egotism.

But although declining to give a life, I thought it not out of character to give the circumstances that prepared, *educated, and made me* a literary man—which might date from

my ill-health in Scotland, &c. Should I be as well as I am now, I hope to fetch up all arrears in Nos. 11 and 12: and it may be advisable to give a supplement, as, after December, I shall be free of the "Comic," and it may help the volume of "Hood's Own," with literary letters from Lamb, &c. &c. &c. This is my present plan, and perhaps the 13th No. would partly help to sell up the whole. But advise on this with B——, &c. In the meantime you will have a good batch for next No.: allowing me as long as you can, perhaps the whole first sheet, and more afterwards. This I know to be mine own interest—I would not have B—— lose *on any account*, much less on mine. With letters, &c., I could fill a good deal when I am once clear of the "Comic"—about which I am in capital spirits. I think I have a good average set of cuts, and some good subjects for text. But above all, as the best of my prospects, and for which I thank God, as some good old writer said, "on the knees of my heart," is the, to me, very unexpected improvement in my health, which I truly felt to be all I want towards my temporal prosperity. The change has been singularly sudden for a chronic disease. I wish I could hear as good news of Mrs. Dilke as this, which I beg of you to convey to them. Pray say that as far as I can judge, a radical change for the better has taken place. I have some thoughts, as a finisher and refresher after the "Comic" (both for body and mind), of dropping in on them for three or four days—in which case you will *not* have further advice. I want to talk over the German book with him, which I shall most assuredly soon get through, health permitting, in the course of February or March.

I do most seriously, comically, earnestly, and jocosely tell you that "Richard is himself again," and therefore you need *not, Hibernically,* have any fears on Tom's account: which

would kill any one else, could render y
as long as you liked to be alive. But i
an odd remedy, like being revived by tl

I am writing a strange scrawl, but my
drawing. Otherwise, "I am well, *cons*
said, when he was asked all of a sudde
quite ashamed of these bulletins abou
recollect that it is too far off to be o
a subject. Seriously I believe I am bett
it somewhat ostentatiously on my frien
have achieved a victory unhoped-for by n

To allude to the battle of Waterloo, I
glad to make it a drawn game, but I thin
Strasbourg pie, after all.

The above was written some time back,
sleepiness. I have now yours of the 19
the cuts—I think they *are* a good set.
rather, have sent off three more large, wh
"Off by Mutual Consent," will make
Also three

you on Saturday by the "*Menai*;" our post comes and goes so awkwardly.

Thank God I keep pretty well,—a day or two back rather illish, but took a warm bath and am better, wonderfully, considering my "confinement." After the Custom-house stoppage, no fear for some time of any hitch. It only cost three shillings, as the woman says.

I hope Mr. C. will not forget the books I wrote for, by next Saturday's boat. Pray send me proofs, rough or anyhow, of all the cuts you can, as they help me in writing. Do not forget this. Bradbury's proofs will do. It is getting very wintry, and I and the fires are set in—in my little room. You talk of a grand Christening Batch—but what is to be the name of "my eldest daughter, Sir?" Tom exclaimed pathetically this morning, "I wish I had *none* teeth!" He is cutting some that plague him! He draws almost as much as I do, and very funny things he makes. He picks up both Flemish and French. We went to a French play the other night, and I was much amused by an actor very much *à la* Power. It set me theatrically agog again. Perhaps—who knows?—I may yet do an opera with Rooke! In the meantime, I shall some day send you the piece that was accepted by Price, with a character for Liston, for you to offer to Yates. Jane is going to write, so I make over to her the other flap. We were much rejoiced to hear good news of Mrs. Dilke, as we had not had a word. Pray tell Dilke how much better I have been, and take care of yourself, and believe me, with God bless you all,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

What a capital fish a dory is! We had one for dinner *t'other day*. *Good*—hot or cold.

Ostend, *Dec.* 17, 1838.

My dear Mrs. Dilke,

As I always came to your parties with a shocking bad cold, I now write to you with one, which I have had for three days *running*. But it was to be expected, considering the time of the year and the climate, which is so moist that it's drier when it rains than when it don't. Then these Phlegmings (mind and always spell it as I do)—these Phlegmings are so phlegmatic, if it's a wet night, your coachman won't fetch you home, and if it's a cold one, your doctor won't come; if he does, ten to one you may forestal his prescription. If it's a sore, a carrot poultice; if an inward disorder, a carrot diet. I only wonder they don't bleed at the carotid artery; and when one's head is shaved, order a carroty wig. The only reason I can find is that carrots grow here in fields-full.

Well, my book is done, and I'm not dead, though I've had a "warning." The book ran much longer than I had contemplated, and I've left out some good bits after all, for fear of compromising Franck and my informants. It has half as much writing again as the "Comic," and I told B—— to consult Dilke about the price, as it has five sheets more paper and print than the Annual.

We thought this week's "Athenæum" much duller than the one before it; it hadn't such a fine hook flavour. I read the review six times over, for the sake of the extracts; and then the extracts six times, for the sake of the review. If that isn't fair play between author and critic, I don't know what is. I have been prophesying what will be Dilke's next extracts.

I heard of two young men obliged to fly from the troubles *at Hanover; but it* turns out that they have robbed or

swindled a Chatham Bank. So we don't improve. A Colonel B. has done W. out of 100*l.*, and an English lady, in passing through, did the banker here out of 78*l.* Then an Englishman shot at his wife the other day with an air-gun; and Mrs. F. will not set her foot in our house again, because I gave her a lecture on scandal-mongering; and the doctor has done Captain F. in the sale of some gin; and the Captain talks of calling out the doctor for speaking ill of his wife; and the De M.s are gone;—a fig for Reid and Marshall, and their revolving hurricanes! We Ostenders live in a perpetual round of breezes.

I must now begin to nurse poor Jenny, who has had no time to mend and cobble her own health for soldering up mine. The children, thank God, are very well, and very good, and "so clever!" The other day, Jane advised Fanny to talk to C—— (about her own age) to subdue her temper. 'Oh," said Fanny, "she is so giddy, it would be like the Vicar of Wakefield preaching to the prisoners!" Tom has, taken to his book *con amore*, and draws, and spells, and tries to write with all his heart, soul, and strength. He has learned of his own accord to make all the Roman capitals, and labels all his drawings, and inscribes all his properties, TOM HOOD. He is very funny in his designs. The other day, he drew an old woman with a book: "That's a witch, and the book is a Life of the Devil!" Where this came from, Heaven knows. But how it would have shocked Aunt Betsy! The fact is, he pores and ponders over Retsch's "Faust," and "Hamlet," and the like, as a child of larger growth. But he is as well and jolly and good-tempered as ever; and as he is so inclined to be busy with his little head, we don't urge him, but let him take his own course. So much for godma and godpa.

I cannot write more at present, as Mary is in the room, and she is a great listener. God bless you all!

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S.—I shall thank Dilke for the two vols. of the "Athenæum" when I write to *him*, which will be after the tail of my review. The discovery at Trèves, &c., is stale—I mean the window story—six years old at least. Puff of the K. of P. to gull John Bull of some money.

P.P.S.—I forgot to mention that I had a little duel of messages with my "scandal-mongering" acquaintance* the other day. "Pray tell Mr. Hood," says she, "that I have no doubt but his complaint is a *scurrilous* liver" (schirrous). So I sent her my compliments and begged leave to say that was better than a "cantankerous gizzard!"

* My father mortally offended the elderly maiden afterwards, by a mischievous peace-offering of those brown, wizened, stony apples which go by the uncharitable title of "medlars."—T. H.

Chubb's Locks.

O what a Goose!

CHAPTER VII.

1839.

At Ostend—Visits England for a short time—Letters to Mr. Wright and Lieut. de Franck—Mrs. Hood visits England—Letter to her—Letters to Mr. Dilke and Dr. Elliot—"Up the Rhine" published.

In the beginning of 1839, my father paid a short visit to England, making Mr. Dilke's house his quarters for the time being. The following was written part before and part after the visit.

Rue Longue, Ostend, *Christmas Day*, 1838.

"Tim," says he! "hier ist ein brief mit my own hand geschrieben at last!" "Time it was," says you,—and so think I, considering our old comradeship; but I am not going to plead guilty to wilful neglect, or malice prepense. You know how my time is divided,—first I am very ill, then very busy to make up for lost time,—and then in consequence very jaded and knocked-up, which ends generally in my being very ill again. Neither of the three moods is very favourable for writing long, cheerful, friendly letters; ergo, you will conclude that I am at this present writing neither ill, busy, nor very jaded, which is precisely the case.

Your letter came while I was in bed, full of rising ambition, so I read it before I got up,—and how nicely the fellow timed it, thought I, to arrive on this very morning of all the days in the year! so I sit down to try whether I cannot hit you with mine on New Year's-day. You will like to hear all about me, so I shall make myself Number One. In health I am better, and in better hope than of late, for a complete revolution has taken place in my views on the subject. Hang all Rhineland, except a bit between Ehrenbreit-

stein and Pfaffendorf, and all its doctors. Old S——, the Catholic, I verily believe knew no more about the case than the Jew B——! but he is more taken up with the sort of little Propaganda there is in Coblenz, for converting Protestants, and getting Roman Catholics to leave their property to the Church, and walking in Corpus Christi processions than with medicine or its ministry. For I hear he is a notorious bigot even in Coblenz, and I hate all bigots, Catholic or Lutheran. He told me my complaint was in the lungs; and I described the symptoms to Elliot, who rather concurred in his opinion; but of course from what he was told only, so I never touched wine, beer, or spirits, for several months, and in consequence ran it so fine, that on the journey here, when I got to Liège, I could scarcely speak. At Brussels I began to find out I had gone too far in my temperance, by the good effects of some bottled porter; and now here I am on a moderate allowance again, and even ordered to drink a little gin-and-water. So won't I toast you to-day, my old fellow, in a brimming bumper!

The doctor here is an experienced old English army surgeon, besides being used to London practice! and he said from the first he could find no pulmonary symptoms about me. The truth is, my constitution is rallying, as the Prussians did after Quatre Bras, and is showing fight, the sea air and diet here being in my favour. You know what the Rhineland diet is, even at the best, while here we have meat quite as good as English, good white wheaten bread, if anything better than English, and the very finest vegetables I ever saw. The consequence is I eat heartily good breakfasts, with fish, &c., and ample dinners: in fact, we have left off suppers simply from not caring about them in general. Sometimes we have a few oysters, and we eat shrimps, Tim, *all the spring* and summer through!

All this looks well, but by way of making surer, and for the sake of Elliot's advice, in which I have justly such confidence, I am on the point, Tim, of a visit to England, as Elliot's practice will not let him come to me. It must blow very great guns on Wednesday morning, or I leave this in the Dover mail on a flying visit to the glorious old island! It is a rough season, and Jane is a wretched sailor; and besides, cock and hen cannot both leave the nest and chicks at the same time, so I go solus. But she will go to see her mother, I expect, in the spring or the summer: for we have made up our minds to stay here another year, and perhaps two. It will be some time before I shall be strong enough to live a London life; and being rather popular in that city, I cannot keep out of society and late hours. At all events I am close at hand if wanted for a new ministry. Jane says she should not like me to be a *place* man, for fear of red spots.

* * * *

Since the above I have been to England. I spent there about three weeks, and am just returned, full of good news and spirits. Elliot came to me, and after a very careful examination, and sounding every inch of me by the ear, and by the stethoscope, declares my lungs perfectly sound, and the complaint is in the liver. He altogether coincides with my doctor here, both as to the case and its treatment, and my own feelings quite confirmed their view; so that at last I seem in the right road. But what long and precious time I have lost—I only wonder I have survived it! *You* must be a great lump of sugar, indeed, to sweeten such Rhenish reflections. The ignorant brutes!

The main reason why Elliot wanted to see me was because this place would be bad for the lungs, but it quite suits the real case as I must have *much* air, and cannot walk or ride

much, or exert myself bodily. So sea air is good, and *sailing*, my old amusement, Tim, at which I was an adept, and shall soon pick it up again. I mean therefore to sail, and fish for my own dinner. So I have made up my mind to stay here for one or two years to come. We like the place, though it is called dull by gay people and those in health. But that just suits *me*, who am not strong enough for society; it is so near that those we care about do not mind coming, and as we have four posts a week, business goes on briskly. It is as good as English watering-places in general, so I should gain nothing by going over. To tell the truth, I was not at all sorry to come back, for I have never been in bed before one or two in the morning the last three weeks. Of course we are very happy, for my death-warrant was signed if such blood spitting had been from the lungs: it is not dangerous in this case.

Between friends and business I had a regular fag in London, for there were such arrears: for instance, among other things, all my accounts with my publishers for three years to go through. They turned out satisfactory, and besides established the fact, which is hardly conceivable by those who are experienced on the subject, that the "Comic" keeps up a steady sale, being, if anything, better than last year. All other annuals have died or are dying. Of course this is quite a literary triumph, and moreover I had to prepare a re-issue of all the old ones, which will come out monthly in future; you shall have them when complete at the year's end. Moreover, my German book is to come out in the course of the year. I send you proofs of some of the woodcuts which are finished—you will recognise some of the portraits. Then I propose to begin a Child's Library,* so I have cut out plenty of work.

* Of all the projected works, which were never to be finished, I regret

We shall have plenty of visitors in the summer. How I wish it was not so far from Bromberg! But we shall have railroads, and all the world will go this way to the Rhine instead of Rotterdam. It is a nice little kingdom, and I like the people; they take very much to the English, and adopt our customs and comforts, and almost universally speak our language in this part. So you see, had the Luxembourg affair come to a head, I must have wished you a good licking. What fun, if your 19th had been ordered down, and you had been taken, Johnny, with me for your jailor, and answerable for your parole! As to the Cologne affair, I think your king is perfectly right. Fair play is a jewel, and an agreement is an agreement; but he is placed in a critical position, very—at all events a very troublesome one. It quite agrees with my prophecies. You know I don't meddle in politics, but I will give you my view of affairs. There will be a row in Hanover: it will not suit your king to have popular commotions so near home, so he will interfere to put it down, and finally hold Hanover for himself. Then, as to Luxembourg, the French long to pay off the old grudge on you Prussians. If you should get a

this most of all. My father had a knack of inventing children's stories, and was always a great favourite with little folk. There are many—not little folk now—who remember his gentleness and kindness in amusing them. He used to tell stories, illustrating them with sketches made as he told them—of these, alas, only the illustrations remain. With myself and my sister he was very fond of playing—suggested games to us and pointed out the "properties" that would suit them. He was very fond of Dr. Elliot's children, to whom he frequently wrote, and sent paper animals, etc., cut out very cleverly. During his last illness a very beautiful miniature of four of these little favourites lay on his bed, and he used to take much pleasure in contemplating it. Some letters, in another part of this work, written to them, will prove how well he would have written such a Child's Library as he here speaks of. Critics, in reviewing "Precocious Piggy," have remarked how capitally its metre and rhyme are adapted for nursery memories.—*T. H.*

beating at the beginning, I should fear *Catholic* (*French in heart*) Rhineland will rise; but if you Prussians like, you will keep Luxembourg to repay you for defending it *for the Dutch*. So the best thing for all parties is to keep the peace: and whatever you hot-headed young soldiers may wish, I think your king's prudence will keep us from war; and so long life to him! As for England, *we* Liberals must beat sooner or later; the money and commerce interests will beat the landed, who have too long had it their own way; and then no more corn-laws!* Then, if you Prussians be wise, you will encourage free-trade, and take our manufactures for your timber and corn, whereby we shall both profit.

But you abroad have a plan, on the supposition that the Tories will come again into power—so they may, but will never keep it, nor the Whigs either; there is a third party, not Radicals, but a national one, will and must rule at last, for the general and not private interests. I do not meddle, but look on, and see it quietly getting onwards towards a consummation so devoutly to be wished for.

Leopold, whatever you may hear, is popular, and justly so, in this country, which is a more wealthy one than is generally supposed.

Bruges is a delightful little city, for any one with an artist's eye. It is only fourteen miles off, and you can get there by the barge for a franc and a half. It is quite a gem in its way.

By the bye, I am going to try to paint a bit in oil:† the

* It will be observed (as in the next paragraph) that at times my father's prophecies were marvellously correct.—T. H.

† This idea was not, I believe, put in operation till many years later in England. We possess a most curious and effective oil-painting in brown and white,—oil-sepia painting, so to speak—that suggested "The *Lee Shore.*" *The fisherman's* cottage in the back-ground, with its lighted

artist, who took my portrait, has set me up for *matériel.* He has taken an excellent likeness of me, which is going to be engraved for the re-issue, so that I shall be able to send you a copy of my copy. Jane is quite satisfied with it, which is saying all in its favour. I am going to try to paint Tom's likeness, as we have Fanny's already. As I know nothing of the rudiments I expect to make some awful daubs at first,—may I say like Miss A——'s?

Jane told you of some articles I have written for a sporting-book, but we are not able to get the letter-press. The plates you will receive next parcel as a present from Jane. They are very good, and I know they will hit your taste. The plates I wrote to were the donkey-race, and of course the fishing. When I was in London I learned that Bond, our tackle-maker, has just wound up his line of life, leaving a good sum behind him. I inquired if there is extra strong tackle; so let me know what you want *directly*, and all shall come to you in one parcel, "Comic," sporting-plates, and all. You are at a distance that makes me cautious of carriage, or I would send the latter articles now.

I sent a "Comic" to the Prince, *viâ* Hamburg, in a parcel of Count Raczinski's, or some such name,—the same who is publishing a gallery of German art.

You talking of my having "a box out in the spring!"

window, under a struggling moon, and a huge wave filling up the foreground, foam-crested, and in the centre a great gull flapping its white wings. This I held to be the ghost of the drowned seaman, at my father's prompting, who signed it—"The Seaman's Dream." We have too the unfinished sketch in oils of a group illustrative of a poem, to be called "Death and the Little Girl." The picture represents the conventional Death, with a child sitting on his knee in a churchyard. The sketch of the poem, as I recollect it, was, that the child, crossing the churchyard, fell in with a stranger, who conversed so pleasantly with her that she was induced to bring him (Death) home, where her sick father was lying. The outlines of the painting and poem are all I can give. How the master-hand *would have filled* them in, is not to be solved here.—T. H.

Why, man alive! the stewardess of our London packet fetches and carries like a spaniel every week between me and my publisher. Your lost gorge-hook tickled me as much as it poked its fun into you. You must have rare sport, and of course do not regret the Rhine, Moselle, and Lahn. Do you ever drop in now? I should like to *Brake* my tackle with some of your large fish; but I am a prematurely old man, Tim, and past travelling, except on a short stage. I had fears I should perhaps disgrace my seamanship by being sea-sick, my stomach having become so deranged, but I held out; to be sure I had fine passages, although one fellow, a fox-hunter, was very ill. England seemed much the same as when I left it, but I was astonished by some of the hotel charges on the road, being positively less than on the Rhine. The Dilkes dined with me; he is as well as ever, and they all desired their kind remembrances to "Mr. Franks."

Old H—— is still dying. He sometimes gets my friend W—— to write at his dictation to Richard D——, when he is on a journey, in this style:—"DEAR RICHARD—By the time you receive this, your poor brother will be no more. I died about noon on ——," and then W—— breaks in, "Why, my dear sir, but you are not going so soon?" "Ah, so you think, but a pretty set of fools you will look when you see the shutters up. Send for Dr. S—— directly!" And so forth; and in an hour or two afterwards, he is in his chaise at a coursing meeting! * It is quite a farce, and W—— imitates him capitally. Now I do verily

* This gentleman is evidently the original of a character in "Up the Rhine," wherein he figures somewhat in the style of "Mr. Bramble" in "Humphrey Clinker." I believe one secret of the success of my father's humorous writing was, that he read "Humphrey Clinker," "Tristram Shandy," and "Tom Jones," and caught their style, without catching that something far more infectious, which occasionally breaks out in their memoirs.—*T. H.*

believe that I am only alive, on the contrary, through never giving up. With such a wife to teaze, and such children to teaze me, I do not get so weary of life as some other people might—Lieutenants at Bromberg, for instance, in time of peace. Moreover, I am of some slender use. In the spring I wrote and published three letters on the state of the Law of Copyright, which made a stir in the literary world of London, and an M.P. borrowed my ideas and made a flourish with them in the House. Moreover, a fellow attacked me and some others for our infidelity, &c., whereupon I took up the cudgels in a long poem, which delighted an old gentleman so much that he called it "Hood's *Sermon!*" * You will hear of me next in orders, as the Rev. Dr. Johnny.

As for the Comic, I did it this year with such ease, and at such a gallop, that I sent MSS. faster than they could acknowledge the receipt thereof. I never did it so easily before. The fact is, provided my health should clear up, and I get strong, I am but beginning my career. For the fun of the thing I must tell you that there has been a short memoir of me published. You will judge how well the author knows me when he says, "we believe his mind to be more serious than comic, we have never known him laugh heartily either in company or in rhyme." But my methodist face took him in, for he says, "the countenance of Mr. Hood is more solemn than merry." The rest is a great deal handsomer than I deserve, and a proof how unfounded the notion is of envy and spite among literary men.†

* The "Ode to Rae Wilson." —T. H.

† My father seems to have been "almost persuaded," by the popular demand on him for fun rather than serious writing, that he was not possessed of a serious, as well as a comic Vein. *I* fancy the latter was more of an Art-ery than the former—witness "The Bridge of Sighs," and "*The Lay of the Labourer.*" My father's testimony to the real good-feeling

And now I think I have told you everything about myself. Jenny is as thin as she has been for a long time; my last illness frightened her; indeed we have both had a fear we kept to ourselves, but of course she will now laugh and get fat. There is a treat too in store for her, for when the weather is fine enough, she is going over to see her family, three years' absence is a trial to such a heart as hers. Luckily, she has no longer the dinner anxieties, and the wish and prayer for a new "animal" that so worried her in Coblenz! I get nothing now that I cannot eat, and as to drink, I am quite a Temperance Society, though I am now allowed a little wine. To be sure she still sticks to her old fault of going to sleep while I am dictating, till I vow to change my *woman*uensis for *aman*uensis. And moreover she took the opportunity during my absence of buying a plaice *with red spots*—could not eat it after all—verdict, "Sarve her right," when we can get plenty of turbot. Do you know one of our first freaks on coming here? There is a little library two doors off, and we sat down and read all its stock of books slap through. The bill came in. "To reading 155 volumes — francs!"

Don't you wish you had been one of the *francs*, as you complain so of want of reading? We get newspapers, but have no society, save what we import, such as the Dilkes'. There are lots of English here, but many of them outlaws; this is like Calais, Boulogne, &c., being a sort of city of refuge for gentlemen, who won't or can't pay their debts.

We have plenty of military, and are consequently treated with abundance of duels.

Our doctor knows and tells us all the news and scandal of the place. Fanny has been at a day school, but we have

between men of letters came from his heart, I know. I do not think he had *an enemy, although the line of* some writers was repugnant to him.—T. H.

taken her home again, as she was being taught French in French, and consequently learnt nothing but an unknown tongue. I wish you could see Tom; to-morrow is his birthday (Jan. 19th), and he will "take his *three.*"* He is very good-hearted and affectionate also, and quite a young "Comic" for fun and droll mischief. He has a famous notion of drawing for such a shrimp, and the other day came with his thumb and finger opened like a pair of compasses to measure his ma's nose to take her portrait. He is as strong too as a little horse, and always well. He makes us roar sometimes with his imitations; but one the other night was beautiful. He saw Fanny at her prayers, quietly slipped away, knelt down by his bed, clasped his little hands, and said gravely, "my love to pa, and my love to ma, and all my friends in England."

I wish it might please one of the Princes to want a companion in a trip to England *viâ* Ostend, that you might see us all. I think we are set in here for at least another year.

It must be something very tempting to make me go to London as yet; it would kill me in a month. Indeed I am better already for being back. Even the pleasure is bad for me, as all excitement tends to urge the circulation, and cause palpitation. What do you think, Tim! Dr. Elliot says that my heart is rather lower hung than usual; but never mind, *you* shall always find it in the right place.

Tim, says he, tell me in your next all about my brothers in arms,—I guess I puzzle some people here with my Prussian officer's cloak. Suppose they seize me for a Luxembourg spy! But àpropos of my old comrades, who does not remember Wildegans,† himself excepted? I saw some very

* An allusion to the old three-handed cribbage at Coblenz, for which truth suffered—I was *four.*—T. H.

† *Poor Wildegans, as some of our readers must have concluded already,*

long lines of his family flying southwards over the sea some two months back, and prophesied (and it is come true) some severe weather. Does he still feel kindly towards us, or have they cut off his breast, heart and all, to smoke, as they do thereabouts? Does he sometimes drink our health in the waters of oblivion? I am wicked enough to enjoy his being put over your head after all your tricks upon him; so pray congratulate him on his promotion. We remembered him at Christmas, over our pudding; Jane wished you both a slice, and I wished you a skewer. I suspect you do not often see "Carlo," but give our kind remembrances when you meet, also "Von Heugel," and "Von Bontonkonkowski," as Jane says when she attempts his name. That march is often a march of mind in my memory, and I am again at the Burgomaster's, or at Wittemberg, or Schlunkendorf, not forgetting the Château, and the jack fishing. I do hope my kind captain is as well as when he overlooked our sport from the window.

I have taken him of the *nose*, at his word, and drawn him. I think the sketches will prove how vividly I have remembered that frolic. I have made some of my friends laugh over it in description. I do not like to ask who may be gone, like the poor Major! You must not forget my respects to the Colonel.

was troubled with a short memory, an absence of mind—and an abundance of "chaff" in consequence. On one occasion, at Coblenz, Franck could not find his sword to go to parade. What was to be done! The bugle was sounding!—when he chanced to look out of his window, and saw the solemn Wildegans marching off with *two* swords, one on each side! On another occasion, soon after the break-up of the frost (during which the bridge of boats is removed), he was found, pacing up and down, before the *restored* bridge, waiting for the *ferryboat* to take him over to Ehrenbreitstein. I need hardly say, his name Anglicised is Wildgoose, whence the German nickname, Ganserich (goosey), given him by his brother officers.—*T. H.*

I fear to ask about the translation of "Eugene Aram," it was in the most difficult style possible to translate into German; plain, almost quaker-like, whereas the German poetical style is flowery almost to excess.

We are suffering from quite Bromberg winter here; it is like our first winter at Coblenz. On resuming my letter this morning, I found my ink *friz* in the stand. But we have good coal fires and grates, though I almost scorch myself in getting warm. I told you of two children being frozen here, and this morning I heard that three more, all in the same bed, have been frozen to death at Bruges. I suppose, poor things, they had only an "ofen," not a grate.

I do not approve of your Private Plays. Officers ought not to be privates: but perhaps you play in such a style, that the privater the better. Of course *mein lieb-freund* Wildegans bothers the prompter. I would give a trifle to be within a hiss of your performance, to see how fiercely you would curl those moustaches of yours, which the Prince so properly made you dock. Jane and I agree, that in a sentimental, heroical, tearing, German part, you would be capital, remembering what a fine passion you were in once *with* Miss A. and *at* me and Wildegans.

Jane and I try to fancy a performance something as follows:—A house, pretty well lighted up, but with something of the look of a riding-school. In the centre box a stiff old governor, like a soldier preserved in ice. About seventeen ladies, in plenty of fur, and with rather blue noses, attended by fifty-one officers, twenty-five of them all in love with the same face. No gallery, but a pit full of fellows with a bit of yellow on their collars, and a fugleman, that they may applaud in the right places. Scene—the Brake; a gentleman *fishing*. *Then* enter a lady—to commit suicide by

drowning. The angler humanely dissuades her, because she would frighten the fish, and they fall into argument on the romantic idea of suicide. The angler becomes enamoured, and requests the lady to hold his rod, while he kneels down and lays his hand on his heart. He protests he was never in love but seven times before, but had often been fallen in love with. The lady listens, and seems not averse to the match; but in striking awkwardly at a salmon, she snaps the top joint, and that breaks off everything.

Scene the second. The angler in his room, smoking. A friend comes in, takes down a pipe from the wall, and smokes in company.

Scene the third. A pathetic interview between a lady and a lover with two swords on: she asks him if "he can ever forget her?" and he answers "yes."

Scene the fourth. A duel between the angler and his best friend, because the lady had broken his rod. They are parted by the lady's mother, who asks the angler to dinner, and promises him more brawn than *she* can eat.

Scene the fifth. A ball, with only one gentleman who can dance. He waltzes with them all in turn, and then drops down a corpse.

Scene the sixth. The ghost of the dancing gentleman appears: he forgets that he is dead, and is fetched by three little black boys with horns and long tails.

Scene the seventh. The angler at dinner with the old lady and the brawn. The old lady seems to admire him, and says "he has good teeth!"

Scene the eighth. A gentleman comes on to sing a song, but can't, because he has parted with his "*bello*." *

* This was Carlovicz, who gave me a little spaniel called Bello, mentioned in earlier letters. The two swords point to the forgetful Willingness. *Scene the tenth*, refers to the ill-luck of Franck, whose juniors were

Scene the ninth. The Brake. The lady and the angler meet by appointment. He offers her his heart and a fine salmon, and she accepts the salmon.

Scene the tenth. A lieutenant in a rage because he is not a captain. He throws a set of somersets in trying to promote himself over his own head.

Scene the eleventh. The nine o'clock trumpet, and the play is snapped off like the top joint. The angler very crusty, because there was an embrace in scene twelve, and the young lady to be in love with him.

Talking of love, just imagine the following little dialogue after reading your last letter :

"I wonder," said Jane, "if he has ever lost his heart again?"

"I don't know," says I ; "but he complains he has lost some lengths of his line."

The salmon that won't take a bait must be a puzzler. My doctor is an Irishman, and if I see him before I close this, I will ask him if he knows anything on the subject. You know they have salmon in the Liffey, and many other rivers.

You see I was right, after all, about the beavers in Germany—they are otters! But what a goose you are to shoot them! Otter hunting is capital sport, I believe, with dogs and spears. There is an account of it in one of Scott's novels—I think in "Rob Roy." So there is a new variety of sport open to you. I will see if I can get any informa-

always being promoted over his head, probably owing to his not having, as an Englishman, any interest at Head-Quarters. Scene the seventh, refers to an old story invented about the time of the "beef jam." It was something about an old lady, with imperfect organs of mastication, some tough brawn, and a young lieutenant with irreproachable ivory. With the addition that "what you chews!" was the point of the story, I leave my readers to fill up the details as *they* choose.—T. H.

tion about that, too. In the meantime, whenever you write, do not fail to give me any anecdotes as to fishes, fishing, or sporting in general, as well as any new jokes of your locality.

Whilst I was in London, the Royal Exchange was burnt down to the ground. A great sensation was caused amongst the spectators by the chimes in the tower of the Exchange striking up in the midst of the flames with the very appropriate air of "There's nae luck about the House." To make the coincidence more curious, there are half a dozen other tunes they play by turns through the week.

I hope the Bank will take no advantage of it when people go there for the money, for the cashiers might now say, "We have got no 'Change." Another practical joke was that Wilson, the Radical bookseller, was the only Conservative, his shop being the only one that was at all left standing.

Sad news from Canada of revolt and fighting. I earnestly hope that a timely redress of grievances, and they seem to have some, will prevent a struggle that would end, like the American war, in their loss to England. The Spaniards seem to have acted like all other foreign states towards England, when money was concerned,—the legion broken up for want of pay, which the Spanish government coolly cheats them of. That massacre of English prisoners by the Carlists was a brutal affair. When we came here we travelled with a very nice, gentlemanly, elderly Irishman, whom we liked very much, and he took very much to us. I found out that he was a Catholic priest, very high in the Irish church. He had been to Rome, and spoke with disgust of the little that religion had to do with the civil wars in Spain—that it was purely political, and, in fact, Protestant princes patronised the Carlists. *Ainsi va le monde!* And I *am very glad* that I have had nothing to do with politics,

though they try hard to identify me with some party or other. So, as I am no "sidesman," but only a "merry-thought," the leading reviews, Whig and Tory, have carefully abstained from noticing me or my works. This is funny enough in professedly *literary* reviews, and shows they are practically political ones. And the result is, I am going, I understand, to be reviewed by the *Radical* review, and, I hear, favourably.

Some weeks ago some fellow or other on the Tory side wrote a poem against the ministry, and forged my name to it, and I had a skirmish on the subject. The fact is there is a set, who try to write down and libel all, who are not Tories, neutrals like myself included; it is too bad, but they will sink of themselves at last from sheer want of character and principle. I am not afraid of them, and do not think they will care to attack me, as I am apt to get *the laugh* on my side. I was the more annoyed at the forgery, because it was addressed to the Queen. Are we not in luck, Tim, to have such a nice young girl to be loyal to? She is very popular, and does good by frequenting the theatres, &c. Her mother is very much respected, and has done her duty both to her daughter and to the nation, in a manner that deserves a statue at the hands of the English ladies. But I must pull up or I shall have no room for the messages. Tom sends his love to "Fank, Vilddans, Tarlevitch, and Towski," Fanny joins in chorus, and Jane sends her kindest regards, and says she has no chance of learning French here, there is so much English. There is plenty of *Flemish* too, but I can't *learn it;* and so must tell you in the mother tongue, that I am, my dear Franck, your friend ever, and in all sincerity, to the end of the line, and without a weak length in it.

THOMAS, TIM, JOHNNY HOOD.

P.S. Should you see "Hood's Own" advertised in any of your northern papers, it is not my wife, but the re-issue of the Comic. It is intended to be sent into Germany, as it will be as cheap as foreign editions. I will send you the inscriptions you desire in the parcel. When you write to the Princes, pray make my respects to them. I am very glad Prince Czartoryski had such sport, but you are all well off in that particular—whereas, in Britain, we have fished at them, till fish are scarce and shy. There is perch-fishing to be had here in the moat, and I should think jack, somewhere in the cuts from the canals. I shall try next summer, and also at the sea fish, as a pot-hunter; there are good turbot and capital John Dory off the coast, and I suspect smelts in the harbour; they do angle for flounders a little. What is that fish you tell me of with a nob on his nose? Send me the German name, if you know it. And what fish is a *seele*? I can't find it in the dictionary—a sort of sturgeon perhaps. Many thanks for the *Lieder Buch*. We have had a good laugh over "*Ach Gretchen mein taubchen.*" Tom took a fancy to it at first, and used to sing it. How Dr. Weiterhauser would stare to see my use of it!

What will your poor Germans do for victuals and drink? First, the doctors found out that your *würst* was a slow—no, active poison; and now a Düsseldorf chemist discovers that all your "schnaps" and liqueurs are deleterious from being made from bad potatoes. Then the Westminster Medical Society has proved that your German candles are arsenicated and poisonous; and were there not edicts against your painted sugar-plums that poisoned the children? Not that I should care if all the Rhinelanders poisoned themselves or each other; they are not fit for their beautiful country; but I should not like it to spread further, as I like the other cousins, for example the Saxons. In justice to myself, I

must say we have heard several English speak in our own style of Rhenish diet and the people, but they are not true Germans, only mongrels.

And now, Tim, have I not written you a long letter at all events? It will be as good as extra drill to read it all through at once. I fear I shall not soon be able to write so amply again, for I have great arrears of work, and shall be as busy in my little bureau as a Prime Minister, or at least a Secretary for the Home Department.

Our severe weather continues; we all but stir the fire with our noses, and sweep the hearth with our shoes. I wish you would keep your own sort of winter at Bromberg; you are used to it, but I am not, and am sitting in the house in my snow shoes.

Now then farewell, Tim. God bless you, and may you have good luck even in fishing. Take care of your liver, my old boy, in peace-time, and in war-time of your bacon; and always take a spare pair of breeches with you to the Brake for fear of falling in! Should you ever have thoughts of marrying, let me know, and I will give you some good advice. I have strong misgivings that those private theatricals will lead to something of that sort. As the children say, "you may begin in play, and end in earnest." Perhaps, whilst I write, the knot is tied, and you are in the honey-moon with it all running down your moustache! For anything I know, Carlo and Bonkowski have written to me to use my influence to prevent your chucking yourself away. I will go and get them translated to-morrow, and then perhaps you will hear from me again. You were always dying for somebody; but "Philip! remember thou art mortal!"

I have just heard that the London Packet (not a mail) is gone ashore. I wish she was wrecked at once, she is such a wretched craft. My portrait-painter was three days in

coming over here—besides I hate her very name, for reminding me of my own unseaworthiness, the *Liver*-pool! Whilst I was in London, all of a sudden there broke out here in Ostend, several attempts at robbery, that quite alarmed our quietude. A servant girl was knocked all down stairs by a fellow secreted in a room above. At Bruges there were several other attempts; some fellows I suppose from London or Paris. I have accordingly put night-caps on my detonators, and I believe we have an extra military patrol. I wish they would rob me of my liver complaint: I would not prosecute. Good bye for the last time, this is the end of my news, till we grow some more.

39, Rue Longue, Ostend, *March* 16, 1839.

My dear Wright,

I was very glad to have a few lines from you of cheering import, of which I have much need. I never had so little alacrity of body or mind, but you need never urge me, for it is only needlessly spurring a willing horse; I only wish that my power equalled my wish, but I have been almost "lower than plummet e'er did sound,"—like the weather, far below zero. I am now better, but by means so foreign to my recent habits, that like the little old woman I can hardly believe that I is I, for by medical advice I am drinking port wine daily. I am glad you like the Grimaldi cut, as I did myself, and I shall do as much as I can in that style as I prefer it, and it is less trouble when I can do it.

But I am not always in the cue, I have found more difficulty in inventing than in executing, my state allowing of the mechanical, but not of the imaginative, yet I have had some gleams. By the Stewardess you will receive another cut and tail-piece, the subject Female Spouting; I think I *shall be able to* make a pleasant paper too on Grimaldi, an

"Ode to Murphy, or Moore's Ghost," and the "Berry Book." Be satisfied that for my own sake I will do *all* I can, and supposing you can wait till Monday, I do not despair of doing something worth while. In the meantime I will give you a selection to set up in type as before.

I am glad you are not out of heart, as I am not; there has been hardly time to get the thing well, *i.e.*, universally known, and from this point it will go on improving, as I shall myself in health. By the bye, as an instance of a curious faculty I seem to possess, that I can hit off a likeness afterwards, though not if a person were to sit to me; I made such a resemblance* of our servant's face when Grimaldi called, that Jane recognized it, but unfortunately I blotted it out accidentally with a drop of ink, and could not get it again.

Thank goodness the weather is better, and I can, and do, get out; I am mending, and hope to rattle off the next No. as I did the "Comic." Why don't you come here instead of going to Cheshunt, and we will take a trip to Bruges? Take care of yourself. I am vexed to trouble you so, but it won't last long.

I am, my dear Wright,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

* Besides this likeness, my father in "Up the Rhine," in the cut of "A Spare Bed," achieved a very good caricature of Mr. Dilke, who was as much amused at it as my father. He was often lucky in this way. *Apropos* of a pencil sketch of De Quincey, who died some years ago—the last, I believe, of the "Old London" contributors—he says, "Unable to make anything 'like a likeness' of a sitter for the purpose, I have a sort of Irish faculty for taking faces behind their backs. But my pencil has not been guilty of half the personalities attributed to it; amongst others, of a formidable likeness of a 'Lombard Street Banker.' Besides that one would rather draw on a banker than at him, I have never seen the gentleman alluded to, *or even* a portrait of him, in my life." This was Rogers,

Apropos I want to patronise a poor self-taught wood-cutter here, in a very humble line; he only cuts butter stamps and moulds for ginger-bread; but when you send a parcel, if you have any worn-out gravers or tools it would be a charity.

This last little trait of kindness is one of many unknown acts of a similar description performed by my father in an unostentatious Christian charity, which might have been with advantage imitated by some, who were in their denunciation of him as noisy as the trumpets they blew before them every time they "did an alms."

39, Rue Louvois, Ostend, *March* 31, 1838.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

I fully intended to have had the happiness of spending an evening at Stratford before my departure from London, but thanks to a number of vexatious and unjustifiable delays in business, I was at last obliged to cut and run to save time, leaving all the pleasures I had promised myself to the future.

For instance I longed to see all your children, but I fear now they will all be a year older should I meet them. But it was very kind of you to come to Pimlico; and I rejoice at it, as I think you and Dilke will know and like each other. Pray tell Mrs. Elliot that I acknowledge my debt, and owing her a visit, will pay it for my own sake the very first opportunity.

I was fortunate in a very fine passage across, but have been very poorly since my return; the voyage to London

and the picture was in "Whims and Oddities," but in other instances my father often hit off fair resemblances of persons he did not know, and seemed, in "drawing" on fancy, to have hit on a wall, where Truth *happened to be found.*—T. H.

did me *very* great good, so much so that my foot healed two or three days after my arrival. But—I need not tell you how—I was well worried when in town (all booksellers are alike), and my foot got worse, and at this present writing is as bad, or nearly, as ever; my great anxiety to get my foot healed is for the sake of air and exercise, and besides I shall have to work pretty hard ere Midsummer. Unluckily we have such a bad coast, bad boats, and bad boatmen, I cannot sail, but I mean to take a trip to Dover and back now and then, or perhaps to Havre, as there is a boat from here just begun running. Poor Jane has not been very well through fatigue and anxiety; Fanny is pretty well, but Tom has been troubled a little in cutting his back teeth.

He was very delighted to see me back, but I suppose I did not romp with him quite equal to his expectations, for after a day or two as I was sitting reading, he said with an arch look at his mother, "I do wish my pa would come home."

I was a good deal fatigued by my night journey in the Dover mail, and no doubt looked invalid enough. So the cabin boy placed a basin at my feet at starting, and I caught him watching me intently throughout the passage, evidently not a little wondering that only "the sick gentleman" wouldn't be sick. To make the case more marked, a very fierce looking foreign officer well moustached, was pitiably "reduced to the lowest terms," and had all the fight, as well as everything else, taken out of him. These are strange constitutional differences—my own viscera for instance have been so long deranged, I cannot imagine how they could be proof against the malady. By the bye, did I ever tell you of my Italian teacher at Coblenz and his emetic? He took it over night, but after an hour or so, feeling very comfortable, *he began to get* very uncomfortable, so he drank a

quantity of tea in hopes of "tea and turn out," which staid with the emetic; still more uncomfortable because he was so comfortable, he then took warm water at intervals which made him as comfortably uncomfortable as ever.

Then, getting a little nervous, he took some wine, no discomfort, except the comfort. Then warm water again, still only mentally uncomfortable, till finally, despairing of the case he went to bed with his "corporation unreformed," and having spent the night in this manner, he comfortably took his breakfast, which acted as the sailors say, "like a *stopper* over all." That was a stomach to delight Franklin, for as poor Robin says,

> "Get what you can,
> And what you get, hold."

I wonder none of the quack doctors have got up an infallible nostrum against the sea malady.

It would be sure, one would think, of a *sail*. One can almost fancy a little dialogue.

Passenger. "Well, Doctor, I have tried your sea-sick remedy."

Doctor. "Well,—and how did it *turn out?*"

Thank heaven, the twenty-four articles are signed and we are at peace. I have no desire to move again, except to England.

My prospect of that coast is somewhat clearer, as my health seems radically better, and, in the meantime, I have learned to like even Ostend. It seems to agree with me in spite of my foot. Moreover, as I learned when in town, I am far from fit yet for a London life. Summer is before me, and I do not mean to throw it away by late hours and dissipation, but to try, by a regular system, to get a little a-head *in health*. I am not desponding, but such annoyances as

the present, weaken, and lower, and worry me, particularly as I have as much to do as a strong person could get through.

And now, God bless you all, and prosper you in every way. Pray give our kindest regards to Mrs. Elliot. Mrs. Hood, alias Jane, shall, and will write some day, but she is so much of a nurse that, like her patient, her pen is obliged to leave undone many things that should be done,—for instance, the last Number of "Hood's Own."

I am, my dear Doctor,

Yours ever, very faithfully,

THOS. HOOD.

Have you read the account of Photogenic drawing or Lithography? Moore saw "History *write* with *pencil* of *light*," but now light itself draws without any pencil at all. 'Tis a mercy light does not write, but perhaps even that will be done hereafter, and Phœbus will not only be a patron of poets, but a poet himself, and deal, like me, in Light literature.

Jane, who has some maternal vanity, when she heard of the sun drawing pictures, said, "so does *my* son!"

May 23, 1839.

TO LIEUT. DE FRANCK,

Tim, says he, I am only able to write at short length, having more work for my pen and less time to do it in than ever. I have had a sad nine or ten months of it, almost always ill, and then having to do everything in haste by day and night. I think my liver complaint is tolerably cured, and I have not spit any blood for a very long while, but the *curing* has half killed me. I am as thin as a

lath and as weak as plaster. Perhaps I have no blood left to spit.

As to my leanness, look at the portrait. Tim, says he, I was over in England about three months ago at Dilke's, where I spent three weeks; but though I am quite at home there, I came back to Ostend very willingly; late hours and company do not agree with me yet. Will they ever? God knows.

Another year will set me up, or knock me down,—the wear and tear of my nerves, &c., cannot last longer. By the bye, this very day I am forty,—and you will have to drink my health out of a certain Bohemian Goblet, given to me on a certain birth-day. As you cannot pledge me in it yourself, I will cheerfully be your proxy, provided the wine be good. As Béranger sings—

"Dans un grénier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!"

But then I am two score, and sometimes am ready to call them the Forty Thieves, for having stolen away all my youth and health.

Look at the picture, Tim, I do not quite look so ill as then, but I am as weak as gin-and-water without the gin.

Since Jane wrote, I have found your list and procured what tackle you wanted. But, moreover, I have had the good luck to meet with some *here*, which I jumped at, and send, good or bad, with some flies and hooks I had by me. For fear of plunder, I send a list signed by me, in the box.

All the tackle you will be so kind as to accept from me—with my best wishes towards the fisherman, and the worst towards the fish—except the gentle-boxes, which Tom junior (I will not call him my "son and heir," as you have neither *son nor hair) is* desirous of sending you. He says, "The

gentles have not only a little house, but a yard to walk about in." I did not expect an improvement in a gentle-box, but you see there is a little tray to roll them into and select from. I guess you will enjoy the Pickwick—it is so very English.

A longer letter next time from,

Dear Johnny,

Yours ever very truly,

TIM.

SATURDAY, *Oct.* 21, 1839.*

MY OWN DEAREST AND BEST,

You will have wondered at not hearing from me, and still more as a packet went to Bradbury, all of which I have to explain. It is a mingled yarn I must spin of good and bad. I was getting on so well, that, knowing its importance at present, on many accounts, and as Mrs. D—— was writing, I would not hinder myself; for it is not always I have the power to compose, which I was enjoying. In fact, I was rejoicing in my progress; and the only reason I did not send a packet was this, that what I had written was farther on in the book, and wanted some previous matter to connect it; and as the Bradburys had a sheet to go to press with, and half a sheet besides set up, I was afraid of locking up their type. The last thing I did was the story of the

* About this time my mother went over to England to visit her family, after an absence of four or five years. While she was away my father was taken very ill, as will be seen in the following letter, which, however, is very cheerfully written for fear of alarming her. My father was now becoming aware of the fact that the Belgian climate did not suit him better than the German. Only the native air of his own England suited him. From that, his misfortune—and the faults of others, rather than his own—excluded him. In spite of this, nevertheless, he kept up a brave heart, and struggled against illnesses, which an attentive reader will see were *increasing in* number and character every year.—T. H.

man who overhears the devil repeating the fatal word. This was finished on Wednesday night, but not posted, for the above reason. And so I went to bed about eleven, well pleased with my work; but no sooner in bed than I had one of my old rheumatic attacks in my foot. A sudden change to very cold weather, I think, brought it on. You know what those attacks are. Your desire that I should wish for you, and *not* wish for you, literally came true. I missed the comfort, but was hardly sorry you were not present to be distressed by sufferings you could not relieve. I groaned all the night through in agony, without intermission; and on Thursday morning, about ten, put on leeches, which relieved me a *little*. Soon after, from sheer exhaustion, I fell asleep; but almost immediately woke up again with a most violent cramp in the same leg. The only remedy is to walk about on it; but with my foot all swelled and inflamed, I could not put it to the ground, and could only wait till the cramp went away of itself. You may suppose the double anguish was intolerable—in fact, it quite convulsed me; and when the cramp was over, I had the pain all day, with only one short doze. At night, it was worse than ever, and I got no relief but by repeatedly putting it in hot water, and then only for the moment. It was so dreadful, I made Mary sleep in the children's room, for I thought I should be delirious. It abated a little in the day, but I was so weakened, I was less able to bear it, but got a little sleep in the evening and in the night. The pain only left me this morning, and I still cannot move my foot freely. But it is so far over and gone, though I am suffering from exhaustion. I waked several times in the night quite in a dew of perspiration. To-morrow I shall be up, I expect, in my own room. Mary nursed me very attentively, and the children were very *good*. *Poor Tibby* made herself very useful, and Tom did

his best at nursing, though it consisted in cuddling up one of my hands and keeping it warm with everything he could wrap round it.

I seem doomed to have the trial once a year,—thank God, it only comes like Christmas. But I am not out of spirits, for, in other respects, I have been unusually well, and getting on. I am glad the Dilkes like the book, and have hopes of it myself. I shall make it 12s., and it will have nearly, if not quite, double the letterpress of the "Whims," and as many cuts.

I do beg you will see Elliot, it is of as great concern as anything else, and you are apt to forget *yourself*, dearest, when other matters are in hand. Don't over-fatigue yourself, but use those little flys. Come back to me well, and you will find me so, or make me so, my best. We shall do well yet, and weather the point, if my health keeps as it promises. I shall go out to sea again. Trolling is over, and long-line fishing begun. Backer does not stay out all night, but goes one day and puts down his lines, returns, and goes and takes them up the next day. That would suit me very well. Thank you, dearest, for the herrings, they were excellent.

I feel so much better that I shall go to work again this evening. It will not hurt me, as getting on is the greatest comfort I have. The children, bless them, are so good, and agree so well, it is quite delightful. Mrs. D—— takes them out every fine day. They both send love, and kisses, in abundance. Tom has drawn me with the leeches on, and says I roared like Dilke. You may tell Mrs. Dilke I mean to lay up "my uncle"* in earnest at Coblenz, and let Franck go on his march, whilst the old gent recovers. How useful

* My uncle and Franck, are two of the characters in "Up the Rhine." —T. H.

"them Dilkes" are to me as suggestions! It does me good to hear of them, or from them. Pray give my love to them and say, I now do hope we may all meet on this side of heaven. Also the Elliots, and ask his consent to the Dedication. Remember me kindly to W. Dilke if you see him.

* * * * *

God bless you my own, enjoy yourself as much as you can, you may be easier about me now this is over than before. It was CRUEL suffering; but I could not describe, without laughing, that cramp, for I was pirouetting about on one leg, and the other drawn up in such a twist, as only Grimaldi used to effect. Or remembering I was only in my shirt, I must have been like Oscar Byrne in his short tunic, and making as many grimaces. Luckily I was alone, for I must have bundled out of bed, had Hannah More been present! Don't tell Mrs. Dilke, or she will never lend me a spare bed again. Mary has brought me up a two-fold supper on one plate; on one side a roasted apple, on the other some nondescript "strips" (tripe).* I ate the apple, and looked at the tripe, *Verbum sap.* She is very attentive, so bring her something. God bless you again, I am going to settle, it's half past ten.

I forgot to say I shall want four "Hood's Own" (in the vol.), you had better send them per stewardess, as I suspect you will be loaded.

N.B. Dories are coming in, tell the Dilkes. The other day I, Tom, and Fanny had a little one a piece.

I must wait for Sydney Smith till I'm richer,—perhaps they will reprint it at Brussels. Mrs. R. has not sent my books yet—I bide my time. As to the Farce, the best way will be by a note to try Matthews' mind,—it was accepted

* *The Dutch servant's idea of the English word "tripe."*—T. H.

by Price, but stopped by his stoppage. (Bulletin) Hurra! I can move my toes! —

OSTEND, *November* 7, 1839.

MY DEAR DILKS,

* * * * *

As regards Boz, his *morale* is better than his material, though that is often very good; it is *wholesome* reading: the drift is natural, *along with the great human currents, and not against them.* His purpose sound, with that honest independence of thinking, which is the constant adjunct of true-heartedness, recognising good in low places, and evil in high ones, in short a manly assertion of Truth *as* truth. Compared with such merits, his defects of over-painting, and the like, are but spots on the sun.

For these merits alone, he deserves all the successes he has obtained, and long may he enjoy them! As for Jack Sheppard, the test of its value is furnished by the thieves and blackguards that yell their applause at its slang songs, in the Adelphi. Can the penny theatres so unceremoniously routed, produce any effects more degrading and demoralising? From what I have heard of *their* pieces, they were comparatively mere absurdities to such positive Moral Nuisances.

The Inland Navigation was also interesting. I like to see scientific theories thus justified by practice. Brains are better than brute force after all!

* * * * *

I am very glad you like my German book so far. I think I have kept old Orchard true to himself; but I fear it is vastly unlike the character of that pig-headed, purblind, bigoted being, an English agricultural country gentleman; a species identified with corn laws, no popery, "Bible, Crown,

and Constitution," and all other creeds and opinions that are sown by narrow instead of *broad* cast. However a man with Death constantly before his eyes, would probably be more honest, and tolerant.

* * * * *

Talking of Germany, I have just heard from Franck, who desires his remembrances to you and Mrs. Dilke. He is now in Silesia making, or at least superintending the manufacture of guns. Possibly Russia and Prussia have some joint war game in view, with a very blind reliance on bayonets, by number, and a great ignorance of their own real position. The death of the King, made prudent by reverses, if it were to happen at this juncture might precipitate the dénouement. But with a plot in his army, and the Circassians, I should think Nicholas had enough to do at home. The moral effect of that brilliant affair in India at this crisis will be great. "If England to herself would be but true," if Englishmen would but seek their own good in the national welfare, instead of the reverse; if instead of attributing her past greatness to old systems of misrule and corruption, because they were contemporaneous, they would but see that she flourished in *spite of them!* But alas! like the blind young gentleman in the "Tatler," the more you couch them, the more they will blunder and mistake one thing for another. He took the cook, didn't he? for his sweet-heart, and the postman for his father.

Apropos to Germany how very C—ish are the letters from Berlin and Leipsic! How he jumps from the Turk's turbans, by a *Volti subito*, to the crotchets and quavers.

> "With rings on his fingers and (bells on his toes!)
> We shall have *music* wherever he goes!"

I defy you, editor as you are, to make a more apt and

characteristic quotation; poor dear editors, when the new postage begins, how you will be pelted by penny letters!

Tom and Fanny are quite well, poor dear things, they are the only comforts I have in my goutiness, namely, by making them sit still because I can't walk about! And that is such a comfort, (if you ask the philosophers) to crusty people. My poor legs! I must go and stick them in the sands, as the piles are, to get *mussels* to 'em! By the bye I am going to have some for supper; they don't swell me, as they did your Mussulman, and they would only improve *my* figure if they did. Poor Mary, she tries to nurse and suit me, only when I had no appetite, the weakest stomach, and worst digestion, she brought me a bullock's liver to tempt me. But she does her best, which is more than Lord Camelford did.

My landlord has just sent me up a prospectus he has received from Frankfort, inclosing shares of a lottery for the grand estate of Gross Zdekau, in Austria! To gull John Bull I reckon. I guess they won't get much out of the close-fisted Belgians. I remember such a lottery before for a princely estate somewhere in Germany, and the prince won it himself! How *very* lucky! But you know, Dilke, the Germans are so honest! For instance I read this day in the "Life of Höltz,"

"It occurred to me to give lessons in Greek and English, for the purpose of earning something, and taking the burthen off my father; I gave daily five lessons; but I have not been paid by half my pupils. Some have gone away, and others show no intention of paying!" Mind that's a German's own account of German honesty, and not mine, Von Dilke! But what an ungrateful dog I am! The first thing Franck saw in a Silesian circulating library was "Tales from the Works of *Thomas Hood*, translated by Gustavus Sellen, Leipsic,"

(seven of the "National Tales"). "Now I am sure," says Franck, "you never wrote them, firstly because I never heard you mention them, and secondly they are not at all like you, they are much too sentimental, and as high-flown and flowery as the Germans generally write their novels!" That's what I call translation, not merely done into the German language, but into the German style, and German feeling.

The first thing I have found do me any good, was a bottle of porter, so I have continued it, three glasses per day, eschewing all other drinks, luckily it's very gettable here, and I think it helps me to fetch up my long arrears of sleep; in case I don't, I have little Tom for a bed-fellow till Jane returns; only the sick, and sleepless, and spiritless can know the comfort, the blessing of a familiar voice in the long dreary night. Mind I don't wake him up on purpose, but, even if I did, his good temper would excuse it. Being waked in such a way is a sure test of temper, if ever you want to try Mrs. Dilke's. *I* rouse up very well, and patiently, particularly about ten in the morning. I am living in a sort of world before time. Tom has managed to stop the works of my watch, the Black Forest clock* has stopped of itself, and there's a Dutch clockmaker's over the way but it's dark, —I guess it's about half past ten, but it may be two in the morning, so I'll shut up. My kindest regards to Mrs. Dilke, (I shall write next to her,) to Wentworth, and to William if in town. God bless you all, saith,

Dear Dilke,

Yours ever very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

* A little eccentric German clock, a "striking" favourite of my father's, *who purchased it in* the Schwarzwald. Mrs. Dilke bought one at the same

P.S. Mrs. Dilke, if you are a happy woman, and don't want to be a widder, read all Dilke's letters and notes *first*. The Count de la P—— will call him out, but don't let him go out any more than his Arnott's stove. If anybody enquires after the editor, say "Mr. C——'s in Germany, but I don't exactly know where,—it begins with a B!" Good bye. "God bless."

You need have no remorse about this letter. You would not have had such a long one if I had not actually despatched a packet by this very night's steamer for Bradbury. As the boys say from school to their fathers, "I am getting on very well in my writing!" and at this present somewhat ahead of the printer.

La Rhetorique, Rue St. François, *Nov.* 18, 1839.

Dear Dilke,

I should think C—— would not part with *his* autograph, but I think it very probable that M—— appropriated one. After the "Gem" was done, a silver cup, or something, was sent to Sir Walter, and there may have been a letter springing out of that to me, as editor. I feel sure I have kept *all* mine. I should like to know the fact.

You were quite right about my advertisement, but it *was* a difficulty I have not yet got over. I am toiling hard for the 25th, but it *is* such weather! It's a wretched climate in spring, autumn, and winter: such damp, unwholesome fogs. Our paved yard has been sloppy wet the last week, without a drop of rain. Plenty of low fever and dysentery in the town: yet it is better than inland, for we *have* the sea.

time, and unfortunately some of the works of the two got transferred from one to the other, and they never went well in consequence. This is the origin of the jokes made by my father in his letter to Mrs. Dilke, about their having one another's "insides."—T. H.

I am *so* glad you haven't seen the Bruges casket *yet*. I would get Jane to copy out a criticism on that, too, but there isn't room. Besides you threaten to print,—wherefore I shall send nothing but cutting-up strictures on the "Athenæum" in future, which you may extract in it *if you like*.

You talk of my being meant for a painter,—Tom *is;* t'other day he cut a great notch out of his hair. "How came you to do that?" asked his mother. Says Tom, as grave as a judge, "for a *paint-brush!*" There's early bias for you! Now I must go to work again. It will be my waking dream, *our* Belgian Tour. Kind regards to Wentworth, and love to all.

Ever, dear Dilke,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

MY DEAR MRS. DILKE,

I owe you a letter!

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S.—Eleven at night.

LA RHETORIQUE, RUE ST. FRANÇOIS, À OSTEND,
November 23, 1839.

MY DEAR DOCTOR ELLIOT,

I ought to have written to you before, but I am terribly hurried in getting out my book, having been thrown back by the weather of this uncertain climate. The truth is, I cannot quite make out your meaning, or your wish in your note to Mrs. Hood about the dedication. If you mean to imply that I should look out some more illustrious personage, or great man, who might have patronage, I have no

hopes or desires of that nature, but prefer inscribing my books to parties I respect and esteem, or have a regard for,—such as yourself.

But perhaps you are averse to having your name brought before the public in that way; in any case, do not scruple at once to object, if you *feel* any objection, and I will not be too inquisitive about your reasons. May I beg your answer *by return of post*—a few lines will suffice, as I know how your time is occupied with business.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

CHAPTER VIII.

1840.

At Ostend—Letters to Dr. Elliot—Goes to England—Is taken seriously ill at Stratford—Letters to his Wife—Mrs. Hood joins him at Stratford—Letter to Mr. Dilke—Returns to Ostend—Final settlement in England, at Camberwell—Mrs. Hood to Lieutenant de Franck—Letter to Dr. Elliot—Discovers the misconduct of his Publisher—Commences a law-suit against him—Engaged on *The New Monthly*—"Miss Kilmansegg."

11*th March*, 1840.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I feel deeply obliged in the lowest depth, and deeper still, for your prompt and kind letter. I have just translated it to one of the Belgian Consultation, and hasten to give you the result.

* * * * *

Now here was a striking proof of the ill effect of the climate. Though the weather looked so beautiful, the earth was in one of its cold sweats: at three o'clock the whole place was wrapped in a white mist, and our paved yard as wet as after rain. It is quite curious to watch the phenomenon. From the yard a flight of about twelve or fifteen steps leads to the second floor. You literally see the damp ascend, step by step, till the whole flight is wet. To natives and residents in health this may not prove so obviously injurious; but to invalids, and especially coming into it at this season, its effects are very marked. I have just heard of a case like mine.

Moreover, Mr. D——, a strong man, returned from fox-*hunting in England* last Friday, and is now taken with a

sore throat, and unwell, and attributes it altogether to the same cause. As to myself, I am a perfect hygrometer, and for a wager could tell, by my feelings alone, whether the stones in our yard were wet or dry. I can perfectly, I think, understand the peculiar effect of the air on me as on Sunday. * * * However, whether the lungs be touched or not, I shall follow your instructions as if they were; though I could hardly help smiling at a part of them—where I was "to be mum and very still;" it sounded so much like an exhortation from *a Friend* to turn *Quaker*. But, in reality, I find no difference in my voice, it is as strong as usual, and I read aloud your letter from end to end without the slightest inconvenience. In the Walcheren low fevers (akin to the effects of this air), bark I believe was the great specific: and in the same way the tonics may do me good. * * *

Till I get over the blood-spitting, I sit wholly in my bedroom; it looks to the west and is better secured. My own room is not very air-tight, and the windows front the east, and in spite of fire I feel its evil influence. The ground-floor is uninhabitable—it drips with damp!

* * * * *

Without all these means and appliances (hot bottles, baths, &c.), I find great difficulty in keeping warm extremities. I even cover my hands, and, like Sir Roger de Coverley's literary ancestor in the picture, write sonnets with my gloves on. For, alas! I cannot follow up one of your rules, and give up all work. Throughout I have been obliged to puzzle through very ill-kept and tardily-rendered *

* My father was a good arithmetician. Many of his rough MSS. were covered with sums in the neatest of figures. One of the games, which (as I have mentioned) he invented for us, was a truly British game of mercantilism. *Boxes rigged* with paper sails represented our traders, and

accounts—a harassing job enough—and I know its ill effects on me; but *necessitas non habet!* But I leave all such matters to talk over with you by word of mouth some day. Really I was half-inclined to come across by to-day's packet to see you, feeling it a serious case if I should happen not to be in the right course. But I gave up the idea as very inconvenient just now, and in some respects a risk. I was obliged to leave London suddenly, or I should most certainly have come to Stratford, as I had planned. If I did not write from Grosvenor-place, it was only from fear of taxing your kindness, remembering the great distance, and how you are engaged. I was exceedingly disappointed that I could not drop in on you, and show you my boy; he is a fine healthy fellow, very good, and almost reads.* He behaved most manfully on his travels, by sea and land, and was quite a gallant in London, as perhaps the Dilkes told you. Fanny is more delicate, but very good and very clever. With tolerable wealth I could be very happy, for my prospects are far from hopeless, indeed far otherwise—in fact, looking up. Poor Jane does not mend much; but her anxiety and fatigue about me are against her, probably the climate also. But I hope in autumn to quit Ostend, that is to say, I *must;* for another winter would assuredly kill me.

I was amused by a remark of old Dr. Jansen's (for he is

were freighted with different articles of commerce, to be bartered at various "ports" in different parts of the room. For this game our father used to make us out miniature "bills of parcels, and freight," and merchants' accounts, which I only regret were not preserved, as they were remarkable for neatness and accuracy.—T. H.

* We have thought it best not to omit any of these frequent mentions of his children, as to those who knew him the letters would lack a characteristic, and to those who did not know him, would fail to show the warmth of his domestic affections, if these passages had been struck out.—*T. H.*

quite a veteran). I said my sedentary profession was against me. And when he understood it was literary, "Ah!" said he, with a glance at a thin, yellowish face, "a *serious* writer, of course." Akin to this, I one day overheard a dispute between Tom and Fanny as to what I was. "Pa's a literary man," said Fanny. "He's not!" said Tom: "I know what he is." "What is he, then?" "Why," says Tom, "he's not a literary man—he's an invalid." They have made me an honorary Vice-President of the African Institute at Paris. Oddly enough, the day afterwards two black gentlemen came here in a ship on their way to Havannah. They caused some speculation in the town, so I gave out that they were a black deputation to bring my diploma.

I must now follow your rule, and go to bed. Our Carnival is fortunately over (the maskers of the lower class were dreadfully noisy), and we can sleep o' nights.

God bless you all. My wife's love to Mrs. Elliot and my kind regards along with it. Your united healths in a tumbler of Vitriolic! As I know your time is precious, do not trouble yourself to answer this, as there seems nothing of consequence to reply to; and, in the meantime, I shall follow your rules.

I am, dear Doctor,

Yours ever very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S. Can my spitting blood have ceased because I have *none* left? What a subject for a German romance, "The Bloodless Man!"

What a droll notion of a Greek lately applying to the Tribunal at Athens to move for a new trial *in re* Socrates! The Court refused to enter on the matter. It might have

reversed the verdict on the philosopher, but who could unpoison him?

La Rhetorique, Rue St. François, à Ostend,
March 29th, 1840.

My dear Doctor,

Many thanks for your very kind letter. I am happy to tell you, that I have had no return of the blood since I mentioned. I am more than ever convinced the great evil is the climate; and it appears to be characteristic, as of Holland, &c., that when once the climate gets hold of you in such a way, there is no remedy but to leave it. It is my belief, that this place, the height of summer excepted, cannot be good for any one; but that for any peculiar complaint or predisposition, it is one of the very worst that could be selected.

I perfectly understand your description of my case, and have not the slightest doubt of your being right. What I mean to say is, there is no lung disease, *i. e.* original. This mischief is in the stomach or liver; and I can imagine how that may affect the lungs, or any other neighbouring part, as an embarrassment or stoppage in the Strand would affect bridges or any other laterals.

Your kind invitation is a very tempting one in every way. For the mere benefit of your opinion, I was half tempted to run across for a week: but, in reality, the voyage and change of air always do me so much good, and so promptly, that, instead of seeing me indisposed, you would be almost inclined to think half my complaint must be hyp—or sham. I almost suspect it is the belief of some of my non-medical friends. For instance, how well I was at Dilke's! You know better; but still, you could not see an attack.

I never had even an inclination to spit blood in London. *Then at Dilke's* I used daily to let the fire go out; whereas

here I am perpetually scorching my boots to keep my feet warm, and cannot keep my hands out of my pockets for cold. Moreover, my mind always derives benefit from the change of scene, and a little society; and altogether I am better always for a trip to England. But there are too many lions in the path for me to think of it at present. In the meantime, I will follow your rules as closely as possible, and if I can but hold on till the fine weather sets in, I hope I shall get over these attacks whilst I have to remain at Ostend.

My principal suffering at present is that after dinner, however light,—a bit of fish, for instance, whiting or haddock —I feel a great discomfort, not easy to describe, a compound of sinking and yet oppression: sometimes a little drowsiness, languor, lassitude, and a craving, not for wine in particular, but some assistance, either stimulus or warmth. I longed for my tea, for example, but find coffee still more comforting, and have it directly after dinner. It seems to me to be that the first process of digestion is so weak. I take no other liquids save toast or barley-water.

So God bless you all. With kind regards from us to you both,

I am, dear Doctor,

Yours ever very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

In accordance with Dr. Elliot's wish and invitation, my father went to England, where he was seized with a very severe attack of spitting blood at Dr. Elliot's house, as the following letters to my mother describe :—

STRATFORD, *April* 15*th*, 1840.

MY OWN DEAREST AND BEST,

I could not write yesterday to you, nor can much to-day. I came here on Monday evening, and fortunately

for me, for in the evening, or rather at night, I had a very bad attack, spitting more blood than ever at once, except the first time at Coblenz. The Doctor watched it, and meant to bleed me, but it went off. Tuesday morning it returned; and, by way of saving blood, he took some from my arm, till I was rather faint. I am now better, but am obliged to keep silence and remain in bed. It will be a comfort to you, dearest, to know I am here with all skill and help at my hand, and every comfort and care. A brother and sister could not be kinder to me than they are; only *one* other *could* nurse me more tenderly and affectionately. So pray do not be anxious on my account. I am now better, body and mind. The Doctor says he has now no doubt on my case, that I am as he expected to find me, and the affection is what he supposed it to be, aggravated by the largeness of my heart. The more to give to you, love!

* * * * *

The weather is fine, but with a cold east wind, though I do not suffer from it under an English roof in an English bed. I am hoping you had fine weather for your Bruges trip, which would do you all good. Dilke, if he can, is to come here to-day to see me. Poor Mrs. D. wrote me such a storm of wind, to account for my not hearing from you on *Wednesday*, thinking I was worrying myself. I have written to quiz her on her hurricane, as *there was no post*.

* * * * *

I quite regret that I was prevented from bringing Tom here; he would have been so happy. There is a little fellow, full of fun, about his own age, and a little girl, so like what Willie was, it struck me in an instant. They are all very well. I am a sort of melodramatic mystery, I *suspect*, to some of the boys, associated with many basons

and blood! The two little ones have visited me in my room, and this morning brought me in the Comic Annual to *amuse* me! To the little things I must look a very odd personage, for I have been unshaved since last Saturday, and am almost a *sapeur*. But I avoid all exertion, and keep in bed in hope of discounting the attack.

It is rather trying to my patience to be so laid up—passive, when I ought to be active.

* * * * *

They have a nice garden here, and a paddock. I take a look out of my window sometimes, and invariably find my eyes resting on Shooter's Hill. A blue hill is a novelty after our flats. Then the quiet is quite delicious. I do not hear a sound. Now the Rue St. François is almost as noisy as Cheapside, with railway-trucks and fish-barrows. I feel very English-like here; that is as good as saying I feel very comfortable!

The young D——s are expected back soon; they are at Henley-on-Thames. They are to live in Sloane Street. We have had a deal of fun, Mrs. Dilke and I, about the haste of the wedding, that the cake was put in a very quick oven, &c. I told Mrs. Dilke they ought to have put it in the papers thus:—"*Suddenly*, on such a day, at St. Luke's, Pimlico."

Mrs. Elliot has just looked in, and desires her love to you. I know you will give them credit for all kindness, but it is really delightful, and I am so very comfortable; it must help my getting well, for it soothes my mind, which else has enough to fret about. But I turn my thoughts into the pleasantest channels I can, none more so than yourself and the children. I think of you continually, and, however well off, must pine and long for your faces and kisses. God bless you all, again and again! Do let me hear from you soon.

that you are better, and let us get well, body and mind together. I long to write more, but am forbidden.

* * * * *

STRATFORD, *April* 18*th*, 1840.

MY OWN DEAREST LOVE,

As you seem so anxious about me, I write, though it should prove but a few lines, to make you more easy. You have no doubt been alarmed by my writing from bed, where I still am; but not from inability to rise, but as a sort of precaution. But I have had no fresh attack since the bleeding in the arm. I suspect had I been bled at first at Ostend instead of lingering on for fourteen days, it would have averted all this; but the Doctor says they probably thought I had no blood to spare, and he only bled me to save blood in the end. He seems to think that the great cause is in the heart itself, and that in future I must live very quietly:* as free as possible from mental agitation or annoyance. Alas, how difficult for any of us to escape! He is very earnest for my returning to England, as the best climate for both mind and body, and at this moment, there are many inducements literally *before my eyes*. It is a lovely, sunny day. Imagine me in bed, with the window open, looking over their garden across the country, so green with its meadows and hedges, and Shooter's Hill so beautifully blue in the distance. It looks lovely and yet "my heart's in the *low*lands—my heart is not here," and I feel how many other conditions are necessary to my living in England. In the meantime let it console you, that I am enjoying English comforts; my bed, even when it could not be made for

* My mother was always careful to keep my father free from any anxiety and worry that she could, and we children were brought up in a sort of Spartan style of education, and taught the virtues of silence and *low voices*.—*T. H.*

two or three days, was more comfortable than my littering down abroad. My great misery is to lie here, doing nothing in the way of work, or arrangements, for I am not allowed to speak enough for business matters.

* * * * *

But by the present sacrifice of time, as of blood, I hope to save in the end, by avoiding any risk of relapse. You are right about my cravings, I do long for the old familiar faces —and the young ones, too—and the dear sweet voices and loving kisses. "There's no place like home," especially for the sick or sorrowful. Yet is this the very next to one's own house; and in one respect better, and in that we must both take comfort. I have great hope the extreme care and skill I am treated with, must do me *permanent* good. The kindness and attention of both the Doctor and Mrs. Elliot are delightful; she brings me everything herself, and forestalls all my wants and wishes. I have daily visits, too, from the children. Willie, now a fine lad, likes to come and talk a little.

I find if I close shortly it will go off to-day, so I must finish. Of course I have no news, had I time, beyond what I have told you of myself. I am grieved to hear of your bad cold, but of course it was from the early journey, but the jaunt would cheer you up a bit. As you cannot nurse me take all good care of my other self, and above all do not fret about me, but let us meet again, well and happy on both sides. I wish I could write to my dear good children. Kiss them fondly for me, I know what a comfort they must be to you.

* * * * *

The Doctor has just been up, and he says I am going on very well. I promise you faithfully to let you know should

I be worse, so that when you *do not* hear from me you may be at ease.

STRATFORD, *Good Friday, April*, 1840.

MY OWN DEAREST,

Recollecting that you would not otherwise hear till Tuesday, I cannot deprive you so long of what I know will be such comfortable news for you, as my being much better. Fortunately the weather has been beautiful. On Tuesday I had my bed-room window open nearly all day! On Wednes- I came down stairs, for the first time, and took a turn in the garden. Yesterday I was out in it for a still longer time, and the fresh air really seems fresh life to me. Good air acts as potently on me as bad. I do not feel so weak as I expected, from the loss of blood and low diet. I take no meat, only light puddings, with tea, coffee, and the vitriolic lemonade as drinks. Oranges, and lemonade made with isinglass, biscuits and sponge cakes. There you have my *diète*. The rigour of my silence is relaxed a little, and I am beginning to make acquaintance with the "kin." William, George, and Gilbert are nice boys—then little Dunsterville, about Tom's age, Jeanie a year older, and the baby, a girl. They all look so well and happy it is a pleasure to be amongst them. Such regrets that I could not bring Tom here, last time! Dilke has talked of him to them a good deal. By-the-bye, it seems to me, being fine, and a holiday, I may possibly see something of the Dilkes to-day, as she talked of coming. Tell Tibbie and Tom, being Good Friday, I breakfasted to-day on regular hot-cross buns. I shall long for their letters, as I have done for their dear faces and gossip; and you may suppose I have had many lonely hours in bed, for being forbidden to talk, it was better to have no one to *sit with me*. But now comes the hardship. As I get better,

my mind gets anxious, and I long to be doing. Whilst it was impossible I submitted; by dint of reading, I kept my mind quiet, and have been tolerably patient; but now that I am able to get down and walk out, though but a little, all the urgency of my affairs returns on me in spite of myself; but I must banish them, or I shall be thrown back again.

* * * * *

I am sitting opposite my open window, and by help of Shooter's Hill can tell which way lies Ostend. I seem to have the pigeon's sight, but wish for the pigeon's flight along with it, towards home. My hope is that this attack may enable the doctor to judge, and put me on a good plan for the future. But I had rather my liver had been worse, and my heart better, as I know I am fore-doomed to wear and tear, and that is worst for the last. I must not write a great deal now, or I shall lose my lounge in the garden. I have got to dress, and the post goes from here at three. I dine between one and two.

I mean to try and write a ballad or something, whilst I am here; but my mind, as well as my body, as yet feels very languid. Every comfort but seeing you, I have here, and all that kindness can do, or think of. There is no country like England, no people like the English after all.

I am not surprised at B——'s wanting to go to New Zealand; there are simple savages there to take in and plunder.

You must not take fright at my scrawl; it is the best I can manage, unless the vitriol water I have put in mends my ink. My pen ought to run to say all I feel towards you, for I think of you incessantly, and it helps to make me well.

Now that I'm off your hands, I do hope you will take care

of yourself; it will be no use my getting well, if you don't: it will be like a paralysis of one side.

I can see the smoke of the steamers going up and down the river, and it sets me longing. This time I hope to come home direct, and not through Dover.

But for the "world's gear," how happy could I be in spite of ill health! I half suspect the sickness of my heart has been from hope deferred. But time and the tide wear through the roughest day; so pluck up your spirits, dear one, and let us hope still; it is better, at all events, than despairing. If you were but as near as you are dear to me, I think I should find little ailing. If it but please God to spare me you and my bairns sound and well, I will not repine at the rest.

* * * * *

STRATFORD, *April*, 1840.

I am very sorry, my own dearest and best, to have been the cause of disappointing you; but I only told you what my own impression was on the subject of your coming. I must confess I almost wished afterwards that you should come, in spite of it; your good heart so seemed set upon it. I do not either undervalue the comfort you would be to me, though I hardly see how you could well help me in business matters; and I should be anxious about the "kin" in the absence of both of us.

As regards myself, I am mending, though very slowly. I have not deceived you about my state: I do not spit even stale blood now; but I am very weak and languid, often low and nervous, as you may suppose, as up to this I have never eaten any animal food, or had any drink save tea or coffee. But the Doctor thinks it the best and safest course, and *evidently proceeds* very cautiously, as I have no doubt a

relapse now would be very serious. I could (but don't) fret a good deal at the delays and loss of time; and, in spite of all my efforts, at times am much disturbed to think that nothing is doing. I try to write a trifle, but cannot, from prostration of mind and body. Up till now, indeed, I have been sadly troubled with beatings and noises in the head; I am getting better, but it takes time. Yesterday I had a ride out for the first time, with the doctor, past Lake House, as far as old Rounding's and back. It did me good. The weather is still good, luckily, and is all in my favour; but I have not yet been to town, nor do I yet feel equal to business. My nerves are shaken, and my spirits are low generally, though I keep as tranquil as I can. But it frets my heart to remain thus passive; in fact, I cannot go on so much longer, but must exert myself at all hazards. I have received your letter by post, but not the children's, which I hope to have in the course of the day. I will answer them both; and am going to send down to Thames-street for the Sardines.

Mrs. Elliot (the doctor is out) has begged me to give you the warmest invitation. I do not know what to say; if I were merely selfish, it would instantly be "Come." I must leave it to your own resolve whether you can come comfortably, and can feel secure about the children; for I see you are fretting yourself ill about me. Perhaps you could save me some trouble in inquiries, &c.; at all events, I will try to think so, and I know you will try to make it so. But all must depend upon your own feelings of what you are equal to, and how you can manage.

If it would but help to shorten my stay here in England, I would say "come at once," that I may the sooner return with you; for, in spite of all the kindness and comfort here, the constant sense that I ought to be elsewhere and active,

makes it like being bed-ridden. You will understand what I mean, for I have every care and comfort under this roof.

Of course, if you come, you will come here first. I have no notion when you will arrive. My dinner is coming, so I have only time to say, God bless you all!

* * * * *

I bore the sight of Lake House very well till passing the front and looking up at that bed-room window;* the recollection of so much misery suffered there came over me like a cloud. It is all doing up smart. How beautiful it looked over the Chigwell Hills; but a great deal of timber is cut down in the Park, and the church stands out bold and ugly.

Pray, if you do come, be particular about the children. I shall long to get back again. God bless you all! Kind regards to the Major. I am glad my news got first. I suppose it will be in the next "Athenæum."

STRATFORD, 24*th April*, 1840.

In consequence of this last letter, my mother left Ostend at once, and proceeded to London, going on to the house of their kind friends the Elliots; whence the letter, from which the following is an extract, was written to Mr. Dilke by my father.

STRATFORD.

"Jane has been busy in a mercantile way—a perfect Tim Linkinwater in petticoats: I have been as useless as Mother

* It was at Lake House, during the alarming illness of my mother, soon after my birth, that the first blow was struck at my father's prosperity. No wonder the sight of the house was the origin of sad recollections. I remember, on a later occasion, when we all went a pic-nic on the Forest *with the Elliots*, that my father spent a long time by himself silently *looking at the old place*.—T. H.

Nickleby in trousers. I have been very low; but how can one have any animal spirits without animal food? Of course I have not fattened, except that some calomel flew to my face and gave it something of the shape of William the Fourth's. I am become a Pythagorean, not only in my diet, but my feelings, and wonder how anyone can eat meat. For instance, Jane has just lunched on a piece of cold beast. I therefore beg leave to thank you all the same for your wish for me at your dinner on Monday, but I don't eat bullock or hog. Not but that some ladies, and even delicate ones, make a 'Long Lane' of their 'red' ones—that is to say, a thoroughfare for the cattle out of Smithfield. But though I am not exactly in Paradise, *my* feeding is more consistent with that of our innocent first parents. Then, for drink, I taste the pure rill, and not the juice of squashed grapes, that Germans have danced in up to their *hocks*. In short, I have left off being carnivorous, and am nice as to my liquids."

The following extract from a letter of my mother's to Mr. Franck, will best explain the reasons that existed for their leaving Ostend, and settling eventually in England:—

Camberwell, *August* 13*th*, 1840.

"Immediately on settling in our new lodgings at Ostende, Hood had to set to work on his Rhine book, which was to have come out directly; but his health was a sad hindrance to his endeavours. At this time he began to see but too plainly that he was not done justice to by B——. * * * * Of course this was a most painful business, and worried him much. In October I was obliged to come to London, for Hood was busy writing, for Wright was very ill—indeed dying (he did die before my return to Ostend), and he had

hitherto acted for Hood. On my return in the beginning of November, I found Hood very much altered, from a severe attack he had during my absence; and from this time he went on, one illness after another, till January, when he came to London to get his accounts. He was five weeks at Dilke's, and then, with much trouble, he returned with only a part. 'Up the Rhine' had come out before Christmas, and the first edition of 1500 went off in a fortnight.

* * * * *

"Added to other evils, bad air, and damp house, all this told lamentably on poor Hood's already bad health. The doctors there evidently did not understand or know what to do. Hood wrote a statement to our friend Dr. Elliot, who directly wrote back to ask him to come and stay with them; adding, that they had just moved into a larger house, and could accommodate us, our children, and servant, very well, and should be very glad to see us. In the beginning of August, Hood left Ostende alone to go there, as we could not directly leave the place, having engaged our lodgings for a year. He stayed a week at Dilke's; but, feeling an attack coming on, set off to Dr. Elliot's, where he was on the first night seized with a very bad attack of spitting blood. The Doctor was up till two in the morning with him; and finding that the hemorrhage did not abate the next day, took blood from the arm till he fainted. This, the Doctor afterwards told me, was a very dangerous attack. Finding he was very ill, I got extremely anxious to be with him, and wrote off to beg he would let me come. At last he consented; and, at a few hours' notice, leaving the dear children in care of our friend here, I set off to London in the middle of May. Our friends the Elliots welcomed me most kindly, *and I found that* Hood had been so carefully and tenderly

nursed by them, that my coming could add but little to his comforts. Indeed, they have been, and are, the most invaluable friends. On my arrival in town, I had to do my best in business matters, which Hood was too ill to do. * * * * Hood has been forced to enter actions for his own books; and by doing this, the sale of the second edition of 'Up the Rhine' is ruined just at the season, all being locked up till the actions come on in November. * * * * Dr. Elliot gave his opinion that Hood would never be so well as in England, so we made up our minds to come and reside here again; but having much to arrange, we could not return for the children till about a month ago, which you, who know us, will suppose we gladly did, having been longer absent from them than we had ever been before. I confess I am very glad to be settled once again in my native land, and Hood is better too. Dr. Elliot has a brother near us here, also a medical man, clever in his profession, and a nice, friendly, sensible man. He takes much interest in Hood's health, which is certainly improved under his care. Hood is working very hard now, as all his anticipated means are locked up for the present. He is now engaged to publish with Mr. Colburn, and is writing articles in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' which are then to be collected in a volume. It has been gratifying to him to see the way in which all the public journals have welcomed his appearance there; and if it please God to grant him health, he will go on well here, far better than abroad. He needs English comforts, though I must tell you that he has not tasted beer, wine, or spirits, for six or seven months, and for three months never tasted meat. I believe the strictness, with which he attended to Dr. Elliot's advice in this, has saved his life—the complaint had got a-head so very much in that bad climate.

"Hood has written two articles on fishing in the new 'Sporting Magazine,' in which he has introduced some hints from your letters about those new fish you have described: indeed he places his fisherman on the banks of your Bromberg river. He will send them when he has an opportunity."

* * * * *

"Tim, says he,—Hasn't the English mail been overdue at Bromberg? But I couldn't help it. I have worked harder than a horse, for *he* does nothing with *his* head but eat and drink. I shall be all right now, health and everything. I have made a capital arrangement with Colburn. But I shall suffer from that Flemish climate for years."

The last paragraph is an interpolation of my father's. It will be seen that they had now settled at Camberwell, not far from the Green.

CAMBERWELL, *Nov.* 19, 1840.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

We were very much disappointed at not seeing you on Monday, but could easily divine the cause; something *akin* to what keeps us from Stratford—except that your time is essential to the lives of others, and mine to my own living. We have, however, been seriously intending to come over: for I felt sure you would be pleased to find me so much improved physically, if not morally, in spite of adverse circumstances—the long run of wet weather for one. I only mention hard work—which, like virtue, brings its own reward—as something besides, that my health has to get *over*—and then the *season* of the year—and yet it seems steadily to improve! Your brother appears to have hit *upon some medicine* very congenial, if it be not that the

very sight of him does me good (the only doubt I have of *your* medical *skill*), for an "Elliot" has always been one of the best exhibitors to a heart out of order. I will not enter on details, which probably your brother has given; but to me there appears to be a decided change for the better. And in return for the general interest you take in me, you deserve to know that matters are looking up—there is, and will be, a struggle of course; but from every quarter they say that I am writing better than ever, and I get on very comfortably with Colburn. Perhaps you saw my skirmish with B—— in the Athenæum; the exposure of my private affairs was on his part malicious, but being falsely given, has only ended in his own discomfiture and dishonour. He could not answer my charges, and did not, which people will understand. The final settlement of this affair is all that is necessary to clear up my mental weather. For the rest, I may suffer with what is called society, because, like many others, I do not pretend to be a rich man; but as I never sought the herd, they are welcome to shun me, as they did the bankrupt stag in the Forest of Amiens. After all, "As you like it," is the great secret, and I like it well enough as it is.

N.B. I mean to come to Stratford for all this moralising; and as all my complaints have a periodical character, most probably between this "New Monthly" and a new "New Monthly;" or from the 24th of this to the 1st of next month. But you had better prepare Willy for my coming in a common-place way, not so melodramatically as when I seemed to have been committing suicide with your assistance.*

* He was ushered in to see my father, during the bleeding spoken of in the letter dated April the 18th.—T. H.

If I were such a centaur as George is, I would oftener mount myself and trot over to see him; but Willy is much more of a locomotive than I am! What a frisky engine he would be on the Eastern Counties railway!

Dunnie and Jeanie will have grown like two cucumbers into quite another species, and May into a May-pole. Give my love to them all: my own "population" are very well, and now having filled my half I give up the pen to Jane, that she may write to Mrs. Elliot, to whom please to give my kindest remembrances, and say that, having taken again to meat, I am more stoutly than ever

Yours and hers very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Owing to the confused and unsatisfactory state of his accounts, and the undeserved shipwreck of "Up the Rhine," which *ought* to have paid well, my father's affairs were in anything but a flourishing condition. He had reasonably calculated that a work, on which he had bestowed the labour of so many painful hours, would have retrieved his expenses, and enabled him to go on easily enough. Instead of this, his health had been still further reduced by a dangerous illness aggravated by anxiety and mental toil; and a tedious law-suit for the fruits of his hardly earned labours (as he truly observed often "attested, literally, with his blood") was commenced, fated to drag on its attendant care and harass to the end of his short life, and then remain unfinished. With all this, and with a weakened body, which, owing to the peculiar character of his disease, he dared not recruit with ordinary stimulants, he was then obliged to write hard, and, during the intervals of pain and languor, to procure *the necessary* means of existence. On his departure from

Ostend, the only copyright he ever parted with, that of "Tylney Hall," he sold to Mr. Bentley, and the proceeds enabled him to bring over his family and settle in England. He then engaged to write periodically for Mr. Colburn in the "New Monthly Magazine," at that time edited by Theodore Hook. In this periodical he wrote a series of "Rhymes for the Times," and his famous poem of "Miss Kilmansegg." This remarkable production was written under all these adverse circumstances, in his modest, almost humble, lodgings at Camberwell, appearing part after part. A *little* of the gold, scattered so richly through it, converted into real coinage of the realm, might have prolonged his life, and would at any rate have alleviated the incessant wear of his mental powers. The only wonder is that mind and body held out so long as they did. And yet, though never through his life, even in the smallest meaning of the term, a rich man, never was there a more liberal hand or heart than his. He practised to the full that charity, of which he recognised the beauty in these touching words: "How kind are the poor to the poor! What are the best of our gifts, the parings of our superfluities, or even the 'Royal and Noble Benefaction' written up in letters of gold, to the generous donations of the humbler Samaritans, who having so little themselves are yet so willing to share it with those who have less? As I have read somewhere, 'The Charity which Plenty spares to Poverty, is human and earthly; but it becomes divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want!'"

Surely that was a feeling beyond mere common charity, which induced him to assist from his scanty store, so precarious, and so hardly, and painfully earned, many who applied to him for help:—a help that was readily given by his generous heart, open to sorrow and pain, under any

shape, or of whatever kind, not ostentatiously, for none but my mother knew of it. It is only by mere chance perhaps, that years afterwards, I have discovered traces of kindly deeds, and timely help to those in sorrow or want; shillings often given, when shillings were scarce, and always, at least, kind and sympathising words.

CHAPTER IX.

1841.

Camberwell—Letter to Dr. and Mrs. Elliot—"Eugene Aram" translated into German—A Copy sent to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort with a Letter—Letter to Lieutenant De Franck—First Appearance of "Punch"—Call of a "Pious" Lady—"My Tract"—Mrs. Hood to Mrs. Elliot—Letters on the subject of the "New Monthly"—He is appointed Editor on the Death of Theodore Hook.

In the December of 1840, and the January of 1841, my father was far from idle, and far from well, as will be seen from the ensuing letter. At this time he changed his lodgings.

2, Union Row, High Street, Camberwell,
Feb. 1, 1841.

Dear Doctor,

I am able at last to sit down to write a few lines and report progress. For, at last, I have killed her, instead of her killing me; not my wife, but Miss Kilmansegg, who died very hard, for I found it difficult to get into the tone and story again after two months' interruption.

I am pretty well again, and, as a proof, walked to town *and back yesterday* with Tom and Fanny, but feel to-day as

if I had for the second time been learning to walk, which had become a strange exercise to me. But I hope to put myself on my feet if this weather should continue. Now for news.

You will be gratified to hear that, without any knowledge of it on my part, the Literary Fund (the members of the Committee having frequently inquired about my health, and the B—— business of Dilke), unanimously voted me £50, the largest sum they give, and, setting aside their standing rules, to do it without my application. I, however, returned it (though it would have afforded me some ease and relief), but for many and well-weighed reasons.

I am, however, all the better for the offer, which places me in a good position. It was done in a very gratifying and honourable manner, and I am the first who has said "*no.*" But I am in good spirits, and hope to get through all my troubles as independently as heretofore.

We have much more comfortable lodgings, and the buses pass the door constantly, being in the high-road 50 or 100 yards townward of the Red Cap, at the Green. I have a room to myself, which will be worth £20 a-year to me,—for a little disconcerts my nerves.

Jane, if not literary, is littery,—in the midst of two years' "Times," and "Chronicles," and sixty volumes of "New Monthlys," cutting out extracts towards a book of Colburn's. Pray offer this as her excuse for not writing to Mrs. E. We all send our loves to you all. If the weather lasts, I shall hope to come over some day to see whether Dunnie and Jeanie have learned to cry yet. Jane is not over well (if there be such a state), for she has had a great deal of fatigue lately, the moving being in a hurry. The rest well or weller. Jane will have some small adventures to tell Mrs. Elliot when they meet. I shall only say that one was

at a Court of Requests, and the other at the House of Correction. God bless you all.

From, dear Doctor,

Yours ever, very truly,

Thos. Hood.

My dear Mrs. Elliot,

You must have thought me very ungrateful (which *indeed* I am not), that I have been silent, and not long ere this written to thank you for your kindness.

The filter, &c., has arrived safe, and we are very much obliged. Hood says he never thought what a small house we are living in till the filter came,—it would not filter through the house, and was as difficult to place as the family picture in the Vicar of Wakefield. It will be a great comfort to Hood, he says, because he is too thin to drink thick water. We looked for you very eagerly on Monday, and though you were prevented from coming, we had the pleasure of enjoying the good and kind intention. You will be glad to read Hood's favourable account of his health. He is certainly much better in spite of all his drawbacks.* But he and I could not agree to be well together. I have been almost an invalid, and last Sunday took ill, and went to bed with an idea that I was going to keep it, but I am now much better. I hope you are all quite well. Give my love to the dear children, and with the same to you and the Doctor,

Believe me, ever and ever,

Yours affectionately,

Jane Hood.

* A note is here inserted by my father—"Does she mean blisters? I have not had any on! Jane is not very well. I suspect from an antidote *she has taken against the* Chinese 'poisoned tea.'"—T. H.

While residing at this latest residence in Camberwell, my father received a parcel from his old friend, Mr. de Franck, containing two copies of a German translation of his poem of "Eugene Aram's Dream" into German. Mr. de Franck had rendered the poem into German prose, and Herr von Rühe had versified it, both as literally as was possible. It was published in Bromberg in 1841.

My father was very much pleased with this proof of the appreciation of his works among the really cultivated Germans. I have said there were two copies of the works enclosed, one by special request accompanied by a letter from Herr Rühe, was sent by my father, to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with a letter, the copy of which was found among his papers.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

The greatest literary honour that can befal a poem is its translation into a foreign language, particularly the German. That such a distinction had been conferred on any verses of mine has only just been made known to me by the receipt of a volume from Bromberg, with a request to me, to forward the copy, which accompanies this, to its high destination.

Under other circumstances I should have shrunk from such an intrusion; but being thus unexpectedly brought under your Princely notice, let me crave permission to offer the respectful homage and loyal congratulations of the English author of "Eugene Aram."

I have the honour to be, &c.,

THOMAS HOOD.

CAMBERWELL, SURREY, *April* 13, 1841.

"Tim," says he, "I thought you had hung up your hat," says he, and in fact *I* have nearly done so, once or twice, on the everlasting peg!

Long as it may seem to you, dear Franck, since I have written, the time has been short enough for all I have had to do in it. I do not remember ever having so many events crammed into the same space. Between law, literature, and illness, I have been living in such a hurry that, often and often, for repose of body and mind, I have wished myself fishing again, with the other "chubby" fellow, on the banks of the quiet Lahn; so I have thought of you, Johnny, if I have not thrown a line at you, for which I have always wanted either leisure, or health, or spirits, for it were ungracious to write merrily for the public, and vent the blue devils on my private letters. Moreover, I have had so little of pleasant to communicate; but I will waste no more time, or space, on explanations. We really have not time to play at cribbage; and Jane, I suspect, has quite forgotten how to "take her three." I suppose she told you of the serious attack I had at Stratford; since then I have had two attacks, one a bad one, for I lost altogether about fifteen ounces: indeed I feel sure another month in Belgium would have done for me.

Ostend and the sea-air are healthy enough in summer, but the rest of the year it is an unwholesome place, especially in the spring. The easterly winds, which then prevail, bring the malaria from Walcheren, and the Dutch swamps. It is ascertained that if you have once been affected by malaria, it will give an agueish and intermitting character *to your future* complaints. Of this I am a living instance,

for I have regular bad days (Tuesday and Friday), with an extreme sympathy with wet weather, when I *give* like an old salt basket; this pleasant tendency I shall most likely enjoy for the rest of my days.

But the English air has so braced the fibres, that the blood-spitting now stops at once; whereas in Belgium it kept returning every second or third day. But mine is a complicated case, and there is affection of the heart. Luckily I am excellently off for advice, as Dr. Elliot's brother, who is also a physician, resides within a quarter of a mile, and visits me two or three times a week to watch the case; if not cured, I think the progress of the disease is stopped. Camberwell is the best air I could have.

Oh! Johnny, after all my Utopian drinking schemes of London porter, and sherry, I have not drunk a glass of wine for twelve months, and as for porter, have been disa*pint*ed of even a pint of England's entire!!! not even a glass of small single X, vulgarly called "swipes." For *four months* I never tasted animal food! Zounds! as I used to say on cattle days, one thing would now make my misfortunes complete—to be tossed by an ungrateful beast of a bullock!

But I have now returned to beef and mutton, and how delicious they are here! What a taste of the fresh green English pasture! None of your German "bif sticks," with no more gravy in them than walking sticks, but real rump-steaks out of Smithfield oxen, that have never ploughed or dragged a cart, (don't you call it the *speise cart?*) juicy as the herbage, and done to a turn on the gridiron by "neat-handed Phillis." Jane and I are just going to have one for supper on purpose to tantalise you; can't you fancy it in your land of fried saddleflaps? You would like a bit, I guess, even *after the old lady*, (you remember the old lady and the bit of brawn,) but I won't set you against your apple soup and

goose sausages; so no more about English suppers, or all the other good things in this land of untrussed plum puddings. Glad am I to be back in it! For your sake I will not regret Germany, but I do bitterly repent having staid so long in Belgium; it was a serious loss of time, health, and money.

* * * * *

I am now engaged to write some "Rhymes for the Times," and then think of a two volume novel. Afterwards, if I get strong enough, I shall begin a new series of the "Comic Annual." I have never been able to send you my book called "Up the Rhine;" it has been reprinted in English at Leipsic, and is sold on the Rhine, I understand; some day I must send you a box. I suppose "to Hamburgh" will be the best way. My literary reception on my return has been very gratifying. They say I am as well as—or better than —ever.

By-the-bye, I made one or two articles out of your sporting information, especially the Pirsch Wagening, and had the drawings engraved. You shall have them also. Didn't you enjoy Pickwick? It is so very English! I felt sure you would. Boz is a very good fellow, and he and I are very good friends.

So much for literary news, and now for domestic. My health requiring me to live very quietly, and regularly, we are no gayer than at Coblenz. But then for the soberness indoors what a bustle without! London was always a place pre-eminent for business, to which is now added *bussiness*. *Bus* (plural *buses*) is the short for omnibus, which is anything but a *short* stage, for it carries twelve inside and four out. We live on the high road,—fancy some fifty of these vehicles running backwards and forwards all day long. The same in the other suburbs. A bus goes as fast, Tim, as ten *droskys, and will* take you three or four miles for sixpence,

which is cheaper riding than at Berlin. To be sure, omnibuses, I suspect, kill horses, but the droskys kill time! Everything in England goes at a pace unknown abroad: I think even the clocks and watches! The very butchers seem riding trotting matches against time. When I first came to England I thought everybody's horse was running away. But there is a vast increase of smoking shops since I left, and that may eventually make us slower. Well, it may be a cockney taste, but I like Lunnon where everything is to be had for money, and *money is to be made*, which gives it some advantage over even cheap places. Besides living quietly as we do, positively we do not spend more than we did abroad, where some things are cheaper, but others are dearer than in England. And then the tax (universally levied on the English) brings the countries to a par. The English I think are finding it out. I have tried to open their eyes. As to myself, I scarcely go to town above once a month—we are about three miles from St. Paul's, so that it is a walk for the children, and then we bus back, after a stroll to look at the shops, which are as good as an Exhibition. Very rarely I dine out—they dine too late for me at seven, and a cold ride through night air lays me up for a month. I am grown, Tim, quite an old man, and an invalid for good, and am as thin as two Wildeganses. Jane is thinner, and not so strong, but is not like me a teetotaller. "*Dam* my blood," as I say to the doctor, when I want it *stopped*—I wonder where it all comes from! I seem to be like those little red worms they bait with for gudgeon, with only blood and skin. And for all my temperance nobody gives *me* a medal. One hot evening last summer as I walked home I could have murdered an old fish-woman who stood drinking a pot of porter *out of the cool pewter!* why couldn't she drink it in the tap-room, or at *the bar, out of my sight!* I fully expect next dog-days to

have the Hydrophobia. But enough of myself. Have you heard yet in your remote out-of-the-way parts of the Daguerreotype? How I wish by some such process I could get a picture of us all—the family group just as we are—to send you, then you would have me quite as ill-looking as my portrait, and dressed for warmth in a pea jacket and blue trousers (my Ostend boat-costume). Jane as usual, but

looking rather less puzzled than wh
with foreign money and Germ
ceive it? Fanny tall and fa
deal like a squirrel without
at his books with his Mo
"Midsummer's Night"
with Bottom the w

stead of translated. But the next moment I was horrified, for I saw your name "Von Franck," as one of the translators! No fear had I on account of my friend Mr. Rühe, his habits qualified him for the work, but "odds triggers, and blades!" (as Bob Acres says) a Lieutenant of the 19th Infanterie regiment! Oh! Jane! (here I fairly groaned to think of it,) Oh! Jane! We know from Dr. Weitershausen's book what sort of work a *Prussian soldier* will make of poetry! Zounds! he will put Eugene Aram into "parade breeches." Yes, he will make him *march* up and down (see verse 7) "*rechtsum und linksum*," the bludgeon will be the stick of a *heerpauk*, and the booty regularly packed in the *tornistor*. Confound him! it will be no more like Eugene Aram than Commis-brod to muffins and crumpets,—all Brown Tommy and Brown Bess! I actually cried *dry*, for I was too shocked to shed tears at the picture.

But this comes, said I, of your young whiskered Sword-Blades that sigh so for war, and because it is peace, and no other butchery stirring, they must go and murder Eugene Aram, as well as Daniel Clarke! For he knows, the *Blut Egel*, that in spite of all his swagger and curling his moustachios, there is not going to be any "*Krieg*," except, perhaps, between the New Zealanders and the Esquimaux. And sure enough when I looked into the German version, in the very beginning, I found the game of cricket turned into *Ball Spiel;* which I suppose means playing with bullets or cannon balls, or as we call it, Ball-Practice. If I had understood German, that confounded military verse would have deprived me of all courage to read further; but luckily I recollected Mr. Rühe, who would make the matter more fit to be read by *civil*ised people. He had not been educating his ear for rhythm and musical verses by manufacturing *and proving* muskets, carbines, and blunderbusses. A

"*Neisse*" way of getting a *nice* ear for harmony! He is not a man of blood (as the Quakers call soldiers) and will not make every verse like a "*blut-würst*," as if it had been written in East India, namely at *Barrack*-pore. He, Mr. Rühe, will know better than to make Eugene Aram a blue and red usher at the military school in Berlin, just because Von Franck was drilled there, and, what is better, he will make the repentant murderer read his Bible instead of his "Scharnhorst," or "Astor on Fortifications." He will model the verse on something more musical and varied than that everlasting Rub-a-dub-dub below the walls of Ehrenbreitstein. In short, thank Heaven, Mr. Rühe will *translate*, and not *recruit* me into the German service, and leave me to be tried by a jury of critics instead of a court-martial! Such were my misgivings when I saw your name in the muster-roll (I beg your pardon, the title page), though Jane, from her dealings with French money in Belgium, thought at first it was the price of the book in francs. When I explained it, she literally screamed with surprise, and exclaimed, "What, Franck turned literary! Then take my word for it, Hood, he has married Bettine the authoress." And she was as frightened as I was for Eugene Aram, though for a different cause, namely your extravagant passion for fishing. "Franck must be very much changed," she said, alluding to the first verse, "if he leave you one of the 'troutlets in the pool.'" And in point of fact, on referring to your German, you do make them jump *here* and *there* as if, at least, you had *hooked* them. Lord knows what you have made of my "Calm and Cool Evening," but I suppose instead of one solitary beetle as in "Gray's Elegy," there is a whole flight of cockchafers, *because they are such good baits for chub.* Of one thing I can judge, for I have measured with a straw, and some of the lines are rather long, as if you had thrown

them as far as you could. Moreover, I asked Fanny, who is the best German scholar in the family, to give me an account of the thing, and she said, that Eugene Aram "played" with the old man before he killed him, and then struck till he broke his *top-joint*. That when the body was full of *gentles* it was thrown into the stream for *ground-bait*, but unfortunately the water dried up, and so the body was put into a heap of bran, and the wind blew away the bran, &c. But I cannot depend enough on Fanny's acquaintance with the German language to feel sure of such a translation; perhaps it may not turn out quite so fishy as she represents. Mind, however, that should it not prove to be full of ram-rod and fishing-rod I shall attribute that merit to your coadjutor, for even Tom asked when he heard that you had been translating it, "Did Mr. Franck do it with his sword, and his schako, and his moustaches on?" (as if the last ever took off!) I am quite convinced that he thought you were doing some exercise. Tom inquired too, why your version had not the pictures, and I told him it would not suit your way of telling the story. But a truce to banter, I will now be serious at turning over a new leaf: seriously then, dear Franck, I feel sure that your part in the business has been a "labour of love;" and I could not but be pleased to see our two names, as Winifred Jenkins says, under the same "*kiver*." The highest literary honour that a poem can receive is its translation into a foreign language, particularly the German. You may therefore, estimate how much I feel myself indebted, as an author, to Mr. Rühe. Of the closeness of his version I can judge, but the beauty of it I must unfortunately only relish through the testimony of yourself and others. Yet it is a droll fact, Tim, that I understand twice as much German as I did in Germany; perhaps what *I cropped* there, has become digested after rumination, as

the cows become more intimate with the cud. However, the fact is plain.

I have always felt it as a reproach that I, a literary man, had not mastered that literary language; but such an illness as mine dissolves more than it resolves—it even impairs my memory, and particularly as to names, dates, and technicalities, in which I am at times a perfect "Wild-goose." Still there is another point on which I am able to speak—the "getting up," as we call it, of your little work; and really, as to typography and paper, it seemed the very best specimen of the German press that I have met with. The binding, too, has been much admired, and especially pleased me by a sort of outlandish look, that made me feel, at a glance at the outside merely, that I was translated. To-day being Good Friday, and therefore the postal arrangements more early, will not allow me the pleasure of writing to Mr. Rühe, which I shall do next week. In the meantime, I will keep shaking the friendly hand, which he extends to me so *hand*somely, and drink his good health in the strongest beverage that is allowed to *Tea* Hood. Pray tell him this from me, and that I really rejoice in the accession of such a member to the Freundschaft.

By the bye, I will send you here a joke I lately made on Prince Albert's breaking in through the ice when skating, Her Majesty pulling him out again with her own royal hands:—

ON A RECENT IMMERSION.

"Long life and hard frosts to the fortunate Prince,
And for many a skating may Providence spare him;
For surely his accident served to convince
That the Queen dearly loved, tho' the ice *couldn't bear him.*"

"Tim, says he," I shall set about getting your fishing tackle or making you up a box, *viâ* Hamburg; but you

CAMBERWELL, SURREY, *April* 13, 1841.

"Tim," says he, "I thought you had hung up your hat," says he, and in fact *I* have nearly done so, once or twice, on the everlasting peg!

Long as it may seem to you, dear Franck, since I have written, the time has been short enough for all I have had to do in it. I do not remember ever having so many events crammed into the same space. Between law, literature, and illness, I have been living in such a hurry that, often and often, for repose of body and mind, I have wished myself fishing again, with the other "chubby" fellow, on the banks of the quiet Lahn; so I have thought of you, Johnny, if I have not thrown a line at you, for which I have always wanted either leisure, or health, or spirits, for it were ungracious to write merrily for the public, and vent the blue devils on my private letters. Moreover, I have had so little of pleasant to communicate; but I will waste no more time, or space, on explanations. We really have not time to play at cribbage; and Jane, I suspect, has quite forgotten how to "take her three." I suppose she told you of the serious attack I had at Stratford; since then I have had two attacks, one a bad one, for I lost altogether about fifteen ounces: indeed I feel sure another month in Belgium would have done for me.

Ostend and the sea-air are healthy enough in summer, but the rest of the year it is an unwholesome place, especially in the spring. The easterly winds, which then prevail, bring the malaria from Walcheren, and the Dutch swamps. It is ascertained that if you have once been affected by malaria, it will give an agueish and intermitting character *to your future* complaints. Of this I am a living instance,

for I have regular bad days (Tuesday and Friday), with an extreme sympathy with wet weather, when I *give* like an old salt basket; this pleasant tendency I shall most likely enjoy for the rest of my days.

But the English air has so braced the fibres, that the blood-spitting now stops at once; whereas in Belgium it kept returning every second or third day. But mine is a complicated case, and there is affection of the heart. Luckily I am excellently off for advice, as Dr. Elliot's brother, who is also a physician, resides within a quarter of a mile, and visits me two or three times a week to watch the case; if not cured, I think the progress of the disease is stopped. Camberwell is the best air I could have.

Oh! Johnny, after all my Utopian drinking schemes of London porter, and sherry, I have not drunk a glass of wine for twelve months, and as for porter, have been disa*pint*ed of even a pint of England's entire!!! not even a glass of small single X, vulgarly called "swipes." For *four months* I never tasted animal food! Zounds! as I used to say on cattle days, one thing would now make my misfortunes complete—to be tossed by an ungrateful beast of a bullock!

But I have now returned to beef and mutton, and how delicious they are here! What a taste of the fresh green English pasture! None of your German "bif sticks," with no more gravy in them than walking sticks, but real rump-steaks out of Smithfield oxen, that have never ploughed or dragged a cart, (don't you call it the *speise cart?*) juicy as the herbage, and done to a turn on the gridiron by "neat-handed Phillis." Jane and I are just going to have one for supper on purpose to tantalise you; can't you fancy it in your land of fried saddleflaps? You would like a bit, I guess, even *after the old lady*, (you remember the old lady and the bit of brawn,) but I won't set you against your apple soup and

goose sausages; so no more about English suppers, or all the other good things in this land of untrussed plum puddings. Glad am I to be back in it! For your sake I will not regret Germany, but I do bitterly repent having staid so long in Belgium; it was a serious loss of time, health, and money.

* * * * *

I am now engaged to write some "Rhymes for the Times," and then think of a two volume novel. Afterwards, if I get strong enough, I shall begin a new series of the "Comic Annual." I have never been able to send you my book called "Up the Rhine;" it has been reprinted in English at Leipsic, and is sold on the Rhine, I understand; some day I must send you a box. I suppose "to Hamburgh" will be the best way. My literary reception on my return has been very gratifying. They say I am as well as—or better than —ever.

By-the-bye, I made one or two articles out of your sporting information, especially the Pirsch Wagening, and had the drawings engraved. You shall have them also. Didn't you enjoy Pickwick? It is so very English! I felt sure you would. Boz is a very good fellow, and he and I are very good friends.

So much for literary news, and now for domestic. My health requiring me to live very quietly, and regularly, we are no gayer than at Coblenz. But then for the soberness indoors what a bustle without! London was always a place pre-eminent for business, to which is now added *bussiness*. *Bus* (plural *buses*) is the short for omnibus, which is anything but a *short* stage, for it carries twelve inside and four out. We live on the high road,—fancy some fifty of these vehicles running backwards and forwards all day long. The same in the other suburbs. A bus goes as fast, Tim, as ten *droskys, and will* take you three or four miles for sixpence,

which is cheaper riding than at Berlin. To be sure, omnibuses, I suspect, kill horses, but the droskys kill time! Everything in England goes at a pace unknown abroad: I think even the clocks and watches! The very butchers seem riding trotting matches against time. When I first came to England I thought everybody's horse was running away. But there is a vast increase of smoking shops since I left, and that may eventually make us slower. Well, it may be a cockney taste, but I like Lunnon where everything is to be had for money, and *money is to be made*, which gives it some advantage over even cheap places. Besides living quietly as we do, positively we do not spend more than we did abroad, where some things are cheaper, but others are dearer than in England. And then the tax (universally levied on the English) brings the countries to a par. The English I think are finding it out. I have tried to open their eyes. As to myself, I scarcely go to town above once a month—we are about three miles from St. Paul's, so that it is a walk for the children, and then we bus back, after a stroll to look at the shops, which are as good as an Exhibition. Very rarely I dine out —they dine too late for me at seven, and a cold ride through night air lays me up for a month. I am grown, Tim, quite an old man, and an invalid for good, and am as thin as two Wildeganses. Jane is thinner, and not so strong, but is not like me a teetotaller. "*Dam* my blood," as I say to the doctor, when I want it *stopped*—I wonder where it all comes from! I seem to be like those little red worms they bait with for gudgeon, with only blood and skin. And for all my temperance nobody gives *me* a medal. One hot evening last summer as I walked home I could have murdered an old fish-woman who stood drinking a pot of porter *out of the cool pewter!* why couldn't she drink it in the tap-room, or at the bar, out of my sight? I fully expect next dog-days to

have the Hydrophobia. But enough of myself. Have you heard yet in your remote out-of-the-way parts of the Daguerreotype? How I wish by some such process I could get a picture of us all—the family group just as we are—to send you, then you would have me quite as ill-looking as my portrait, and dressed for warmth in a pea jacket and blue trousers (my Ostend boat-costume). Jane as usual, but

looking rather less puzzled than when she had to contend with foreign money and German cookery. Don't you perceive it? Fanny tall and fair, Tom tall and dark, a good deal like a squirrel without a tail. He has fagged very hard at his books with his Ma till he can master the fairy work of "Midsummer's Night's Dream," and is particularly delighted *with Bottom the* weaver. It's very funny to hear him read-

ing to himself, and laughing. Having some dim notion of mythology, he stopped short in the middle of a frisk to ask "Is there a god of romps?" Fanny is very literary too, so that I have two critics, of ten, and six years of age. I have been writing to prove that the rum and *tobacco* that Robinson Crusoe *drank* for his ague would have poisoned him, whereupon Tom told me that if I killed Robinson Crusoe, *he wouldn't praise my works!* The other day he talked of a lady in Italics (hysterics), and at cards called out, "now, we must make a puddle!" (*i.e.* a *pool*). He and Fanny are full of odds and ends, fairy tales, and plays, and travels, and in their games it all comes working out like beer from a barrel. We are all going to the play on Saturday and shall have, I expect, plenty of *after-pieces* in consequence. Tom knows something of Scripture too, for we have a figure of Joan of Arc, and he says she is the wife of *Noah* of *Ark*.

As to the books, in the beginning, I thought that you had perhaps drawn up a manual of Infantry manœuvres, then that the Princes at Antonin had edited some work on hunting, or fishing, and next that your father had composed some rules for the management of large families. Jane would have it that you had written a play for the Bromberg theatricals, and Fanny guessed that you had written a novel, something like Charlotte and Werter. In short, we supposed a dozen different works from as many authors, even going so far as to imagine that Wildegans had been putting into verse his "Recollections of the Rhine." Even the sight of the book did not set me right, for I exclaimed, "Oh! Colonel G——'s book," but "I thought a lie." And now how can I express my delight at knowing the whole truth? Jane says I looked as if I was turned to red and white with pleasure! I am sure she turned from red and white to all *red, and looked* as happy as if I had been transported in-

stead of translated. But the next moment I was horrified, for I saw your name "Von Franck," as one of the translators! No fear had I on account of my friend Mr. Rühe, his habits qualified him for the work, but "odds triggers, and blades!" (as Bob Acres says) a Lieutenant of the 19th Infanterie regiment! Oh! Jane! (here I fairly groaned to think of it,) Oh! Jane! We know from Dr. Weitershausen's book what sort of work a *Prussian soldier* will make of poetry! Zounds! he will put Eugene Aram into "parade breeches." Yes, he will make him *march* up and down (see verse 7) "*rechtsum und linksum*," the bludgeon will be the stick of a *heerpauk*, and the booty regularly packed in the *tornistor*. Confound him! it will be no more like Eugene Aram than Commis-brod to muffins and crumpets,—all Brown Tommy and Brown Bess! I actually cried *dry*, for I was too shocked to shed tears at the picture.

But this comes, said I, of your young whiskered Sword-Blades that sigh so for war, and because it is peace, and no other butchery stirring, they must go and murder Eugene Aram, as well as Daniel Clarke! For he knows, the *Blut Eyel*, that in spite of all his swagger and curling his moustachios, there is not going to be any "*Krieg*," except, perhaps, between the New Zealanders and the Esquimaux. And sure enough when I looked into the German version, in the very beginning, I found the game of cricket turned into *Ball Spiel;* which I suppose means playing with bullets or cannon balls, or as we call it, Ball-Practice. If I had understood German, that confounded military verse would have deprived me of all courage to read further; but luckily I recollected Mr. Rühe, who would make the matter more fit to be read by *civilised* people. He had not been educating *his ear for rhythm* and musical verses by manufacturing *and proving* muskets, carbines, and blunderbusses. A

"*Neisse*" way of getting a *nice* ear for harmony! He is not a man of blood (as the Quakers call soldiers) and will not make every verse like a "*blut-würst*," as if it had been written in East India, namely at *Barrack*-pore. He, Mr. Rühe, will know better than to make Eugene Aram a blue and red usher at the military school in Berlin, just because Von Franck was drilled there, and, what is better, he will make the repentant murderer read his Bible instead of his "Scharnhorst," or "Astor on Fortifications." He will model the verse on something more musical and varied than that everlasting Rub-a-dub-dub below the walls of Ehrenbreitstein. In short, thank Heaven, Mr. Rühe will *translate*, and not *recruit* me into the German service, and leave me to be tried by a jury of critics instead of a court-martial! Such were my misgivings when I saw your name in the muster-roll (I beg your pardon, the title page), though Jane, from her dealings with French money in Belgium, thought at first it was the price of the book in francs. When I explained it, she literally screamed with surprise, and exclaimed, "What, Franck turned literary! Then take my word for it, Hood, he has married Bettine the authoress." And she was as frightened as I was for Eugene Aram, though for a different cause, namely your extravagant passion for fishing. "Franck must be very much changed," she said, alluding to the first verse, "if he leave you one of the 'troutlets in the pool.'" And in point of fact, on referring to your German, you do make them jump *here* and *there* as if, at least, you had *hooked* them. Lord knows what you have made of my "Calm and Cool Evening," but I suppose instead of one solitary beetle as in "Gray's Elegy," there is a whole flight of cockchafers, *because they are such good baits for chub.* Of one thing I can judge, for I have measured with a straw, and some of the lines are rather long, as if you had thrown

them as far as you could. Moreover, I asked Fanny, who is the best German scholar in the family, to give me an account of the thing, and she said, that Eugene Aram "played" with the old man before he killed him, and then struck till he broke his *top-joint*. That when the body was full of *gentles* it was thrown into the stream for *ground-bait*, but unfortunately the water dried up, and so the body was put into a heap of bran, and the wind blew away the bran, &c. But I cannot depend enough on Fanny's acquaintance with the German language to feel sure of such a translation; perhaps it may not turn out quite so fishy as she represents. Mind, however, that should it not prove to be full of ram-rod and fishing-rod I shall attribute that merit to your coadjutor, for even Tom asked when he heard that you had been translating it, "Did Mr. Franck do it with his sword, and his schako, and his moustaches on?" (as if the last ever took off!) I am quite convinced that he thought you were doing some exercise. Tom inquired too, why your version had not the pictures, and I told him it would not suit your way of telling the story. But a truce to banter, I will now be serious at turning over a new leaf: seriously then, dear Franck, I feel sure that your part in the business has been a "labour of love;" and I could not but be pleased to see our two names, as Winifred Jenkins says, under the same "*kiver*." The highest literary honour that a poem can receive is its translation into a foreign language, particularly the German. You may therefore, estimate how much I feel myself indebted, as an author, to Mr. Rühe. Of the closeness of his version I can judge, but the beauty of it I must unfortunately only relish through the testimony of yourself and others. Yet it is a droll fact, Tim, that I understand twice as much German as I did in Germany; perhaps what *I cropped* there, has become digested after rumination, as

the cows become more intimate with the cud. However, the fact is plain.

I have always felt it as a reproach that I, a literary man, had not mastered that literary language; but such an illness as mine dissolves more than it resolves—it even impairs my memory, and particularly as to names, dates, and technicalities, in which I am at times a perfect "Wild-goose." Still there is another point on which I am able to speak—the "getting up," as we call it, of your little work; and really, as to typography and paper, it seemed the very best specimen of the German press that I have met with. The binding, too, has been much admired, and especially pleased me by a sort of outlandish look, that made me feel, at a glance at the outside merely, that I was translated. To-day being Good Friday, and therefore the postal arrangements more early, will not allow me the pleasure of writing to Mr. Rühe, which I shall do next week. In the meantime, I will keep shaking the friendly hand, which he extends to me so *hand*somely, and drink his good health in the strongest beverage that is allowed to *Tea* Hood. Pray tell him this from me, and that I really rejoice in the accession of such a member to the Freundschaft.

By the bye, I will send you here a joke I lately made on Prince Albert's breaking in through the ice when skating, Her Majesty pulling him out again with her own royal hands:—

ON A RECENT IMMERSION.

"Long life and hard frosts to the fortunate Prince,
And for many a skating may Providence spare him;
For surely his accident served to convince
That the Queen dearly loved, tho' the ice *couldn't bear him.*"

"Tim, says he," I shall set about getting your fishing tackle or making you up a box, *viâ* Hamburg; but you

cannot have the tackle by the time you propose, for look you, to-day is the 9th (your precious almanack says the 90th, and I suppose with your regiment it is the 19th). As to the *two last* "Comics," Tim, you *have* had them, for there have been none since. "Up the Rhine" was in lieu of one of them, and there has been no other. I shall be most happy to send my face and the "Eugene" in English for Mr. Rühe, and some other trifles besides; but there will be some delay; for, thanks to that B—— (would he were tried at Bailey Senior, as we genteelly call the Old Bailey!), everything is locked up at law, even my mock countenance. He has almost un-Christianised me, for at times I have been on the point of cursing him in the terms of the awful curse of Ernulphus—for which you must consult Tristram Shandy.

Amongst other things, you shall have the *Pirsch Wagening* article, and two piscatory dialogues—one on the Netse, and the other on the Brake—which I made out of your letters, and have really sketched the places very like the originals, considering that I have never been there! As all English reading will be welcome, you shall also have my New Monthly Magazines; but N.B. with my articles cut out for reprinting, which you will get some day in a volume. Jane is horrified at my sending out "Up the Rhine;" she says it contains so many quizzes on the Germans. But, as *you* know, I quiz by preference my best friends, and it is in favour of the Germans that they can afford to be quizzed. It may seem a paradox, but only respectable people are quizzable; nobody dreams of quizzing good-for-nothings and blackguards: and if "age commands respect" (you remember your copy-book), so it commands quizzing. Nothing is more common than to hear of an Old Quiz—generally a very respectable elderly gentleman or gentlewoman, but something eccentric. Long life to *you*, Tim, and when you are sixty, look out for a good

share of quizzing! I shan't be alive to do it, but I'll bequeath you, Tim, as a good subject to some first-rate hand in the line.

This reminds me to wonder what you are going to be *put out of the army* for, for that is the way that we in England interpret the threat of a young officer's *retirement*. Have you been drinking Moselle out of a black bottle, like Captain Reynolds of the 11th Hussars? Jane thinks the 19th have been ordered to shave off their mosquitoes (she means moustachios), and you won't submit to it; and Fanny supposes you are weary of wearing a "cap" without "tain" to it. For my part, I can only guess at military feelings, and should think it would be very disagreeable to leave the army without having killed anybody; indeed, I think it is a reflection very likely to lead to suicide, or killing yourself. A civilian, indeed, would point with great satisfaction to a sword that had never hurt man, woman, or child, since it became a blade; but a warrior's sentiment, I presume, must be the very reverse—more in the style of Körner. Mind, I'm not wanting you to go and kill anybody, that I may write another poem about murder, but only speculating philosophically on the different feelings of civilians and uncivilians.

Àpropos of fighting, are you not sorry, Tim, to find that the knife has come so much more into vogue among our lower orders: there seems to have been a sort of vulgar chivalry about pugilism, after all, when a man struck another fairly, as the Irishman said, "with nothing in his hand but his fist." But I suppose all sorts of fighting are coming in, for Quakerism is clearly going out. Few of the second generation in Quakers' families are friends. You had the great Mrs. Fry at Berlin. Well! none of the junior Frys are Quakers. There is a great deal of humbug about them—

one fact is admitted, by a very clever writer of their own body, that they are particularly worldly—a money-getting and money-loving people. I rather think if the law would allow them to refuse taxes, to serve in the army, &c., &c., we should have plenty of Quakers. I have lately been quizzing them a little, and am at open war, as I have been with all canters, here called saints, and there is an unusual quantity current of pious cant or religious bigotry.

The Tories got up in England, for party purposes, fanaticism against the Catholics, and a cry of "the Church in danger"; now, what is called "High Church of Englandism," the higher it is carried, the nearer it approaches to Popery. I predicted the result, that it would end in making a sort of Pope of the archbishop of Canterbury, and now there is actually a schism in the High Church party at Tory Oxford, a Popish-Protestant section writing in favour of celibacy, images, &c., &c. But we have no fear of your turning a Protestant monk. Perhaps, when Amanda comes to Bromberg, you will get by degrees (of comparison), to think that Miss Besser is Miss Best, and if you once think that, you are safe from Puseyism, *i.e.* celibacy. Pray give my love to her, if we were nearer I might choose another word, but at this distance, even her Mamma could not object to the affection,—Jane don't! And now, in spite of her remonstrances, I must tell you what happened last night, after I had written most of this letter. I was looking out of the window, at nearly dark, when a female figure stepped out of a coach, ran about six yards like a crab, *i.e.*, sideways, and then fell flat, what the wrestlers call a fair back-fall. If you have ever seen any mosaic, you can fancy a figure inlaid, as it were, in a dark ground.

It was Jane just returned from her mother's. You will *be glad to hear* that her fall was broken by an inch or two

of Camberwell Road mud, after a providential shower of rain. I suppose it was the same feeling that induced Eve to make poor Adam as begrimed as herself, but the moment I appeared, Jane threw herself into my arms, and took care to make me quite as dirty. She was not hurt, though shaken. As she came home in the dark, so as not to see the steps of the coach, I pronounced the usual verdict,—but perhaps you have not heard of that story—an inquest on the body of a woman, who had been killed by her husband. She was a notorious cat, and when the coroner asked the jury for the verdict, the foreman gave it in these words, "Sarved her right!"

And now, Tim, *how's your mother?* I must be thinking of shutting up this letter, *don't you wish you may get it,* but I must ask you before I close *has your mother sold her mangle?* which I suppose will puzzle you *and no mistake!* *

I shall lose the post if I do not stop at once, so God bless you Johnny, alias Tim; what suspicious characters we should be for the Old Bailey with so many names.

The horn is blowing, and the eil wagen is going out of the yard, and my stomach is full of parsnips, hot-cross-buns, salt fish and egg-sauce, but my heart tells me that I am,

Dear Franck,

Your loving friend,

THOS. HOOD.

It was some time early in this year that my father made acquaintance with the first number of "Punch." He walked

* I have no doubt that, whether with the maternal cognizance or no, poor Franck was considerably "out" in his endeavours to make head or tail of this paragraph, into which my father has purposely imported all the slang sayings in vogue at the time.—T. H.

out with me one fine Saturday evening till we came nearly to Walworth. It was getting rather dusk, so that the shops were beginning to light up. On one side of the street a man was standing by a little table, with a Chartist petition lying on it for signature, to which he was drawing the attention of the passers-by. He accosted my father, to his no small amusement, but as a rough-looking mob were gathering round, and it was getting late, he would not stop. We accordingly stepped aside into a little bookseller's shop, till the crowd had abated, or passed on. My father turned over the papers and periodicals lying on the counter, and struck by the quaint little black cuts, picked up the first number of "Punch," hereafter to be so famous. It was then, I believe, in different hands, and my father was no little astonished to see his own name paraded in it, in the coolest manner possible, without his having even known of the existence of such a periodical.*

During his residence at Camberwell, a lady called on my father, who had been acquainted with him many years before. He had no very agreeable recollections of her, chiefly owing to having been annoyed by her unasked obtrusion of her religious opinions upon him. Her call, therefore, was not productive of any very friendly manifesta-

* Not very long after this, it passed into the hands of my father's old friends, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, and he really became an occasional contributor. Through it he became acquainted with many of its staff. With Mr. Leech I believe he was already acquainted, and also with Mr. Kenny Meadows. In the number here alluded to—the first—my father's name appeared on the second page, in large capitals, in an announcement, whereby "Mr. T. Hood, Professor of Punmanship, begs to acquaint the dull and witless, that he has established a class for the acquirement of an elegant and ready style of punning." The whole thing is in bad taste—indeed it is rather hard to discover whether it is not intended as a squib against my father, the advertisement ending thus—"*** *A good laugher wanted!*"—*T. H.*

tion on his part, and after sitting stiffly, and being replied to rather coldly and ceremoniously, she took her leave. The same week, however, she wrote him a most unjustifiable attack on his writings and religious opinions. She enquired with a kind of grim satisfaction what good his "Whims and Oddities" would do his soul? and how he would recall his levities in literature upon his death-bed? My father was pretty well used to attacks of this sort, but this was really going a little too far, and accordingly she received a copy of the following, which he ever after entitled "My Tract."

It is well worthy of separate publication with the "Ode to Rae Wilson," in any collection of "Really Religious Reading."

MY TRACT.

MADAM,

I have received your pious billet-doux, but have little leisure, and less inclination for a religious flirtation, and what (according to our Law and Police Reports) is its usual issue—a decidedly serious intrigue. How else, indeed, am I to interpret the mysterious "object" of your late visit, which you significantly tell me, was defeated by your being unintentionally accompanied by a friend?—how answer for her designs on a man's person, who can take such liberties with his soul? The presence of a companion could not of course stand in the way of your giving me a tract or a letter or anything proper for a modest woman to offer; but where can be the womanly modesty, or delicacy, or decency of a female, who intrudes on a man's private house, and private correspondence, and his most private affairs, those of his heart and soul, with as much masculine assurance as if she wore Paul Pry's inexpressibles under her petticoats? Perhaps I have to congratulate myself, as Joseph Andrews did on the

preservation of his virtue from that amorous widow, Lady Booby! But whatever impropriety you intended to commit has been providentially frustrated, it appears, by the intrusion of the young lady in question, to whom, therefore, I beg you will present my most grateful and special thanks. I am as you know a married man, and do not care to forget that character, only that I may be able to say afterwards, as you suggest, "*I have gone astray*, but now I have learned thy righteous law."

The cool calculations you have indulged in on my desperate health, probable decease, and death-bed perturbations must have afforded you much Christian amusement, as your ignorance must have derived infinite comfort from your conviction of the inutility of literature, and all intellectual pursuits. And even your regrets over the "Whims and Oddities, that have made thousands laugh" may be alleviated, if you will only reflect that Fanaticism has caused millions to shed blood, as well as tears; a tolerable set-off against my levities. For my own part, I thank God, I have used the talents He has bestowed on me in so cheerful a spirit, and not abused them by writing the profane stuff called pious poetry, nor spiritualised my prose by stringing together Scriptural phrases, which have become the mere slang of a religious swell mob. Such impieties and blasphemies I leave to the Evangelical and Elect; to the sacrilegious quacks, who pound up equal parts of Bible and Babble, and convert wholesome food, by their nauseous handling, into filthiest physic; to the Canters, who profane all holy names and things by their application to common and vulgar uses; and to the presumptuous women, who I verily believe with the Turks, have no souls of their own to mend, and therefore set themselves to patch and cobble the *souls of the other* gender.

It is, I know, the policy of your faction to decry literature, which they abhor as the Devil hates Gospel. And for a similar reason. For all the most celebrated authors, the wisest, and most learned in the ways of mankind, Scott, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Crabbe, Addison, Butler, Pope, Moore, Burns, Byron, Molière, Voltaire, Boileau, and a host of others, have concurred in denouncing, and exposing Tartuffes, Maw-worms, Cantwells, Puritans, in short sanctimonious folly and knavery of every description. Such writers I know would be called scoffers and infidels; but a Divine Hand, incapable of injustice, has drawn a full length picture of a self-righteous Pharisee; and Holy Lips, prone to all gentleness and charity, have addressed Their sharpest rebukes to Spiritual Pride and Religious Hypocrisy. Are the sacrilegious animals aware that in their retaliations they are kicking even at *Him?*

In behalf of our literature I will boldly say that to our lay authors it is mainly owing, that the country is not at this hour enthralled by Priestcraft, Superstition, and, if you please, Popery, which by the bye, has met with more efficient opponents in Dante, Boccaccio, and Rabelais (profane writers, madam), than in all the M'Neils, M'Ghees, and Macaws, that have screamed within Exeter Hall.

As for literature "palling on my soul in my dying hour," —on the contrary it has been my solace and comfort through the extremes of worldly trouble and sickness, and has maintained me in a cheerfulness, a perfect sunshine of the mind, seldom seen on the faces of the most prosperous and healthy of your sect, who, considering that they are as sure of going to Heaven as the "poor Indian's dog," are certainly more melancholy dogs than they ought to be! But what else can come of chanting "pious chansons" with hell-fire burthens, that to my taste, fit them particularly for

contributions to the Devil's Album? Some such verses you have sent me, and I could return you others quite as religious—but unfortunately written by a minister, who, after being expelled in disgrace from a public foundation in London, went and robbed a Poor Savings Bank in the country.

Such literature may indeed appal the soul at the hour of death, and such an author may justly dread an Eternal Review. Again, therefore, I thank God that my pen has not been devoted to such serious compositions, that I have never profaned His Holy Name with common-place jingles, or passed off the inspirations of presumption, vanity, or hypocrisy, for devout effusions. My humble works have flowed from my heart, as well as my head, and, whatever their errors, are such as I have been able to contemplate with composure, when, more than once, the Destroyer assumed almost a visible presence. For I have stood several times in that serious extremity both by land and sea—yet, for all my near approaches to the other world, I have never pretended to catch glimpses of its heaven, or of its hell, or to have had intimations of who, among my neighbours, were on the road to one place or the other. Such special revelations are reserved, it seems, by a Wisdom, certainly inscrutable, for the worst or weakest of the weaker sex, such cackling hen-prophetesses as its S——s, its G——s, and its L——s.

And verily if they be the Righteous, I am content to be the Lefteous of the species.

It has pleased you to picture me occasionally in such extremities as those just alluded to,—and, no doubt, with regret that you could not, Saint-like, beset my couch, to try *spiritual* experiments on my soul, and enjoy its excruciations, *as certain brutal* anatomists have gloated on the last agonies

of mutilated dogs and rabbits. But we will now turn, if you please, from my death-bed to your own—supposing you to be lying there at that awful crisis, which reveals the depravity of the human heart as distinctly as the mortality of the human frame. And now, on that terrible, narrow isthmus between the past and the future, just imagine yourself appealing to your conscience for answers to such solemn questions as follow. And first, whether your extreme devotion has been affected or sincere,—unobtrusive or ostentatious,—humble to your Creator, but arrogant to His creatures,—in short, Piety or Mag-piety? Whether your professed love for your species has been active and fruitful, or only that flatulent charity, which evaporates upwards in wind, and catechises the hungry, and preaches to the naked? And finally, how far, in meddling with the spiritual concerns of your neighbours, you have neglected your own; and, consequently, what you may have to dread from that Hell and its fires, which you have so often amused yourself with letting off at a poor Sinner,—just as a boy would squib a Guy? These are queries important to your "eternal destiny," which ought to be considered in time; whereas, from the tenor of your letter, it appears to me that you have never entertained them for a moment, and I am sorry to add that, judging from the same evidence, whatever may be your acquaintance with the *letter* of the New Testament, of its *spirit* you are as deplorably ignorant as the blindest heathen Hottentot, for whose enlightenment you perhaps subscribe a few Missionary pence.

I implore you to spend a few years, say twenty, in this self-scrutiny, which may be wholesomely varied by the exercise of a little active benevolence; not, however, in sending tracts instead of baby-linen to poor lying-in sisters, or in volunteering pork chops for distressed Jews, or in recom-

mending a Solemn Fast to the Spitalfields weavers, or in coddling and pampering a pulpit favourite, but in converting rags to raiment, and empty stomachs to full ones, and in helping the wretched and indigent to "keep their souls and bodies together!"

And, should you ever relapse and feel tempted to write religious Swing letters, such as you have sent to me, let me recommend to you a quotation from a great and wise writer. It runs thus,—"*I find you are perfectly qualified to make converts, and so, go, help your mother to make the gooseberry pie.*"

Still if you will and must indite such epistles, pray address them elsewhere. There are plenty of young single "men about town" (and of the very sort such saints are partial to—namely, "*precious*" sinners) who no doubt would be willing to discuss with you their "experiences," and to embrace you and your persuasion together. But on me your pains would be wasted. I am not to be converted except *from* Christianity, by arrogance, insolence, and ignorance, enough, as Mrs. Jarley says, "to make one turn atheist." Indeed the only effect of your letter has been to inspire me, like old Tony Weller, with a profound horror of widows, whether amorous or pious, for both seem equally resolute that a man shall not "call his soul his own."

And now, Madam, farewell. Your mode of recalling yourself to my memory reminds me that your fanatical mother insulted mine in the last days of her life (which was marked by every Christian virtue) by the presentation of a Tract addressed to Infidels. I remember also that the same heartless woman intruded herself, with less reverence than a Mohawk Squaw would have exhibited, on the chamber of *death; and interrupted* with her jargon almost my very

last interview with my dying parent. Such reminiscences warrant some severity.

I am, Madam,

Yours with disgust,

THOS. HOOD.

In the August of 1841* Mr. Theodore Hook died, and Mr. Colburn sent to ask my father to replace him. This intelligence was speedily communicated to the Elliots by a joint letter.

August 31, 1841.

DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

Mr. Colburn's Mr. S—— has been here to offer Hood the editorship of the "New Monthly"! There's good news. I have scarcely wits to write to you; but you, our kindest and best friends in adversity, must be the first to rejoice with us at better prospects. Perhaps you may not have heard of Mr. Theodore Hook's death, which happened a week ago. We have had some anxiety whether Mr. Colburn, with the disadvantages of Hood's having been of late unable to do anything for the Magazine, would consider him competent. I have thought of it night and day, and truly thankful am I to God for the blessing. I cannot settle my thoughts to write, for the messenger of good has only just left, and I am in what the servants call a "mizzy maze." Hood, with all the proper dignity of his sex, is more calm

* I may mention, *apropos* of Mr. Hook's name, that, in "The New Spirit of the Age," published by Mr. Horne in 1844, that gentleman by a mistake of a single letter gave to Mr. Hood the pages descriptive of Mr. Hook. My father was no little amused to discover that he was a "diner-out and a man about town," and that he had given the world "unfavourable views of human nature." Mr. Horne afterwards corrected the error, and wrote to my father in explanation.—T. H.

and sedate upon the subject; and begs, as all is not yet settled that you will not mention it to any one.

Love to you all.

Your ever affectionate

JANE HOOD.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

It was only a semi-official visit of S——'s. Still a very good chance—perhaps having spitten so much blood away, I am not quite so sanguine as Jane. Time will show. Seriously it would be comfort at last, and, I think, go far to cure me of *some* of my ailments. Should I get appointed, be sure the editor will come and show himself at Stratford to receive your congratulations. God bless you all; kisses for all my little dear friends, and love to the big boys.

Yours most truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Sept. 2, 1841.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

All is settled, and Hood is to be the editor of the "New Monthly!" We were, until this morning, on "tenter hooks," and so it seems was S——, who understood he was to hear from Hood when he had made up his mind, but not hearing, came over to know why. I saw Mr. Dilke yesterday, who could not tell us what Hook had. So Hood has accepted it on the understanding he is to receive the same as he did. S——, in an awkward way, said he knew he might say 200*l.*; but he saw by his manner that it had been more. So Hood stuck to his text of the *same as Mr. Hook*, and of course it will be so, for I see they are eager to have him, and Mr. Dilke says that Hood's name will be a good *card for them.*

The prospect of a certainty makes me feel "passing rich." Poverty has come so very near of late, that, in the words of Moore's song, "Hope grew sick, as the witch drew nigh." I know how delighted you will both feel that it is now a certainty. Hood was poorly yesterday, but it was the delay and uncertainty: to-day he is pretty well, and getting on with his writing. He says you may now suppose the Magazine on his lap: and really thinks, considering the circumstances, that he ought to be allowed his porter. As a beginning, Dr. Robert has promised him a spicy article * on Mustard and Pepper, and Miss B—— a political essay on Russian Influence over British Infants.

This is a most disgraceful letter for the wife of an editor, I must say; but you must make allowance for me—I am in a dream, and my sentences and my expressions have all the obscurity of that twilight state.

Hood and the children unite in love to you all. Kisses for the dear little "shining faces" that go to school. God bless you all.

Yours affectionately,

JANE HOOD.

Monday Evening, Sept. 17, 1841.

DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

This very evening it is settled that Hood is to be the editor at 300*l.* a year, independent of any articles he may write, which are to be paid for as usual. Since we saw you, we have had much anxiety about it, as there has been great delay, Mr. Colburn being at Hastings, and wishing

* The name of a favourite thoroughbred Dandie Dinmont terrier belonging to Dr. R. Elliot. Miss B. was British-born, but reared in Russia. Her sister was married, and had, at that time, one baby, to which Miss B. performed the part of the most affectionate of aunts, and the most indefatigable of nurses.—T. H.

much better lately, that he has b
his volume and for the magazine
month is so far gone. Of course
first appearance as editor with *éclat*.
it will give him a certain standing.
many applications for it, and it i
apply. Hood begs me to say you m
in him, as, like other editors, he m
and diplomatic.

I hope, in the leisure of the early p
we shall be able to give our children
see you and yours. They look forw
send their love, in which Hood and
dusk, I can hardly see to finish; but i
shadows,

Believe me ever, dearest Mr

Your

many will sigh over this note when they think of the merry dinners they used to have. On one occasion, to my mother's horror, the boy fell upstairs with the plum-pudding. The accident formed a peg for many jokes, amongst others, a declaration that the pudding, which he said was a Stair, not a Cabinet one, had disagreed with him, and that he felt the pattern of the stair-carpet breaking out all over him. At these times, too, he would often set every one laughing by his apt misquotations of Latin, none of which can be now remembered unfortunately, for he had a rare facility for twisting the classics. We "kin" were allowed to share in the fun of these meetings, and can remember Mr. —— sitting with his handkerchief across his knees, crying, chuckling, and laughing, until the fear of having a coroner's inquest in the house, and a verdict of "Unjustifiable Comicide," made my father stop and give his victim time to recover.—T. H.

CHAPTER X.

1842.

Removal to St. John's Wood—Elm Tree Road—Letter to Lieut. De Franck—Mrs. Hood to Lieut. De Franck—Letters to Dr. and Mrs. Elliot, Mr. Charles Dickens, and Lieut. De Franck—Continued illness.

THE beginning of this year the King of Prussia visited England, and it was almost expected by my father that Mr. Franck would accompany him. But it was not to be, and in consequence my father wrote the following letter to his old friend, who was now stationed at Hamburg.

February 20, 1842.

TIM SAYS HE,

You can't be a Jew or you wouldn't live in Ham.

I made cock-sure of you when you did not answer our last letter, that you were coming with the king; why didn't you? I think it will make me disloyal to Frederick that he didn't bring you.

However write soon, and I will send to you what has long been made up, and let me know what tackle you want. I have a "Comic" for you, and for Mr. Rühe, with a letter, and one for Prince Radziwill, to your care. It has come meanwhile to a second edition.

As editor of the New Monthly Magazine, I stand higher than ever; there was great competition for it, but I did not apply, and was therefore selected. If you can give me any genuine German information at any time, it will be very serviceable, anything *new*. You will find in the "Comic" your account to me of the stag shooting at Antonin, &c., the

Harrow Story, and so on; so that if you can give me any more sporting, it will be acceptable. I shall be highly honoured by any from Their Highnesses; you will also receive "Up the Rhine," which you have perhaps seen already, as it was reprinted at Leipsic. This is such a short month for editors I must not write more.

I believe, thanks to our dear Dr. Elliot, I have got over the blood-spitting, but England has a capital climate after all, as is proved by the life tables.

Mind, come and see us, and won't we have some fun? God bless you Tim says,

Your faithful friend,

(in great haste), THOS. HOOD, E.N.M.M.!!!

P.S.—There are several very nice young *English* ladies in this country quite disengaged; I do not know how many exactly, but will answer for five or six.

EXTRACT FROM MRS. HOOD'S LETTER.

"We have had a splendid summer, and Hood has been out of town a few days at a time, which has been of great benefit to his health. He certainly is better (if it will but last!) than I have known him for several years, and if there was no east wind he would be almost well. But both he and Fanny were so possessed with the malaria at Ostend, they are most sensitive to east winds, and damp or misty weather. Tom and his papa spent a week at Twickenham, where the Dilkes have got a cottage for the summer months; they fished in the Thames, and came back as brown as gypsies.

* * * *

"Hood says he supposes that now you're in the 'John

d'Armerie, in the excess of your new zeal you have apprehended yourself, or that you have been burned with the rest of the rubbish in the conflagration of Humbug (Hamburg); only that he makes sure you would not have gone near enough to the fire to scorch those beautiful moustachios of yours."

Here follows an interpolation of my father's.

"*Hood will copy at the end the direction to be sent on the box. I am pretty well, much the same as Hood, but my wife is not overstrong, neither is Jane, and Mrs. Hood seems to be no better than she is, but I hope she will mend and so does Hood. As to Johnny, he is as well as can be expected, but Hood does not expect he shall ever be very strong again; so we must all make the best of it, the Editor and all, who seems to sympathise in his ailments with me, and Hood and Johnny; but he cannot expect to be better than we are, for he and we have the same complaint, a sort of monthly eruption which we think is better 'out' than in; my wife, Jane, and Mrs. Hood call it the 'Magazine.' It is a sort of black and white literary rash of a periodical nature, chiefly affecting the head; as yet none of the children have caught it.*"

"What a rigmarole Hood has written during my absence but you are used to his tricks."

The following letter was written by my mother to Franck. The words in brackets were written in by my father over the words, which precede them in print, and were intended to mean that they were *clear* copies of my mother's writing, to enable Franck to come at the sense of her communication.

17, ELM TREE ROAD,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
REGENT'S PARK,
LONDON.

[Jane don't write plain—so mind my version.—T. H.

MY DEAR FRANCK,

We quite wonder at not hearing from you. I wrote to you at Ham (Hum), very soon after we were settled here, and begged (bagged) you to let us know the source (sauce) for sending you the "Comic," (chronic) also to inquire what fishing (flirting) tackle you wished to have, or if the needles (noodles) would be too late. I repeat all this in case (cake) you may not have received my letter (butter). As you did not write we began to speculate on the chance of your coming (coursing) over with His Majesty, and on the day of his arrival, and for one or two after, we expected you to walk in. Hood even saw a Prussian (Parmesan) cloak (maggot) come down the road (mad) and made (snake) sure you were the man in it. We will not be cut off with a fortnight, remember. Hood bid me say we don't make "happorths" (papporths). We spent a very delightful Christmas (mizmaze) at the Elliots, for they are such kind friends and so pleasant, and we had our dear (damd) children with us so that we could not fail to enjoy ourselves; I hope you spent a merry (muzzy) one too. We have been gay for us lately, going to several dinner parties, one this week at the Elliots, and one next week, a literary dinner, given (queen) by Mr. Colburn. Soon after that he is going to give a large evening party (pasty). We took the children to the theatre to see a pantomime (Jacobin), and they were in ecstacies, though Tom had been to Covent

Garden (gander) before, when he came from Ostend (Astoria) to London.

If I don't look up my letter in my desk, this is a specimen of the way it is commented on, but you know of old how ill I am treated in these matters. Mrs. Elliot was saying the other day that strangers would think "Jane" a most extraordinary person from the odd stories that Hood tells of her.

* * * *

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, *May* 11, 1842.

Tim says he, what a dreadful fire! The English will sympathise strongly with the Hamburgers, who are their old commercial allies. The city must be a long time in recovering from such a calamity. I sincerely hope no friends of yours have suffered. I got all the fishing tackle six weeks ago; along with it I have sent two *glass baits*, the last invention and novelty, one of which is for yourself, and the other please to present for me to the Prince. The little leaden caps are to put on the line at the head of the bait, as without the cap the fish would not spin.

Yesterday a sporting clergyman dined with me, and I was glad to hear him say that he has tried the glass bait, and it is *very killing*. I also send for yourself an imitation gold fish. It appears that there is something in the colour or taste of the gold fish, that renders it irresistible to other fish, as a bait. They are quite mad after it. It appears to me to be intended to be sunk with a weight, and pulled about under water, or else to float on the top; but they say it is taken in any way. I send two Comics (one for Mr. Rühe), and the "Up the Rhine" for yourself. If you can easily get me a copy of the German Edition of "Up the Rhine," published at Leipsic, you can bring it when you *come*. *Thank* God I seem to have got over my old com-

plaint; but I have suffered much from rheumatism. It has been very general amongst people here, the east wind having blown inveterately for a whole month. I was quite disabled, but luckily I had a whole magazine in print beforehand, what you would call in *reserve*. I congratulate you on your promotion, and the success of your application to the King; of course you will now marry for want of something to do. And now, Johnny, I must say good bye, for I am crippled with the right arm, as well as right foot. To aggravate these evils our drawing room overlooks Lord's Cricket ground, and I see the fellows playing all day, add to which, once or twice a week, a foot race for a wager. But it is of the less importance, that I can only write a short letter as we are to see you this summer. Your best way would be by Hamburg packet direct to London. God bless you, Tim, says he,

Your faithful friend,

THOMAS HOOD.

The very taking gold-fish bait, described in the letter was, with the directions for its use, the sole invention of my father. It was carved in two halves, out of deal, and joined with gum, so that after a short immersion one half would detach itself and float away, leaving the other, attached to the line, and inscribed (by an encaustic process, with a hot knitting needle) with the words—"Oh! you April fool!" that month being the season when it would probably be first used.

The result of the hoax was never heard, but it struck my father afterwards that the generous Franck would most likely present the unique bait to one of the Princes! Many a time did he laugh at the horror Franck would feel, in having been made an accomplice, after the fact, in such a practical joke on Royalty.

17, Elm Tree Road, *Monday, July* 11, 1842.

My dear Mrs. Elliot,

Here we are again—the babes in the Wood of St. John—all safe and sound. Jane having successfully "bussed" her children all the way home; but a little fatigued from getting her "baggage" so far without any "*porter.*"

You will be pleased to hear that, in spite of my warnings and forebodings, I got better and betterer, till by dining *as the physicians did* on turtle soup, white-bait, and champagne, I seemed quite well. But I have always suspected the doctors' practice to be better than their precepts; and particularly those which turn down *Diet* Street. The snug one dozen *of diners* however turned out to be above two (in fact twenty-seven)—two others, Talfourd and Macready being prevented. Jerdan was the *Vice*, and a certain person, not very well adapted to *fill* a Chair was to have occupied the opposite *Virtue*, but on the score of ill-health I begged off, and Captain Marryat presided instead. On his right, Dickens, and Monckton Milnes, the poetical M.P.; on his left, Sir John Wilson, T. H., and for my left-hand neighbour Doctor Elliot*son*, which seemed considerately contrived to break my fall from Stratford. The Kelso man was supported by Foster, and Stanfield the painter. Amongst the rest were Charles and Tom Landseer. Tom two stone deafer than I am, and obliged to carry a tube. Father Prout and Ainsworth; these two men at paper war,—therefore some six, including a clergyman, were put between them. Proctor, *alias* Barry Cornwall, and Barham, otherwise Ingoldsby, Cruikshank, and Cattermole, a Dr. Gwynne, or Quin, and a Rev. Mr. Wilde, who greatly interested Dr. Elliotson and myself: a tall, very earnest-looking man, like your doctor, *only* with none of his Sweet-William colour, but quite pale;

and the more so for long jet-black locks, either strange natural hair, or an unnatural wig. He was silent till he sang, and then came out such a powerful bass voice fit for a Cathedral organ—to a song of the olden time, that between physiognomy, costume, vox, and words, the impression was quite black-letterish. I had never seen him before, but seemed to know him *traditionally*, somewhere about Cromwell's time. Nevertheless some of his reading had been more modern and profane, for when we broke up, he came and shook hands with me, to my pleasant surprise, for I seemed to have ascended to antiquity, whilst only aiming to descend to posterity.

Well, we drank "the Boz" with a delectable clatter, which drew from him a good warm-hearted speech, in which he hinted the great advantage of going to America for the pleasure of coming back again; and pleasantly described the embarrassing attentions of the Transatlantickers, who made his private house, and private cabin, particularly public. He looked very well, and had a younger brother along with him. He told me that two American prints have attacked me for my copyright letters in the "Athenæum," so I shall procure them as a treat for "Jane." Then we had more songs. Barham chanted a Robin Hood ballad, and Cruikshank sang a burlesque ballad of Lord Bateman; and somebody, unknown to me, gave a capital imitation of a French showman. Then we toasted Mrs. Boz, and the Chairman, and Vice, and the Traditional Priest sang the "Deep deep sea," in his deep deep voice; and then we drank to Proctor, who wrote the said song; also Sir J. Wilson's good health, and Cruikshank's, and Ainsworth's; and a Manchester friend of the latter sang a Manchester ditty, so full of trading stuff, that it really seemed to have been not composed, but manufactured. Jerdan, as Jerdanish as usual on such occasions—you know how paradoxically he is

my old ague, but an inclination in my
with every one present. Whereupon I
the friendly ceremony with as many of t
within reach, besides a few more who ca
other end of the table. *Very* gratifying,
I cannot go quite so far as Jane, who wa
hand chopped off, bottled, and preserved
sitting up for me, very anxiously, as us
because I am so domestic and steady, ar
door before I could ring at the gate, t
sent me in his own carriage. Poor girl! w
she had a wild husband instead of a tame

In coming home Dickens volunteere
Dickens to see us on Tuesday or Wednes
obliged to put them off till next week,
Wantage. So that it seems probable I s
them for an evening, and then of cour
unless you should happen to be at "Don't

The children stuffed with happy remem

We hope Dr. Robert will dine with us at the H——'s to-morrow. If he does, won't we quiz him about the new carriage, and exhibit a wife, "to be taken," as the medicals say, "in an appropriate vehicle." He ought not to have that great Cupid's hand with a dart in it on his harness for nothing. God bless you all.—T. H.

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, *Monday.*

My dear Dickens,

Only thinking of the pleasure of seeing you again, with Mrs. Dickens, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I never remembered, till I got home to my wife, who is also my flapper (not a young wild duck, but a Remembrancer of Laputa), that I have been booked to shoot some rabbits—if I can—at Wantage, in Berks. A reverend friend, called "Peter Priggins," will be waiting for me, by appointment, at his railway-station, on Tuesday. But I must and can only be three or four days absent; after which, the sooner we have the pleasure of seeing you the better for us.

Mrs. Hood thinks there ought to be a ladies' dinner to Mrs. Dickens. I think she wants to go to Greenwich, seeing how much good it has done me, for I went really ill, and came home well. So that occasionally the diet of Gargantua seems to suit me better than that of Panta-*gruel.* Well,—adieu for the present. Live, fatten, prosper, write, and draw the mopuses wholesale through Chapman and *Haul.*

Yours ever truly,
Thomas Hood.

17, Elm Tree Road, *Oct.* 12.

Dear Dickens,

Can you let me have an early copy of the "American Notes," so that I may review it in the "New Monthly?" Is it really likely to be ready as advertised?

... seen better than
die." Don't forget about the Yank
but one American friend, and lost him
pears. He paid us a visit in England
of him, a pear tree, which had never
within memory of man, was loaded wi
somethings. Our gardener said they
and would be good at Christmas; wh
than was on the eve of sailing for the
few dozens to dessert him on the voy
the bottom of a trunk (he wrote to us)
but he could not have been gone abov
all *our* pears began to rot! *His* woul
pathy, and I presume spoilt his linen
never heard of him since. Perhaps he
him on purpose, and for sartin the tree,
bore any more pears, good or bad, aft
crop.

Pray present my respects for me to
she must enjoy being at h...

"I wish I was in A-me-ri-ca!" Perhaps you might find something in the advertisements of Oldridge's "*Balm of Columbia*," or the "*American Soothing Syrup*"—query, Gin twist?

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood,
Saturday Evening, Nov. 12, 1842.

Dear Doctor,

I have but just heard from Dickens, who has been out of town, I suspect, hunting for a locality for his next tale. At least, he was twice in the country when I called lately. I am sorry to say his interest at the Sanatorium has been pre-engaged. It appears to me that Mrs. K—— has come rather late into the field, and Dickens implies that the candidates are very numerous. Here follows his answer:—

"I can't state in figures (not very well remembering how to get beyond a million) the number of candidates for the Sanatorium matronship, but if you will ask your little boy to trace figures in the beds of your garden, beginning at the front wall, going down to the cricket-ground, coming back to the wall again, and 'carrying over' to the next door, and will then set a skilful accountant to add up the whole, the product, as the Tutor's Assistants say, will give you the amount required. I have pledged myself (being assured of her capability) to support a near relation of Miss E——'s; otherwise, I need not say how glad I should have been to forward any wish of yours."

In the meantime, I have written to Dilke, on the chance that he may know some of the Sanatorium committee; and Jane is writing to your brother, to know if he has any voice in the new Camberwell Church organ—that is to say, in the commission. Nothing but canvassing—which reminds me of Berlin wool-work, and that recalls Mrs. Elliot. Pray tell her Jane has some new patterns.

She commissioned Franck to send her some for slippers, but wrote the word so badly that he asked what new English articles were "*dippers*." However, the patterns came, at least as far as the front gate, by the parcels-cart, and then went away again for, not living near any shop, we sometimes run quite out of change, and in the whole house could not muster 3*s.* 6*d.* for carriage and duty. However, she has obtained them at last, and I really think her head has been *wool*-gathering ever since. . . . . I suppose your brother's accident happened during his idleness at Cheltenham, or was it about the date of the new family vehicle? When I told Jane of it, she directly said, "I have a great mind to go over and see him about the Camberwell Organ," for which read the Organ of Curiosity! The 6th was her birthday, and we had a few young friends, and performed two charades, so we are pretty well.

Give our love to all, including the new Grammar School boy.

Of course he can tell now what mood "May" is in. Jeanie, I know, is the Potential.

I am, dear Doctor,

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

Puss & Pus

Mr BELL.

CHAPTER XI.

1843.

Elm Tree Road—Letters to Dr. Elliot—Letter to the Secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum—Letter to Mr. Dickens—Death of Elton and Benefit at the Haymarket for the Family—He writes an Address for it, to be spoken by Mrs. Warner—Letters to Lieut. De Franck and Mr. Dickens—He takes a Trip to Scotland—Letters to his Wife—Dundee and Edinburgh—Letters to Mr. Dickens and Dr. Elliot—"The Song of the Shirt"—"Punch"—"Pauper's Christmas Carol"—Prospectus of "Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany."

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood,
Thursday, April 13, 1843.

Dear Doctor,

Accept our heartiest congratulations. We were delighted to see your note, for we were getting very anxious, but did not like to write on that account; I am not made Laureate, or I would write an ode on the occasion.

Jane will come as soon as Mrs. Elliot is well enough to see her. She is servant-hunting, so I am obliged to be, what she calls, her "manuensis."

I did go last night to W——'s, being in fact, pretty well, in spite of the east winds. I have been working hard with pen and pencil, besides some extras on my hands, such as Lord L—— and B——. I must not write more, except that we all join in love to you all, and Jane says its beautiful weather for babbies, only they can't walk out; and the printers will keep Easter holidays, and the editors can't in consequence.

What is the title of the new article in your Magazine?

If you find him *de trop*, there is a chance for you in Boy's distribution. Raffles are epidemic. So are monomaniacs.

The comet is an intermittent. The aërial carriage is flying gout, a lame affair! The income tax will be chronic: and I am,

Dear Doctor,
Yours ever truly,
THOS. HOOD.

Thursday night, 1842.

DEAR DOCTOR,

We did not forget the wedding day, but drank the health of the pair, with earnest wishes for their long and lasting happiness; of course they are now in the midst of "honey and B's:" Bliss, Brighton, Baths, Billows, and Beach.

I thank you for your congratulations on my gout, but fear it is "no such luck." I am more likely to have the cold agueish rheumatism. I have got rid of the "agony point" of the game, but the progress seems very slow—in accordance with other sluggish characteristics, my foot continues swelled, and so tender I can hardly put it to the ground; I don't believe therefore it can be a *long-standing* complaint like the gout.

You do not say how Mrs. Elliot got over her fatigue, so we hope it was not worth mentioning. Give all our loves to all, and pray tell Dunnie and Jeanie they will hear from me as soon as I can write a good *foot*.

I am, Dear Doctor,
Yours ever truly,
THOS. HOOD.

The next letter is addressed to Dr. Elliot's eldest son, who was being educated as a civil engineer. My father had sent him a book on the Steam Engine, forwarded to him in his *editorial capacity*, which was an incapacity, as he says, as far

as reviewing it went. The Flying Fly alluded to was an aërial machine, projected (but not far from the earth) by some speculators. The Dover Engineering mentioned was the driving of the railway tunnel through Shakspeare's cliff.

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood, *April* 21, 1843.

Dear Willie,

You owe me no thanks, the book is in better hands than mine. I have not the organ of constructiveness, and made sure that by the help of the sledges at the foundry, you would hammer more out of the volume than I could.

Till lately, such was my ignorance, I thought the Engineers were the Fire Brigade.

And even yet I do not rightly understand what you make, at those factories along the river side, except a noise, enough to render the Thames fishes deaf, as well as dumb. Of what use then could such a book be to me, who have no more notion of engineering than a Zoological monkey of driving piles? I hastily read a few pages, but understood little, except about fastening cross beams with two ties, which being like a counsellor's wig, seemed to me the legal way. The railroad matter was quite beyond my comprehension, especially the necrological mode of laying down sleepers, which I should have thought belonged to medical practice. I hope you have no hand or finger in the construction of the Flying Fly at Blackwall; some people insist, rather inconsistently, that it will never ascend because it is a bubble, but you engineers know best. By the bye, your operations at Dover do the profession great credit, you beat the doctors hollow. Give your father as much Dover's powder as he pleases, and see if he can mine into a gouty foot, and blow out its chalk. I rather think I have an engineer amongst my correspondents. He signs himself *Screw-tator*, constantly

quotes from Dr. Lever, and speaks of carrots and turnips as *wedge*-ables. He even dines, I am told, at a French house, that he may ask for a *pully* instead of a chicken.

Good night! I would write more, but I have scientifically lighted my candle, and am going mechanically to bed.

Yours, dear Willie,

Very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

Talking of Engineering, it is strange that Brunel never calculated on one great use of the Thames Tunnel, namely, to give the Cockneys at Easter a *hole* holiday. I forget how many thousands of Londoners had a *dry dive* under the river. Some day, I predict, the tunnel will become a great water-pipe. And I'm a prophet.

I foretold, in last month's Magazine, that *the Comet would blow up the Waltham Abbey Powder Mills.*

The following letter from my father, was in answer to one from the Secretaries of the Bazaar Committee for the benefit of the Manchester Athenæum. These gentlemen desired leave to place his name on the list of their patrons. My father's letter was printed and sold at the Bazaar.

(From my bed.)

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, *July* 18, 1843.

GENTLEMEN,

If my humble name can be of the least use for your purpose, it is heartily at your service, with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Manchester Athenæum, and my warmest approval of the objects of that Institution.

I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to *Literature*—that a natural turn for reading, and intellectual

pursuits, probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck, so apt to befal those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage. At the very least my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloons, with their degrading orgies. For the closet associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble, though silent discourse of Shakspeare and Milton, will hardly seek, or put up with low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world. Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow: how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking; nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet; rich fare on the paper, for short commons on the cloth.

Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach for many months resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But luckily the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish table d'hôte, I could still enjoy my "Peregrine Pickle," and the Feast after the Manner of the Ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head *à la tortue*, or sheep's heart; but I could still relish Head *à la Brunnen*, and the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Still more recently it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to Lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician, to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the Poor-Law Commissioners, all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted, as well as all fluids, stronger than that which lays

dust, washes pinafores, and waters polyanthus. But the feast of reason and the flow of soul were still mine!

Denied beef, I had Bulwer and Cowper; forbidden mutton, there was Lamb; and, in lieu of pork, the great Bacon, or Hogg. Then as to beverage; it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face, like a Turk, against the juice of the grape. But eschewing wine, I had still my Butler, and in the absence of liquor, all the Choice Spirits from Tom Browne to Tom Moore. Thus though confined physically to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally, not merely the best of our own home-made, but the rich racy, sparkling growths of France and Italy, of Germany and Spain; the champagne of Molière, the Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. Depressed bodily by the fluid that damps everything, I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is equal to the best gruel with rum in it.

So far can Literature palliate, or compensate, for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart, and the temper; bowls that will not roll right, well-laid schemes that will "gang aglee," and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my *burthen* has been greatly lightened by *a load of books*. The manner of this will be best understood by a *feline* illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known, that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to its breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now the human *mind, under* vexation, is like that kitten; for it is apt to

prey upon itself, unless drawn off by a new object, and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of Defoe's; for who in reading his thrilling "History of the Great Plague," would not be reconciled to a few little ones?

Many, many a dreary weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental and bodily annoyance forgotten by help of the tragedies, and comedies, of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher; many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet! For all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart, "Thanks and honour to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press!" Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of Literature, and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind, doubtless, was Sir Humphry Davy, who went for "Consolations in Travel" not to the inn, or the posting-house, but to his library and his books.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, *Wednesday*.

MY DEAR DICKENS,

Make any use you can of my name, or me, for the purpose you mention. I would add my purse, but unluckily just now there is nothing in it, thanks to B——.

Many years ago, when I wrote theatrical critiques for a newspaper, I remember pointing out a physiognomy, which strongly prepossessed me in favour of its owner, as indicating superior intelligence. It was that of poor Elton,*

* My father wrote an address for the performance got up for Elton's children, see Complete Works.—T. H.

...ing that description in t
two children, prattling unconsciously
vessel was going down under them!

I have been intending to write to,
besides B—— *v.* Hood I have been ill,
my article for this month is not *yet* fin
a sufficient excuse with you for my non
at the Freemasons' Tavern. But it is of
as my feelings being so entirely in uniso
matter, you will be able to speak not
those of

Yours ever truly,

17, Elm Tree Roa

My dear Johnny,

What a noise you have made about
didn't you write in the interval? You, y
half-pay for doing nothing, whereas I am
doing everything. P...

myself to sleep with a German pipe. How unlike you, who have so much time that you can hardly know how to kill it, you, who however you may wish for war, can lie, sit, or stand, yawn, and snore, in such profound peace, that if you are not all overgrown with duck-weed like a stagnant pond, it's a wonder.

What indeed! why couldn't you write to yourself in my name? which would have improved your hand and your mind, and kept your English from getting rusty. For you have no correspondence, you know, like mine, with dozens of poetical ladies, old and young; and prosaic gentlemen: and if you do write articles, the Editors have refused them, for I have never met with any in print. But it all comes from your ignorance, and your living in that calm phlegmatic country, called Germany, where you travel through life in slow coaches, with the wheels locked, and have no notion of the railway pace at which we wear ourselves out here in England, or at least in London, and then go off, Bang, by apoplexy, like dry gunpowder, whilst *you* die fizzing and whizzing at leisure like "Devils." I don't mean Satans or old Nicks, but the wildfire so called at school, if you can remember so far back, or if you ever "*wented*" to school, of which your strange grammar sometimes suggests a doubt. Seriously, my dear Johnny, you cannot imagine the hurry I live in, like most of my contemporaries, but aggravated in my case by frequent illness, which makes me get into arrears of business, and then, as the sailors say, I have to work double tides to fetch up my lee-way; or, I might have said, to scratch my figure-head with the cat-harpins by way of splicing the mainbrace, for, you know, you inland lubbers know nothing about ships or nauticals. I could show you a German engraving of a ship with four masts, not set up in the middle, but along the side; the vessel by way of finish sailing stern foremost, at

position therefore entails on me son
example this last month I was made a
chester Athenæum, and wrote for them
benefits of literature, which has been I
back of that job, a poetical address de
market theatre, at the benefit for the s
actor, just drowned in the wreck of a ste
the hardest work is writing refusals to
will write poetry, and *won't* write it well.
come and marry a few of them, which we
them to prose.

Well, besides all these labours, I hav
two law-suits, one at law, and one in e
which will be decided at the end of the
Johnny, I have not been silent through id

In reality, I have begun one or two let
finish them while they were fresh, besides
dreams of seeing you: so that, one morni
was over here, I did say to myself, "ther
Gov about

will come some day, when Jane is a palsied, blind, old woman, and I am in my second childhood, sucking a lolly-pop, and "upwards of ninety." At present, we are only in a ripe middle age; but she wears best, as you may suppose, when I tell you that, only this spring, we had a party at which she danced; and what is more, with the Sheriff of London for her partner (whose official duty it is, you know, to superintend all "dancing on nothing"), and he said that she danced very lightly, considering that she was not hung.

So, you see we *are* alive, if not kicking, which will comfort you for the present; in a post or two, you will have a longer and more particular letter: in the meantime, we do not ask for your reasons for not coming, which we suppose to be as good as our own for not writing. We give you credit for the best intentions, and shall live in hopes of seeing you long before you are a colonel.

Fanny is very well, and so is Tom junior, and both send their love to you. My messengers being absent, they are going with great alacrity to carry this to the post, having read your melancholy letter, and being persuaded that you were going into a consumption beyond the cold water cure.

Jane is gone to town, or she would have had a finger in this; but she will have a hand in the longer epistle, of which this is the *avant courier*. But, mind, it will not be quite so big as to come by that heavy after-post-wagen that carries packages instead of packets. In the meantime she sends her love to you.

I have but a moment more before post time; and then when I have done, I shall go and take a look out of the drawing-room window at Lord's Ground, where the Eton and Harrow scholars are playing their annual match at cricket! Does not that sound English to you, old fellow? or have you forgotten that there are such things in the world as bats and

... my ... my respects to t
thanks for the honour they have done
God bless you! and
Believe me, my dear Fr
Yours ever very truly (but rather

DUNDEE, *Friday mo*

Here we are safe and sound
own dearest, after an excellent passage
most of the first day and night, and I
much better for it. I was very much
left, and we had a very rolling swell, ad
a steamer there is a smell of oil and
particularly offends my sense. We saw
to go outside of Yarmouth Roads in the

* At this time, my father set off, taking me
to see his relatives in Scotland. My recollection
vivid, especially when aided by a note-book

day morning we were out of sight of land, and only got a distant view of Flamborough Head.

Luckily there was a whale blowing, to Tom's great delight. We have made a very good passage, arriving here about seven this morning.

But imagine yesterday, while finishing our dinner, down came into the cabin a gentleman we had never seen before, announcing, "Ladies and gentlemen, I don't know whether you are aware of it, but we are all in imminent danger: the fires are out, and the captain don't know where we are; the ship is sinking, and you will be at the bottom in a few minutes." At first I was a little alarmed, not hearing what he said, for I had left Tom on deck, who was too squeamish to come below, but thinking, when I heard better, that he was some fool who had got frightened, I went up, brought Tom down, and said with a laugh to the passengers, "then my boy shall go down in good company!"—for some looked scared. Luckily the prophet of ill-luck did not go into the ladies' cabin, where many of them were sick, or we should have had screams and hysterics. It turned out that he was insane.

I remembered seeing the man rather mysteriously brought on board at Gravesend, and shut into the captain's private cabin on deck. It seems, after a day there, he got violent, and insisted on coming out. All the rest of the evening he did nothing else but go about addressing everybody, and particularly the captain, in a style that shocked weak nerves:—"We are all going (throwing up his hands), you will be all at the bottom in a few minutes, and no one left to tell the tale. She is settling fast forwards! Captain, captain, do you know where you are? Are you aware that the fire is out? Look, look forward there, she is going down. Good Heavens! and nobody seems aware of it, (to me,) and you

over the ship, lest he should jump
evening they got him in again, and l
safe landed.

You may tell Dr. Elliot that he
phrenologist, for whenever he was n
holding them up in despair, the fing
behind his ears on the organ of de
wreck. This is not a joke, but fact:
able action.

We have put up, *pro tempore*, at a
breakfast and a ramble. I could not
left my card at the G——s: it was s
visible. We shall go down by a train
cross by the boat to the South Ferry,
at which I shall put up. In the mean
the receipt of this, direct "Post Office,

I will let you know directly my plan
shall stay here, or at the Ferry. Tom
and happy, and looks a good deal bette

fast. The harbour much improved, otherwise much as before; filthy morning gutters, and plenty of bare legs and feet. Luckily the Post Office is next door, so that you will be sure to get this in good time. The boat was very handsomely and commodiously fitted up: a number of separate little rooms, in each two beds; Tom and I had one to ourselves; it contains window, lamp, washstand, towels, water at will from a cock, in short very different to the "Liverpool" and the like. And we were all very sociable, so that the time did not seem long.

I did not go to bed, as I like my head high, and slept both nights on one of the sofas.

You may now make yourself quite easy about me, I feel that I shall be much better for it; I sadly wanted a change, and this is a complete one. I have banished all thoughts of bookery, and mean to take my swing of idleness, not always the root of all evil. As soon as I get settled at the Ferry, however, I shall finish the article on Temperance by the help of whiskey toddy, but that need not be put in the paper.

The weather promises to be fine, in which case we shall spend as much time as possible out of doors.

I am glad to see Tom looking quite himself again, he is quite a Spaniard already, red and brown. He sends his love to Ma and Fanny, and promises plenty of drawings, for he began on board with his sketch book. God bless you, my own dearest. Do not fail to drink your port wine. Love to dear Tibby.

Your own ever,

THOMAS HOOD.

September, 1843.

My own Dearest,

I received yours the day before yesterday, having had to send for it to Dundee. On Friday we came here, to the Ferry, and I engaged a bed, but my Aunt would not hear of it, and made me come to her house at once, where we have been ever since. It is a very nice house and garden, and we are made much of, and are very comfortable. Tom is as happy as can be, and they are much taken with him. We are living on the fat of the land. Tom has milk-porridge for breakfast,—"baps," "cookeys," jelly, &c., and I have good ale and whiskey—and both are much the better,—greatly so in looks. I shall go by a steamboat from here to Leith, some day this week, so you must not write again to Dundee, but to the post-office, Edinburgh.

On Sunday, I went with my aunt to hear her minister,—one of those who have seceded. He preaches in a large school-room, but at the same time through a window into a large tent adjoining; a temporary accommodation, whilst a new church is building, in opposition to the old one,—something in the spirit of the old Covenanters. The minister and family take tea here, at six, which will shorten this. He and I got on very well. I write very hastily, expecting every minute to be summoned. I am looking at a hill (out of a back window) covered with sheaves, for it is the middle of harvest. Tom is off,—the minister's two boys are coming, and he has made a crony of one already. My aunt and uncle take kindly to him; they admire his reading and his spirit, though they have of course, some *misunderstandings* between English and Scotch. My aunt has given him a pencil-case of her brother Robert's, who was a "scholar at College." I expect to be delighted with Edinburgh, and *shall probably go* from here Friday next.

And now, God bless you, my own dearest. Kiss my Tibbie for me. I shall send to Dundee to-morrow to see if there are any letters, but from this side the boats are not frequent, and the ferry opposite Dundee is three miles off,—a long pull there and back. Be sure and take your wine, and drink the health of

Your own, affectionate,

THOS. HOOD.

Wednesday,
FERRY PORT-ON-CRAIG, BY CUPAR, FIFE.

DUNDEE, *Friday Morning.*

MY OWN DEAREST,

We parted with my aunt and uncle this morning,—they came with us in an open fly to the ferry, where we separated on the very best terms. I dine to-day with Mr. G——, (he has lost his wife years ago)—sleep to-night in Dundee, and to-morrow, per steamer, to Leith.

I think I shall leave Leith for London to-morrow (Saturday) week.

You must not come to meet me it is too uncertain, the hour of arrival. I am very much better, and Tom visibly fatter, and both in good spirits. I must shut this up as Mr. G—— dines early. Love to Fanny. God bless you, my own dearest and best. I have got slippers and all, and am sending them off to the ferry. I shall have much to tell you when we meet.

Your own, affectionate,

THOMAS HOOD.

EDINBRO', *Wednesday Morning, 27th.*

I HAVE not been quite able to make out, my own dearest, about my letters to you; it appears to me that one of them has missed.

I wrote from Dundee, then from the Ferry, and then from Dundee again. I have not been able to write from here till now, there is so much to see, and so much ground to be got over. In one thing I have been unlucky, that it is the Long Vacation, and most of the lions are out of town; Wilson thirty miles off, Napier gone too. I left my letter for him, and also for Lord Jeffrey, who has just sent me an invitation to dinner to-morrow at his seat, three miles hence. Otherwise, I was partly resolved to return by to-day's steamer, instead of Saturday's, which will now be the one. Do not write again, therefore, lest I miss it. I went to Chambers's and saw William; Robert, the one I knew, lives at St. Andrews, thirty miles off. Mrs. W. is in bad health, but I drank tea with them. He showed us all over his establishment; everything, binding, &c., done on the premises; and sent a younger brother, a very nice fellow, to show us about. We went up to the Castle, saw the very little room where James I. was born,—half the size of my room, or even less,—from the window the house where the Burking was perpetrated; he led us to some of the back slums, and Tom saw the shop where the rope was bought to hang Porteous; still the same family in the same line in the shop.

Saw the Advocates' Library, Old Parliament House, and the anatomical museum of the Surgeons' Hall. I am delighted with the city,—it exceeds my expectations. You must go with me to the Edinbro' panorama when I return. Yesterday we took a cold dinner at three, and then drove to Musselburgh, as Blackwood said Moir was not likely to come to Edinbro' shortly.

Such a kind welcome and delightful people—he and she; nice children. Tom and the boys got very sociable. About *six miles from here*—staid three hours with them—took

very much to each other. We are in comfortable quarters. For the sake of society we live in the travellers' room, and dine at the ordinary. As one of the results, on Sunday there dined a very strange man,—long beard, matted hair, &c.,—but spoke English. Thought he was the *Hebrew* Professor at the College—turns out to be Alexander Groat, the proprietor of John o' Groat's, with about £700 a-year—a great oddity. But he has been very civil to me, given me an order to see the Antiquaries' Museum, &c. I save one of his orders for an autograph. We live on the best of Scotch victuals; haddies breakfast and supper, whiskey-toddy, &c., &c. Tom enjoys it very much. I shall not fail to bring home some sweeties for the Elliots and others. The weather is beautiful, and I mean now to ramble all day, and see all I can; so you must not expect me to write again. I look longingly up at Salisbury Crags, and Arthur's Seat, but "who can tell how hard it is to climb?" I don't think I shall manage it, but mean to try some cool evening.

I am sleeping better again, but wish I had brought my pills. I went to one shop, and the man was, he *said*, out of galbanum. Went to another who said he had it, but gave me something else. However, I am much better from the constant air and exercise. I do not find, however, that I can settle to write, but am growing ideas I suppose. I shall perhaps write something about my trip to Edinburgh in my book. I think I could make a funny burlesque of Willis' pencilling style, only the characters visited to be imaginary Professors, &c., &c. They would enjoy it *here*. I think of looking to-day at the Canongate, Holyrood, and Heriot's Hospital.

Tom saw a cannon ball, that was fired at the Highlanders from the Castle, sticking in the wall of a house. He has almost filled his sketch book after his own fashion. I am in

... graphs, has sent to ask for n
on him this morning. If I do but
get on; the bracing air does me
deed been surprised to find how fa
feet great part of the day. I shall
case of a letter from you when
therefore stop for the present. Gi
D——. I should have liked to ha
invite of Lord Jeffrey's, but feel nc
leave.

Give my love to Tibbie; and Tom
you all.

God ble

My own dear

Your

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO C. I

the aristocrats, French or English, who do not prefer Charles Dick—to Charles Dix.

Mrs. Hood has gone to the Girlery (pronounced *gal*lery) of the Freemasons' Hall, to hear, see, and eat and drink all she can. I cannot spare time or money for the arts, though I love them and their professors, and particularly Stanfield, for coming uninvited the other night. I shall believe hereafter in godsends and windfalls. Is he really a son of Mrs. Inchbald's? She, who produced, you know, "Nature and Art!"

* * * *

I called on my return from Scotland, but could not catch you. I was delighted with Edinburgh, but unluckily it was vacation time, and the professors Napier and Wilson were absent. But I had the pleasure of dining with Lord Jeffrey (at Craigcrook), who sent his love to you; and spent a very happy evening with Moir,—delighted with him. Tom Junior accompanied me. I am much better for my trip in various ways.

* * * *

Towards the close of this year my father had been turning over frequently the project of starting a magazine of his own, but was anxious, and doubtful of such a bold step. Some little difference about the "New Monthly" at length brought him to the determination of risking it. As the result proved, there was little reason for hesitation. Unfortunately, as will be seen, even this success was not unalloyed by disappointment,—the partner with whom he embarked on the undertaking, turning out rather to be an adventurous speculator, than one of "those who have a sum of money to invest in, etc."

...ties for Jeanie and May, b...
whirlpool of business, which has
home. First, my two volumes fr...
prepare for the press, with tedious
finally, negociations about to clo...
"HOOD'S MAGAZINE"—to come ou...
I cannot keep the news from you,
once what is likely to be.

My fortunes seem subject to *cris*...
On or about Christmas, I am to d...
and get a new house, come to issue
with a periodical under my own na...
folks with money to back it. I shal...
the thing becomes a property.

Yesterday I had an offer to writ...
zine" on my own terms, the project
looks well: so do I, people say, for S...
various ways. I think, if I could live
Calton Hill, I should keep pr...

There ...

and Jane feels hen-sure of hers. But who would have thought of her keeping "a public!"

She sends her love, and means to get to Stratford "as soon as she is out;" whether she means bodily or bookily I cannot tell. I suspect she has a plot to ask M—— H—— to write for the "rising generation."

Tom and Fanny have given her some hints how children ought to be brought up; and, of course, Dunnie, Jeanie, and May, have some notions of their own on the same subject.

God bless you all. These here all unite in love to those there with,

Dear Doctor,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Jane desires me to say she hopes she may put down your name among her *prescribers*. I suspect she means subscribers, but must refer you to her prospectuses in print. Pray tell Mrs. Elliot to tell Thomas not to send away any hawkers with books in numbers—it may be *us*. Excuse boluses.*

In the Christmas Number of "Punch"† for this year

* Blots.

† "Punch" had now reached his fifth volume, and the commencement of his third year, having passed some time into the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. In the commencement of the fifth volume, on the second page, I think I recognise a cut of my father's—"The Lady in the Lobster." The picture of a specimen of the "Cock-and-bull" genus at page 213 of that volume I *know* to be his, though why it was signed B., I am at a loss to say. At page 223, appears a poem by my father, entitled a "Drop of Gin," accompanying Kenny Meadows' illustration. The only other contribution of my father's to "Punch," which I have been able to trace, is a poem entitled "The Dream," *àpropos* of the state trials in Ireland, and the Fair Maid of Perth, alluding to the "Fighting Smith" in either case. I have strong suspicions that the following, cuts in Vol. V.

...ed, and a little amused at its v
although my mother had said to him, '
up the packet ready for the press : "No
my words, this will tell wonderfully ! I
things you ever did !" This turned ou
It was translated into French and Ge
believe into Italian. My father used
wonder how they rendered the peculiar b

"Stitch, stitch, stitch !"

and also

"Seam and gusset and band

It was printed on cotton pocket handke
has met with the usual fate of all popu
been parodied times without number. B
and yet touched, my father most deeply
creatures, to whose sorrows and sufferings
eloquent voice, seemed to adopt its words

singing them about the streets to a rude air of their own adaptation. In the same Christmas Number of "Punch" appeared another contribution of my father's, the "Pauper's Christmas Carol," but it was overlooked, shadowed by the merits of its great companion.

to Mr. Phillips, Mr. Douglas, and Miss
the Co-proprietor of the Magazine—Le
to Dr. Elliot—Illness much increased—
Dr. Elliot's three Children—Goes to B.
recruit his health—Letters to Dr. Ellic
Letter to the Secretaries of the Manch
Illness—Mrs. Hood to Lieut. de Franck—
—Letters to Dr. and Mrs. Elliot—Lett
Hood, describing her Husband's Illness—
Robert Peel—Sir Robert Peel's Answer—
from Sir Robert Peel and Answer—Letters

JUST after Christmas, 1843, my fath
Elm Tree Road, to another house in
hood. In January, 1844, the first
Magazine" appeared. It seemed to n
success; my father had worked *very*
much depended on the first start. I fin
following to the opening number:

The Haunted House,
A Tale of Temper.

Altogether eleven articles, forming forty-six pages, not counting epigrams, and a further nine or ten pages of reviews; in fact, more than half the number. At this time I find a letter of my mother's to Dr. Elliot:—

"Hood has desired me to send you his book, which he will write in when he comes to Stratford on Monday. He is now staying in the Adelphi to be out of the bustle of moving; and in spite of fatigue of mind, and great excitement, seemed well this evening, when I saw him, for everything with regard to the magazine is going on to his great satisfaction. I enclose a 'Punch' paper, though you may have seen Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' as it was in the 'Times;' I think he has scarcely ever written anything that has been so much talked of as this song. We hear of it everywhere, and both morning and evening papers have quoted it, and spoken of it. To-day I received a note from Mrs. S. C. Hall, offering to send him occasional sketches for his Magazine, stipulating to name her own terms, the payment to be 'the pleasure she will feel in assisting, however humbly, in the success of his periodical: as a tribute of veneration to the author of the Song of the Shirt.'"

It was during this year that my father was elected an Honorary Member of the Graphic Club, which, I believe, then held its meetings at the Thatched House. He attended one or two of the *soirées*. The President of the Royal Society, the late Marquis of Northampton, also honoured him with a card of invitation to his first *conversazione*, but he was unfortunately too unwell to avail himself of it.

My father having wearied of publishers (no wonder, considering some he met with), had determined to bring out the Magazine at an office of its own at No. 1, Adam Street, Adelphi. This plan (which was afterwards found to produce

accompanied the first number of the n

1, Adam Street,

My dear Sir,

I cannot tell you how much
and grieved me; for being strictly a d
finding my comfort for many evils i
family, I can the better imagine and
a bereavement.

The only comfort I can offer to you, is
found most consolatory under the loss c
belief that we do not love in vain; that
live, having lived, so must we love, hav
after some term, longer or shorter, but
the great pendulum of eternity, we sh
In the meantime let us *endure* as bravel
sake of others.

You may guess by the number, whi
how I have been occupied, writing very

not say, when you feel well enough to resume your pen, how happy I shall be to receive a paper from you. We have agreed not to have any serials (as, not being booksellers, we can do nothing afterwards with the copyright), but each article independent of another.

I would not trouble you with this, but that, without any *selfish* view, I would earnestly recommend you, from my own experience, to resume your pen. I have had my share of the troubles of this world, as well as of the calamities of authors, and have found it to be a very great blessing to be able to carry my thoughts into the ideal, from the too strong real.

I am writing hastily, which you will, I know, excuse; for you must be well aware of what a Christmas month it has been for editors, and the 31st on a Sunday! And I have another short one before me with only twenty-eight days; I hope I shall survive it. Thank God my blood keeps within bounds.

Mrs. Hood desires her kind regards, and believe me to be, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,
THOS. HOOD.

My new home is at* Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road, St. John's Wood, where I shall be most happy to see you; it is just beyond the "Eyre Arms," three doors short of the turnpike. The Magazine Office is 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, and I am sometimes there of a morning. I just see I have made a mistake about twenty-eight days, I was thinking of the No. for February.

* My father gave the house this name in remembrance of the exceeding generosity and kindness, which, as has been mentioned, he received from the late *Duke of Devonshire*.—T. H. —

The following extract from a letter from my mother to Dr. Elliot describes the troubles that further beset the unlucky magazine, in spite of the hard labouring of its editor, and its popularity with the reading public.

"You will be sorry to hear that Mr. ——, the proprietor of 'Hood's Magazine,' has engaged in the speculation without sufficient means to carry it on—having been tempted by the goodness of the speculation, and hoping to scramble through it. Hood is obliged of course to get rid of him, and find some one else. The first alarm we had, was his quarrelling with Bradbury and Evans, the printers, about payment. This was on the 27th of January; he then got another man in February, who could not manage it; and on the 12th, he engaged another, who had new type to buy, and could not begin to print until the 16th—this in the shortest month of the year. The worry laid Hood up; and all these things of course prevented the Magazine coming out in time. It is doing well. B—— told Mr. Phillips he never before heard of such a sale as 1500 for a first number; and, having been well advertised, it does not now want much to carry it on; so there will be no difficulty in getting another partner. Hood will be obliged next week to compel Mr. —— to pay him—he owes him nearly £100. Of course it has been a sad blow to us, and crippled us for the present. This man's behaviour has astonished us, having started apparently with such plenty. His house is his own, and brings him in, let off in chambers, £400 a-year! Hood dines to-day at Dr. Bowring's, in Queen's Square. He knew him well years ago in the 'London Magazine;' and he wrote a few days ago to ask Hood to meet Bright and Cobden on business. *I* think to engage him to write songs for the League. I augur good from it. This comes of the 'Song of the Shirt,' of which *we hear something* continually."

The next and three subsequent letters were written to three of Dr. Elliot's children,* especial favourites of my father's.

17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood,
Monday, April, 1844.

My dear May,

I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it; for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly, I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth we will have its face well shaved. Did you ever go to Greenwich Fair? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony and has caught a cold, and tell Jeanie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. Oh, how I wish it was the season when "March winds and April showers bring forth *May* flowers!" for then of course you would give me another pretty little nosegay. Besides it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night, when I came from Stratford, the cold shrivelled me up so, that when I got home, I thought I was my own child!

* They have been mentioned before in the notes, as pets of his; and the letters will prove how admirably my father could adapt his style to children. It is much to be regretted that a plan he entertained for writing a set of children's books was not carried out. We have however the MSS. of some short pieces written by him for the "Juvenile Magazine" (see letter to Dr. Elliot, Nov. 8, 1843), which my mother meditated, and of which we have a good deal of the matter by us. The allusion at the commencement of this letter is to an accidental tumble and roll, which befel my father and little May, while at a pic-nic in the forest. They rolled down a bank, and landed in a furze bush at the bottom.—T.H.

pudding, instead of a plum one.

Give my love to everybody, from
with which and a kiss, I remain up h

Your affectiona

During my father's editorship o
Magazine," he became personally acq
contributors, a young naval surgeon,
He wrote several papers under the si
Student," which evinced much talent,
original and peculiar kind. When

* "Willy," at that writing, being very tal
youngest sister, *not* very tall for her age.—T. H

† Mr. Douglas was a very kind friend to m
knife given him by a Spaniard, on some of th
his wife, who was dangerously ill. He also
monkey, which latter gift was the cause of so
hearing that he was going to bring me "a
quadrumana very different from the reality (a p
and wrote to entreat Douglas to —

own Magazine, Mr. Douglas, with one or two others, including the late Mr. W. J. Broderip, F.R.S., author of "Zoological Recreations," and Mr. Frederic Hardman, author of the "Student of Salamanca," followed him and wrote for the new periodical. My father frequently corresponded with Mr. Douglas, and suggested alterations or curtailments of his MSS., and in his last letter to him in 1844, spoke of his temporary rallying from illness, but his knowledge, also, that it was but a passing amelioration. Indeed he said it was probable that, when Mr. Douglas returned from his next trip, he might not find him alive; to this letter I find among other matters the following reply:—

"I am glad to hear that you are so well, and would recommend you, professionally speaking, not to indulge in those pleasing anticipations of seeing the other world, but to be content with the one you are in, for a day or two!"

My father's forebodings were however curiously realised, but not in the manner he prophesied. His next news of his friend was the announcement, by a stranger, that Mr. Douglas had been suddenly taken with an infectious fever, and being comparatively a stranger at Devonport (where he had been awaiting his appointment to a new ship), he had been taken to the hospital, where he died; and was buried before his family, residing in Scotland, could reach him.

In the month of May my father was again taken ill, partly from the hard work, occasioned by a new periodical, and partly from anxiety owing to some doubts as to the solvency of his co-proprietor of the speculation. How little could those, who carelessly passed an idle hour perhaps over this amusing periodical imagine what the toil was, that created their passing amusement; a toil now fearfully aggravated by frequently recurring attacks of a mortal disease.

On the 22nd of May I find my mother writing to Dr. Elliot-

"He lies very quiet reading in his l
I fear he is very ill. I do not write th
my dear Dr. Elliot, for what can be do
mind, which feels cruelly this failure
laboured at night and day, and whicl
good property if carried on. I dare n
shall be unfit to do my best for him."

In the midst however of this sickn
father's friends rallied round him. Mr.
himself as unpaid sub-editor, and co
arranged matter for the press.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Put on six leeches yesterday,
stomach (my stomach ought to be all *pi*
bites bled a good deal. I slept at night but

* * *

Great noises in the chest when I swa
action. Heart quiet and pulse

grandfather at least, and give *you* advice! viz., don't over-polka yourself.

EPIGRAM ON DR. ROBERT ELLIOT,

OF CAMBERWELL.

Whatever Doctor Robert's skill be worth,
One hope within me still is stout and hearty,
He would not *kill* me till the 24th,
For fear of my *appearing* at his party!

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
Monday.

MY DEAR DICKENS,

I cannot say how delighted I was to learn from my friend Ward that you had promised me a little "bit o' writin" to help me to launch afloat again. It has been a cruel business, and I really wanted help in it, or I should not have announced it, knowing how much you have to do. I am certainly a lucky man and an unlucky man too—for S—— is far better than the promise of ——.

By the bye, I have heard one or two persons doubt the reality of a Pecksniff—or the possibility—but I have lately met two samples of the breed. —— is most decidedly a Pecksniffian; as Ward says, he is so "confoundedly *virtuous*." After telling two parties he was going to fail, his brother corroborating,—after excusing himself from giving me up the stock for debt to me, as he had promised, because it would be preferring one creditor,—he turned round, and said, he was not only not going to fail, but had never said so! On the back of this he now says if all will not take a composition, there will be a friendly fiat! He *cried* to Ward, and begged him to get him a situation, of only a guinea a-week, as he was a ruined man; and then served *a writ*—not a summons—on Ward for eighteen copies he had had of the

Was not this capital? Just let me know
bearer, how much space I shall leave for
the first sheet open, not to hurry you.

I hear that you are going to learn
Italian macaroni. For God's sake take c
I am suffering still from a touch of t
years ago. Last week I dined at Tom
taken so ill on the road home, walking, I
a policeman to assist me; and after
thought it a strange case of drunkenness
all the use of his faculties, but unable
support.

Mrs. Hood unites in kind regards to
Dickens. Our new house is in a road th
when you take an airing. *Verb. sap.*

Yours ve

How is Forster? I heard lately that h-

the rage in London, and at Windsor, and the letter was a clever satire on the folly of this childish admiration of

"The abridgment of all that is pleasant in man."

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, *Tuesday.*

MY DEAR DICKENS,

I must write at last in lieu of coming as I have hoped, leaning on a *hanker* for day after day, but a severe course of influenza with a strong cough has so shaken the little physical power I possessed that I can hardly stand, and certainly cannot go, without a go-cart. I have indeed had a foretaste of dying, in a terrible shortness of breath at night. I never felt touched in the wind before, but know now that I have lungs. What a comfort! *Apropos* of which let me again cry to you to beware of Italian malaria. My ten-year-old marsh malady has throughout aggravated the other by ague-ish chills and fitful fever. And what's more it is not catching, so that you cannot give it to any one that you don't like. But for this influenza, I should long ago have had an outfluenza to grasp your hand, and thank you for your great kindness, which I feel the more, from knowing, by experience, how many obstacles there were in the way of it. Thanks to that, and similar backing, I shall now, I think, turn the corner; and in the meantime the pinch has not only shown me in a very gratifying way the sincerity of some longer friends, but has procured me a succession of new ones. For example Ward, who has slaved for the Magazine like an enthusiastic sub-editor.

Your paper is capital. I had been revolted myself by the royal running after the American mite, and the small-mindedness of being so fond of an unmagnified man or child. I cannot understand the wish to see a dwarf twice. As

his back. But he was manly enough to
in a room with some one to fight a du
think neither of them were taller than
years old.

The two Queens ought henceforwar
through the wrong ends of their telescope
I long to see you and have a gossip on thi
cannot say when I shall get abroad.

Give our kind regards to Mrs. Dickens.

I am,

My dear Dickens,

Your ever ver

The following announcement appeared a
number for June.

THE ECHO.

feelings of the deepest

(itself brought on by the wearing excitement of ceaseless and excessive literary toil) has, in the course of a few weeks, reduced Mr. Hood to a state of such extreme debility and exhaustion, that, during several days, fears were entertained for his life. Nevertheless, up to Thursday the 23rd he did not relinquish the hope that he should have strength to continue, in the present number, the novel which he began in the last; and he even directed his intentions to be announced in the advertisements, which were sent out on that day to the Saturday journals. On the same evening sitting up in bed, he tried to invent, and sketch, a few comic designs; but even this effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion. Next morning his medical attendants declared that the repetition of any such attempt, at that critical period of his illness, might cost him his life. We trust that this brief explanation will obtain for Mr. Hood the sympathy and kind indulgence of our subscribers; and especially that it will satisfy them of the perfect *bona fides*, with which the promise of a contribution from his pen was advertised in the Saturday papers. Mr. Hood, we are happy to say, is now gradually recovering strengh; and there is every reason to expect that he will be able, in the next number, to give the promised new chapters, and illustrations, at present of necessity deferred.

Conscious of his enfeebled powers and uncertain hand, Mr. Hood threw aside the above-mentioned sketches, as too insignificant for publication. But it has been thought, that the contrast of their sprightly humour with the pain and prostration, in the midst of which they were produced, might give them a peculiar interest, independent of any merit of their own: suggesting, perhaps, the reflection (never too trite to be repeated, so long as it is too true to be

denied), by what harassing efforts the food of careless mirth is furnished, and how often the pleasure of the Many costs bitter endurance to the One.

Disobeying, therefore, for once, the direction of our chief, we have preserved two of these "sickroom fancies," which will enable us to convey, in his own quaint picture-language, to the readers of "Hood's Mag.," "The Editor's Apologies."*

The next three letters were written to the three little Elliots—namely, Dunnie (familiarly called "Jack," and "Old Fellow"), Jeanie, and May, the heroine of the roll down the Wanstead Slopes. They were then spending a few weeks by the sea at Sandgate.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
July 1 (1st of Hebrew falsity).

MY DEAR DUNNIE,

I have heard of your doings at Sandgate, and that you were so happy at getting to the sea, that you were obliged to be flogged a little to moderate it, and keep some for next day. I am very fond of the sea, too, though I have been twice nearly drowned by it; once in a storm in a ship, and once under a boat's bottom when I was bathing. Of course you have bathed, but have you learned to swim yet? It is rather easy in salt water, and diving is still easier, even, than at the *sink*. I only swim in fancy, and strike out new ideas!

Is not the tide curious? Though I cannot say much for its tidiness; it makes such a slop and litter on the beach. It comes and goes as regularly as the boys of a proprietary school, but has no holidays. And what a rattle the waves

* "Hood's Mag.," was a magpie with a hawk's hood on; "The Editor's *Apologies*," a collection of bottles, leeches, and blisters.—T. H.

make with the stones when they are rough; you will find some rolled into decent marbles and bounces: and sometimes you may hear the sound of a heavy sea, at a distance, like a giant snoring. Some people say that every ninth wave is bigger than the rest. I have often counted, but never found it come true, except with tailors, of whom every ninth is a man. But in rough weather there are giant waves, bigger than the rest, that come in trios, from which, I suppose, Britannia rules the waves by the rule of three. When I was a boy, I loved to play with the sea, in spite of its sometimes getting rather *rough*. I and my brother chucked hundreds of stones into it, as you do; but we came away before we could fill it up. In those days we were at war with France. Unluckily, it's peace now, or with so many stones you might have good fun for days in pelting the enemy's coast. Once I almost thought I nearly hit Boney! Then there was looking for an island like Robinson Crusoe! Have you ever found one yet, surrounded by water? I remember once staying on the beach, when the tide was flowing, till I was a peninsula, and only by running turned myself into a continent.

Then there's fishing at the seaside. I used to catch flat fish with a very long string line. It was like swimming a kite! But perhaps there are no flat fish at Sandgate—except your shoe-soles. The best plan, if you want flat fish where there are none, is to bring codlings and hammer them into dabs. Once I caught a plaice, and, seeing it all over red spots, thought I had caught the measles.

Do you ever long, when you are looking at the sea, for a voyage? If I were off Sandgate with my yacht (only she is not yet built), I would give you a cruise in her. In the meantime you can practise sailing any little boat you can get. But mind that it does not flounder or get [illegible],

as some people say, instead of "founder" and "swamp." I have been swamped myself by malaria, and almost foundered, which reminds me that Tom junior, being very ingenious, has made a cork model of a diving-bell, that won't sink.

By this time, I suppose, you are become, instead of a land-boy, a regular sea-urchin; and so amphibious, that you can walk on the land as well as on the water—or better. And don't you mean, when you grow up, to go to sea? Should you not like to be a little midshipman? or half a quarter-master, with a cocked hat, and a dirk, that will be a sword by the time you are a man? If you do resolve to be a post-captain, let me know; and I will endeavour, through my interest with the Commissioners of Pavements, to get you a post to jump over of the proper height. Tom is just rigging a boat, so I suppose that he inclines to be an Admiral of the Marines. But before you decide, remember the port-holes, and that there are great guns in those battle-doors that will blow you into shuttlecocks, which is a worse game than whoop and hide—as to a good hiding!

And so farewell, young "Old Fellow," and take care of yourself so near the sea, for in some places they say, it has not even a bottom to go to if you fall in. And remember when you are bathing, if you meet with a shark, the best way is to bite off his legs, if you can, before he walks off with yours. And so, hoping you will be better soon, for somebody told me you had the shingles,

I am, my dear Dunnie,

Your affectionate friend,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S.—I have heard that at Sandgate there used to be *lob*sters; but some ignorant fairy turned them all by a *spell into bol*sters.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, *July* 1, 1844.

MY DEAR JEANIE,

So you are at Sandgate! Of course, wishing for your old play-fellow, M—— H——, (he *can* play,—it's work to me) to help you to make little puddles in the Sand, and swing on the Gate. But perhaps there are no sand and gate at Sandgate, which, in that case, nominally tells us a fib. But there must be little crabs somewhere, which you can catch, if you are nimble enough, so like spiders, I wonder they do not make webs. The large crabs are scarcer.

If you do catch a big one with strong claws—and like experiments—you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and you can see whether he will break it up with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of sea-calves' feet, and no sherry.

The mermaids eat them, I suppose, at their wet water-parties, or salt *soirées*. There were star-fish also, but they did not shine till they were stinking, and so made very uncelestial constellations.

I suppose you never gather any sea-flowers, but only sea-weeds. The truth is Mr. David Jones never rises from his bed, and so has a garden full of weeds, like Dr. Watts's Sluggard.

Oysters are as bad, for they never leave their beds willingly, though they get such oceans of "cold pig." At some sea-sides you may pick up shells, but I have been told that at Sandgate there are no shells, except those with passive green peas and lively maggots.

I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care; for if you stay under water

too long, you may come up a mermaid, who is only half a lady, with a fish's tail,—which she can boil if she likes. You had better try this with your Doll, whether it turns her into half a "dollfin."

I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up, and sell it for ginger-pop.

When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet-oil out of the cruet *all over it*, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth,—much smoother than a dressed salad.

Some time ago exactly, there used to be, about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then plunged down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets or hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them "gulls,"—but they didn't mind it! Do you ever see any boats or vessels? And don't you wish, when you see a ship, that Somebody was a sea-captain instead of a Doctor, that he might bring you home a pet lion, or calf elephant, ever so many parrots, or a monkey, from foreign parts? I knew a little girl who was promised a baby whale by her sailor brother, and who *blubbered* because he did not bring it. I suppose there are no whales at Sandgate, but you might find a seal about the beach; or, at least, a stone for one. The sea stones are not pretty when they are dry, but look beautiful when they are wet,—and we can *always* keep sucking them!

If you can find one, pray pick me up a pebble for a seal. I prefer the red sort, like Mrs. Jenkins's brooch and ear-rings, which she calls "red chamelion." Well, how happy *you must be!* Childhood is such a joyous, merry time;

and I often wish I was two or three children! But I suppose I can't be; or else I would be Jeanie, and May, and Dunnie Elliot. And wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees! And oh! how I would climb up the downs, and roll down the ups on my three backs and stomachs! Capital sport, only it wears out the woollens. Which reminds me of the sheep on the downs, and little May, so innocent, I dare say, she often crawls about on all fours, and tries to eat grass like a lamb. Grass isn't nasty; at least, not very, if you take care, while you are browsing, not to chump up the dandelions. They are large, yellow star-flowers, and often grow about dairy farms, but give very bad milk!

When I can buy a telescope powerful enough, I shall have a peep at you. I am told with a good glass, you can see the sea at such a distance that the sea cannot see you! Now I must say good bye, for my paper gets short, but not stouter. Pray give my love to your Ma, and my compliments to Mrs. H—— and no mistake, and remember me, my dear Jeanie, as your

Affectionate friend,

THOS. HOOD.

The other Tom Hood sends his love to everybody and every thing.

P.S. Don't forget my pebble:—and a good *naughty-lass* would be esteemed a curiosity.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, *July* 1, 1844.

MY DEAR MAY,

How do you do, and how do you like the sea? not much perhaps, it's "so big." But shouldn't you like a nice *little ocean, that* you could put in a pan? Yet the sea,

quite clean; but it was very fo
waves ever run after you yet, and
shoes into pumps, full of water?

If you want a joke you might pus
and then fish for him as they do for
in yourself, and don't let the baby g
although he *is* the shrimp of the family.
the sea-water? The fishes are so fo
drinking it all the day long. Dip you
then suck it to see how it tastes. A g
sugar, and a grate of nutmeg, would
The water of the sea is so saline, I wo
salt fish in it. I should think a good
out in a butter boat, with a little melte
you been bathed yet in the sea, and w
was, the first time, and the time before t
how I kicked, and screamed—or, at least,
but the sea, ships and all, began to run in
so I shut it up. I think I see *you* b

very nice to roll down, especially if there are no furze bushes to prickle one, at the bottom! Do you remember how the thorns stuck in us like a penn'orth of mixed pins at Wanstead? I have been very ill, and am so thin now I could stick myself into a prickle. My legs, in particular, are so wasted away that somebody says my pins are only needles: and I am so weak, I dare say you could push me down on the floor, and right thro' the carpet, unless it was a strong pattern. I am sure if I were at Sandgate, you could carry me to the post-office, and fetch my letters. Talking of carrying, I suppose you have donkeys at Sandgate, and ride about on them. Mind and always call them "donkeys," for if you called them asses, it might reach such long ears! I knew a donkey once that kicked a man for calling him Jack instead of John.

There are no flowers I suppose on the beach, or I would ask you to bring me a bouquet as you used at Stratford. But there are little crabs! If you would catch one for me, and teach it to dance the Polka, it would make me quite happy; for I have not had any toys, or play-things for a long time. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab, for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl, if he can't walk, and, if I was his mamma, I *would* too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more—he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens.

And now good-bye, Fanny has made my tea, and I must drink it before it gets too hot, as we *all* were last Sunday week. They say the glass was 88 in the shade, which is a great age! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and I am afraid took them all to

forget my little crab to
pray write to me soon as you can't, if it

In July, 1844, after his serious illness
change of air, and to recruit his exhaus
for some weeks at Blackheath. He too
the time at Vanbrugh House, "that g
built on the model of the Bastille, which
himself on the Park side of the Heath."
to get fresh air, and bracing air too, wh
beautiful scenery of Greenwich Park; an
easy communication with London.

DEAR DOCTOR, VANBRUGH Ho

I am so curious to see with wha
can forbid me such cooling draughts as icec

* It is very curious to note, in the foregoing let
touching sadness underlying the fun, which runs ri
As an instance of this, after joking with Dunnie a

cold punch, at such a notorious feasting-place as Blackwall (after a glimpse too of Greenwich Hospital-ity), that I shall be sure to meet you at 3 o'clock. I was going to say amongst the pensioners, but as yet I only know the *pen* part of it. Love to all.

Yours ever and ever,

THOMAS HOOD.

I have had a little more spinning material in me, the last few days, and have nearly done three chapters; but you needn't tell Sir Robert.*

After a stay of two months at Blackheath, which certainly restored his health wonderfully for a time, my father returned to London. When there, he found that his friend Phillips, who had been selected as the tutor of the son of the Marquis of ——, and was staying at Brighton, had been run away with, and thrown, while out riding. Mr. Phillips was a fellow-sufferer with my father, and was subject to hæmorrhage of the lungs. He had written some German stories for the Magazine, one of them about a water spirit, or Neck, to which allusion is made, as well as to his poem, "The Husk and the Grain."

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD.

MY DEAR PHILLIPS,

What the devil do you mean? Have you no concern for the nerves of editors—the nourishment of magazine readers? It may be horse-play to you but death to us. What business had you in the saddle at all? Have I not said in print, that sedentary persons have never a good seat?

* It appears from this letter that my father had had some intimation at *this time of the possibility* of his receiving a pension.—T. H.

as well as in your fall,
tented with the *Neck*, crying "
break your own? Is your head
pumpkin, that you must go pitch
"dome of thought and palace of t
you getting up—not content wit
spitting mud! And, plague take y
on an earthly roadster, when you n
so celestially on Pegasus, after his fe
Do you really expect, though you
will get an equestrian statue for i
Cockspur Street, or in front of the n
bronze pony! Nor will you get a sh
from "Hood's" or "Blackwood's," no
Sporting Magazines, for going at a g
fox! And a father too, with a baby
lord to bring up! And a friend, v
B——, a S——, and a Hood, and all
himself to be kicked out of such s
Philippus, you deser—

Lore:" but your beautiful poem was some consolation. It has been much admired by my friends. Don't get too proud with your Marchionesses for the Muses. My bust is modelled and cast. It is said to be a correct likeness: two parts Methodist, to one of Humourist, and quite recognisable in spite of the Hood all over the face.

To-morrow I take a trip to Calais, for a day only, with Fanny, for the sake of the voyage and sea air. We are a brace in need of bracing, as you know. If I can catch a sea-horse, I will, for you to ride in the Race of Portland. Ward accompanies to edit the main sheet, and return the whole Packet if unsuitable. I only hope he won't be sick without "Notice to Correspondents."

Pray for us, and for peace; for if a war breaks out while we are there, the Magazine will be as bad as blown up, and I might as well be cased *full*-length in plaster of Paris.

By-the-bye, have you read the "Mysteries of Paris?" Very bad! Or the "Amber Witch," which is very good? Or do you read nothing but Burke and Debrett to the young Peerage? Do you like my novel? or do you prefer Rookwood for the sake of the ride to York? —— advertises "Revelations of London," in imitation of the Parisian mysteries, of course! Won't they be very full of the slang of the Rookery? The mere idea gives me the *Back Slumbago!*

Write soon, and tell me how you like your new position, and how you live. Aristocratically enough I guess, and spitting nothing under high blood. Your stomach a mere game bag, or pot for the preserves, eh? And some fine day you will come and triumph over us with your corpulence, and "Phillips me like a three-man beadle." For you drink the choicest of wines, of course—your smallest beer old double X ale. What a change for an author! And then

you lie I warrant in a down bed, with such sheets! every one equal to forty-eight pages of superfine cambric, margined with lace and hot-pressed with a silver warming-pan! Nevertheless, come some day and see us—some day when you are ordered to live very low, and then perhaps our best holiday diet may be good enough for you. We are very poor and have only seventy-two thousand a-year (pence mind, not pounds), and our names not even in the Post-office Directory, much less the Court Guide!

Well, if it isn't too great a liberty, God bless you! Mrs. Hood hopes you will forgive her offering her kind regards; and Fanny and Tom presume to join in the same. And if you would condescend to present my kind regards and respects to Mr. S——, it would exceedingly oblige,

Dear Phillips,

Yours very truly, and hoping no offence,

THOS. HOOD.

The following letter was written to the secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum, in answer to one from them conveying an invitation to a *soirée* at that institution.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
October 1, 1844.

DEAR SIRS,

I should sooner have answered your obliging letter, and the flattering invitation which it conveyed, but my state was so precarious, that it seemed presumptuous, without a *morning* certain in September, to speculate on a *soirée* in October. It would indeed afford me very great pleasure to be at the meeting on the 3rd, but really I have not "man" or "chest" enough for Manchester; and as for Mr. Disraeli, might *as well hope for* an introduction to Ben Ledi or Ben Nevis!

For me all long journeys, save one, are over. Recent experimental trips have shown that I am barely equal to water-carriage, and then "with care," like brittle glass or frail crockery. No slight hardship, while steam and rail afford such facilities for locomotion, to be compelled to renounce travelling!—to be incapable of physical activity just when young England is promising parochial May-poles and county Cricket. The truth is, I am a confirmed invalid, and almost set in for still-life—a condition irksome enough, and which would be intolerable but for the comfort and consolation I derive from the diversions of authorship and the blessed springs of Literature.

Fortunately the head—that has a mind to it—may travel without those pantings which beset spasmodic lungs; the thoughts can expatiate without such palpitations as result from the excursions of the legs. Forbidden to walk, there is the run of the library; but I have already described the advantages of books and reading, by help of which even the bed-ridden may enjoy a wider range than Captain Warner's. Suffice it, that experience and suffering have confirmed my former views, that, if anything could aggravate the evil of becoming what the Scotch call "a puir silly body," it must be a poor silly mind, incapable of wholesome exercise, without appetite for intellectual food, or the power of digesting it.

And, as age and accidents to the human machinery will impair the strongest horse-power of health, whilst the fairest mercantile endeavour may fail to secure a fortune, I would earnestly forewarn all persons within reach of my counsel—especially the young—to provide against such contingencies by the timely cultivation and enrichment of that divine allotment, which it depends on ourselves to render a flower-garden or a dead waste—a pleasure-ground visited by the

Graces and frequented by the fairies, or a wilderness haunted by Satyrs.

But I need not dwell longer on these topics. You will have a chairman,* who, inspired by his father's spirit, will discourse so eloquently of the pursuits and amenities of literature, and the advantages of the Athenæum, that every leg in the hall will become a member. In brighter colours than mine, he will paint, to the "new generation" of your busy city, the wholesome recreation to be derived from Science and Art—the instruction and amusement to be gained from works of Philosophy and Poetry, of History, Biography, and Travels; and last, not least, the infinite relief, amidst commercial occupations, of alternating matters of *Fiction and Fact*ory.

Pray accept my warmest wishes for the success of your *soirée*, and the permanent prosperity of your institution, and

Believe me, dear Sirs,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

THE HONORARY SECRETARIES,
Soirée Committee.

In this month, October, my mother is again the sad chronicler of illness and hard work. She says in a letter to M. de Franck:—

"He is now in the midst of work for the Magazine; he only last week resumed the labour of it—a friend did it for him, as he was forbidden even to write, though he did break through the injunction. He was more seriously ill than ever I saw him,—for three weeks in extreme danger, three physicians attending. Dr. Elliot came daily ten miles to see him, which, we feel, was an extraordinary act of friend-

* *Mr. Disraeli occupied the chair at the soirée.*

ship, with his extensive practice in his own neighbourhood. Hood suffered dreadfully from spasmodic shortness of breath, and the doctors are astonished at his recovery; but he is sadly shaken and reduced in strength. He went to Blackheath for two months when he was well enough for removal from home, and returned here about a month or six weeks ago. We fear the clay soil of this neighbourhood does not agree with him, and that we must move again, which we are sorry for, as we have a very pretty house, and took it for three years from last Christmas. We are trying to let it, but it is a bad time of year; if we succeed in getting rid of it, we think of going into London for the winter, to be nearer the Doctor in case Hood should be ill again: indeed, I am sorry to say he is never well now—unable to walk the shortest distance without suffering, and feeling every change of weather. Last autumn (I mean 1843) he went to Edinburgh for a fortnight. Since he returned from Blackheath in September, he went over to Calais by one packet and returned by the next, taking Fanny with him; but it was too much fatigue, and he was not well after it."

To this letter my father adds one of his little cheerful postscripts:—

DEAR JOHNNY,

"Jack's alive!" Three doctors could not kill me, so I *may* live a year or two. But I almost went a-fishing in Lethe for forgotten fishes. You talk of my excess! Why, I am hardly allowed table-beer and water, and never go out to balls! Now you are in the "John d'armes," you ought to come and take a lesson of our new police, who are almost as military as yours, and more civil I suspect. If you want a job, you shall mount guard at my Magazine and fight all *my duels*. *Editors* get into them now and then. I will

DEAR SIR,

By the same post which bri
ceive a copy of the Magazine.

I cannot say how vexed I have been
that you had expressed a particular wi
article only reached me in print on Fr
memorandum on the MS., which led
being unwell, you confided the correctio
Ward; and having carefully compared
MS., I sent it to press, the holiday on M
put forward the printing. I earnestly hc
error of any consequence; and there was
to a dramatic sketch, which must make
in general feel more interest in the Greek
commonly do in classic subjects.

I need not say how highly I estimate
your great kindness and consideration; th
bering your state of health and probabl
literary occupation, with which —

Pray accept my heartfelt thanks for this and the great interest you have otherwise taken in my behalf. I can accept kindness from literary men, as from relations, which I could not take from others, not endeared to me by admiration, respect, community of pursuit, and that mental intimacy which far transcends mere personal acquaintance, and makes a name "a household word."

If it be true, as I have understood, that you have taken leave of authorship, I shall reckon it no light honour to have had your last words in my magazine:—the last act of your pen being devoted to a kindly and consistent purpose. But I am not selfish enough to desire it at the expense of so wide a circle as your readers. I will not formally wish that you may write again for the world, knowing that you will not be able to help it any more than the flow of the tide, should mental or moral impulse urge you to work out some beautiful fiction, illustrate some great principle, or advocate some good cause. But in any case you have richly earned that dignified leisure, with all its delights, which no one wishes you more abundantly or fervently than,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and grateful servant,

THOS. HOOD.

I resumed the management of the "Magazine" last month, from which you may conclude that I am better—as well probably as I ever can be, from the nature of my complaints. It is not well, perhaps, for me to work so much, but, besides the necessity for exertion from long habit, my mind refuses to be passive, and seems the more restless from my inability to exert much bodily activity. I sleep little, and my head, instead of a shady chamber, is like a hall with

. . . . me. In the Novembe
of the Labourer." In the Sp
a labourer, aged eighteen, wa
for sending a threatening letter
Hunts—to Transportation for

I am able to attest to th
From the beginning of the
epitome of this case, had stood
fact the *most* prominent, on th
study; and I have often heard
his friends of the *actual* 'ham
unhappy living victim of a panic
impression which the reiterated
upon me; and I feel convinced t
(those who choose may attribute
health) was as really impressed o
actually transmitted by the retin
regret to say, failed to do more t
red tape by way of reply, and I k
very sensit

as a mere compliment, which makes your opinion worth a hundred criticisms. I hope it will do good to all parties, to me among the rest, to be very candid—for I am a Labourer too. I do not think that I have been so exhausted, as I expected to have been, in proportion to my work.

I had not seen Ward since our trip to Calais till we met at Renshaw's, on the day of the Queen's Procession to the City. I concluded that he was very busy in his new abode, as he has been, with bricklayers, &c., and did not therefore expect any help from him.

I am,

Dear Doctor,

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, *Saturday, Nov.* 1844.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIOT,

I feel so much pleasure in your pleasure, and therefore am so well pleased in pleasing you both, that I could not but be delighted with your kind note. If all who read the paper would but feel it as you do, my object would be gained.

It was written in very serious earnest,—the case having made the strong impression on me I have described. My hope is that the "Times" will take up the subject; I have sent a copy, through a mutual friend, to the Editors, also a copy to Sir J. Graham, who has sent me a formal acknowledgment of the receipt. I fear he will do no more; they say he is a cold, hard man, bigoted to the New Poor Law.

Your friendly inference as to my comparative vigour is correct. I am better than could have been expected from the fag of two months, and, this one, have done more than usual. And next number is to be a sort of "Comic Annual"

... Fanny much l
for which pray thank the Doctor, an
same."

Jane, and all, unite in love to you,
with

Yc

About this time, aware of the shatter
health, and the great uncertainty of wl
further serious attacks of his disease, s
friends exerted themselves to place his
man, before the government, as ground
pension.

By these means, not only a future p
in the event of his death to those
—what was still more important—by
would be able to relax his constant
tions.

There would ...

STRATFORD, *May* 11, 1840.

DEAR MRS. HOOD,

It is most necessary and right that you should be correctly informed as to the state of health of your husband. I hope the following statement will tend to lessen, in some degree, your great anxiety regarding him,—for though I cannot give you assurance of health or safety, yet instead of the vague and constant apprehension of great danger, with which you are impressed by anxious watching of his alarming symptoms, I can substitute a more accurate knowledge of his disease, and the sources whence danger is to be apprehended, and (as a necessary result) of the preventive measures, which, if they are happily within your reach, may be the means of restoring him, if not to perfect health, yet to a degree of comfort, and freedom from actual suffering, to which he has long been a stranger.

Your husband is suffering from organic disease of the heart,—an enlargement and thickening of it,—with contraction of the valves, and from hæmorrhage from the lungs, or spitting of blood, recurring very frequently. There is also disorder of the liver and stomach. These diseases have been greatly aggravated of late years by the nature of his pursuits, by the necessity, which, I understand, has existed, that he should at all times continue his literary labours, being under engagements to complete certain works within a stated period. The great and continued excitement attendant on such compulsory efforts, the privation of sleep and rest thereby entailed on him, and the consequent anxiety, depression, and exhaustion have had a most injurious effect on these diseases, bringing on renewed attacks, and reducing him to such a state that he has been rendered utterly incapable *of mental effort*. The conviction, that literary effort

heart.

The statement of these facts attacks of disease are caused, degree, by anxiety, and depressi placed in such circumstances t pelled to work at times, when h really incapable of mental exerti these attacks, or his recovery w certain, and he would be capabl mental labour. On the other ha borne down by an overpowering exertion, under the greatest degr will he be liable to these very dan

During the last two months h suffering in the manner now desc much reduced in strength by hæm weeks, by venesection, and by oth has been unable, for many days i bed. Of course he has been m

The foregoing painful but powerful description of my father's sufferings was strictly true, as seen by most skilful and affectionate eyes. The alleviations he then (long ago!) suggested, had, from stern necessity, been found impossible. So long as my father dragged on his lingering life, so long it seemed to be inevitably and sternly foredoomed to hard and incessant toil.

At the end of 1844, however, his disease seemed to have reached a serious crisis, and it was then felt some effort was necessary. Accordingly many kind and zealous friends interested themselves, and even personal strangers came forward to aid the project. Among others may be mentioned the late Earl of Ellesmere (then Lord F. Egerton), the late Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Houghton (then Mr. R. Monckton Milnes), Mr. F. O. Ward, and several others, whose names I cannot now trace. A semi-official notice was sent to my father desiring him to name either of his female relatives, on whom a pension might be conferred, as his own life was so very precarious. My father accordingly sent my mother's name:

I cannot find a clear copy of his letter, but from a sketch of it, I think the following must be substantially correct.

November, 1844.

SIR,

In your comparative leisure at Brighton, if a Prime Minister has even *comparative* leisure, you may find time to accept and taste the grateful acknowledgments of one, whom you have served from motives rarely attributed to such Patrons.

Complaints have been often made of the neglect of literature and literary men by the state and its ministers. I have *joined in them* myself, but with reference to authors

favours to come."

Such impressions have occasionally
from unlucky oversights, such as I pr
the omission, of "Literature" from tl
the Civic address, in which it was ir
omission I presume to say; for what
obtain in society, that will be an un
tinguishes a sovereign from a reading
ing a reading people.

As an Author I cannot but think it
cause, that this mark of your favour
so totally unconnected with party polit
favourite theory of Government is, "An
and a Despotism."

As a Man, I am deeply sensible of
kindness, which have made this "work
park-like to me, as well as to the peopl
will render the poor remnant of my lif
easier, than it could be with the prosp

could not resist the direct expression of my sentiments as to a "*Premier pas*" which, instead of "costing," enriches me.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

THOMAS HOOD.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

Sir Robert Peel acknowledged this, in the following gratifying and kind manner. The formal official announcement came soon after.

BRIGHTON, *November* 10, 1844.

SIR,

I am more than repaid by the personal satisfaction that I have had in doing that, for which you return me warm and characteristic acknowledgments.

You perhaps think that you are known to one, with such multifarious occupations as myself, merely by general reputation as an author; but I assure you that there can be little, which you have written and acknowledged, which I have not read; and that there are few, who can appreciate and admire more than myself, the good sense and good feeling, which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly, and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limits, within which wit and facetiousness are not very often confined. You may write on with the consciousness of independence, as free and unfettered, as if no communication had ever passed between us. I am not conferring a private obligation upon you, but am fulfilling the intentions of the Legislature, which has placed at the disposal of the Crown a certain sum (miserable, indeed, in amount) to be applied to the recognition of public claims on the bounty of the Crown. If you will review the names of those, whose claims have been admitted on account

of their literary or scientific eminence, you will find an ample confirmation of the truth of my statement.

One return, indeed, I shall ask of you,—that you will give me the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance.

Believe me to be,

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, *November* 12.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I send you copies of my letter to Sir R. Peel, and his *very kind* reply just come to hand. It is very gratifying indeed. I wrote to Lord F. Egerton, but think the Premier had not yet seen it; as, through our post irregularity, it would not get to Lord E. perhaps till to-day. Ward was to have dined here with us yesterday, but he had forgotten a previous engagement, and did not come. But he was up here on Saturday night.

Now I have got the ear of the Premier, what can I do for you? Should you like to be Physician to the Forces?

I am sorry that this cannot go to-night, as it is past eight, for you will be pleased, and I wish it were sooner, after all my less agreeable communications.

God bless you all. We join in love to you.

Yours ever truly,

THOS. HOOD.

We have sold twenty more copies of the Magazine this month. There was a capital notice in the "League," on Saturday, which circulates 28,000. The effect of it, 'tis yet too soon to feel.

The official notification of the pension arrived later, and *ran as follows*:—

WHITEHALL, *November* 16, 1844.

SIR,

I have the satisfaction of acquainting you that the Queen has approved of my proposal to Her Majesty, that a pension of one hundred pounds per annum for her life should be granted to Mrs. Hood, on the grounds mentioned in my former communication to you.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT PEEL.

This grant will take effect from June last.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, *Monday Morning, Nov.* 17, 1844.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Sir R. Peel came up from Burleigh on Tuesday night, and went down to Brighton on Saturday. If he had written by post I should not have had it till to-day. So he sent his servant with the following *on Saturday night*, another mark of considerate attention.

* * * *

—— wanted to write to Sir R. Peel for permission to publish his former letter, but I wrote and begged him not—it was obviously a private letter; and though Sir R. might not refuse, he would take care not to write to me again if I merely used him as a puffing advertisement.

The "Labourer" has made a great hit, and gone through most of the papers like the "Song of the Shirt." I think it will tell in the sale at the end of the year. I have been very unwell. One day, Jane says, I looked quite *green*. I don't *wonder*, there has been so much wet, and I observe all

My father wrote immediately t
letter and thoughtful attention, it

SIR,

I have to acknowledge
gratifying communication and the c
provided for my receiving it on S
well to be remembered at all by a
not to be forgotten by him in a "hu

I am so inexperienced a pensione
friend of mine, who was made in his
postman), as to be quite ignorant c
cases; but, in the absence of knowl
be quite proper to thank the Queen
May I request of your goodness, at
my humble and

and partly from knowing editorially, the oppression of too many "Communications from Correspondents." But I may say here how extremely flattered I am by your liberal praise and handsome judgment of my writings; nearly all of which you must have seen, if you have read the acknowledged ones. The anonymous only comprise a few trifles and reviews; and even against these, as a set-off, I have had my name affixed to some pieces I had not written, for example a poem on the Sale of the Stud of the late King William.

As you have done me the high honour to seek, beyond this, my personal acquaintance, I can only say, I shall be most proud and happy to have the pleasure of waiting on you at your convenience.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THOMAS HOOD.

November 23.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I took last night nearly a glass of wine in some gruel, which, with a good deal of sleep, has revived me. My head is clear (to begin with the author's index); the fever heat is gone—so are the musicals—the whistlings and wheezings; and I cough seldom. Heart quite quiet; this time it seems to have been blameless. On the whole, more comfortable than for some time while the attack was breeding.

I heard the other day the following fact—very creditable to the humbler class of readers. Holywell Street, Strand, is the *head-quarters* for cheap, blasphemous, and obscene

... would have nothing to
the other line, but it did not an

THE GERMAN DWA

CHAPTER VI.

1845.

Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road—Letter to Mr. Broderip—Confined to his Bed by accumulating Illnesses—The Bust and Portrait—His last Stanzas—His last Letter, addressed to Sir R. Peel—Sir R. Peel's Answer—His Last Illness—Great Kindness and Attention from Strangers as well as Friends—His Patience—His Religious Sentiments—Given over by his Physicians—His Sufferings during his Final Attack—His Death—His Funeral—His Will.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
Saturday (in bed).

MY DEAR SIR,

I ought to have sooner acknowledged the receipt of your note, with an explanation of the cause of the errors you alluded to. The *truth* is, though it may seem very inconsistent with my doings in the Magazine, for the last two months (say from the 15th November) I have been confined to my bed, and obliged to trust more than usual to the printers. You will easily, however, understand that with a young periodical, and the interest of another proprietor at stake, there are efforts that I *must* make—even though bed-ridden; and alas, that too many things must go undone!

I shall still hope some day to have the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance, if I get "taken up" before you on purpose, and am,

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

W. J. BRODERIP, ESQ.,
Bow Street Police Office.

The Christmas number of the Magazine came out, sparkling with fun and merriment. "Mrs. Peck's Pudding," and its grotesque illustrations, afforded seasonable Christmas amusement at all firesides but its author's. His own family never enjoyed his quaint and humourous fancies, for they were all associated with memories of illness and anxiety. Although Hood's "Comic Annual," as he himself used to remark with pleasure, was in every house seized upon, and almost worn out by the frequent handling of little fingers, his own children did not enjoy it till the lapse of many years had mercifully softened down some of the sad recollections connected with it. The only article that I can remember we ever really thoroughly relished, was "Mrs. Gardiner,* a Horticultural Romance," and even this was composed in bed. But the illness he was then suffering from was only rheumatic fever, and not one of his dangerous attacks, and he was unusually cheerful. He sat up in bed, dictating it to my mother, interrupted by our bursts of irrepressible laughter, as joke after joke came from his lips, he all the while laughing and relishing it as much as we did. But this was a rare—indeed almost solitary—instance; for he could not usually write so well at any time as at night, when all the house was quiet. Our family rejoicings were generally when the work was over, and we were too thankful to be rid of the harass and hurry, to care much for the results of such labour.

At the time of this last Christmas—a memorable one to us—my father, having painfully and laboriously finished his

* Another reason why this (which I still believe to be my father's most humourous production) was so interesting to us was, that the heroine was a ludicrous pen-and-ink portrait of Mrs. R——, with whom we lodged in Elm Tree Road. Hers was the "large and personal love" for flowers, which spoke of them as living beings, and identified her even with her *garden implements.*—T. H.

allotted task, took to his bed, from which he was never more to arise, except as a mere temporary refreshment to sit up in an easy-chair, propped by pillows and wrapped in blankets. On Christmas Day he crawled out, for our sakes more than his own, into a little dressing-room next to his bed-room for a few hours; but it was a painful mockery of enjoyment. The cheerful spirit that had struggled so long and so bravely with adverse circumstances and complicated diseases, was quelled at last; and he scarcely attempted to appear cheerful. I think at this time he first realised—not the certain ultimate issue of his illness, because this he had long known to be mortal, and only a question of a few years—but the actual presence of a certain and near death. *Now* he saw that a few months —probably a few weeks—must end his labours and sufferings, and his life with them. This he could not but feel keenly, when he saw that this was the last Christmas we were all to share in this world.

A letter from my mother to Dr. Elliot, dated the 28th of December (1844), speaks of his continued and increasing illness, now accompanied by faintness and shortness of breath Even then his spirits seemed to have rallied, for in a note added to my mother's description of his sufferings, he says: "I do not cough much, and the breath is easier, but I am exhausted, and in want of sleep, and almost seem to have what the man called 'Comus Virgilius.'" My poor mother added: "I fear, my dear Doctor, that Hood is very ill; he cannot eat; he will not take wine—it makes him cough. I am afraid of giving you trouble by saying all this, but you know his state better than I can, and he seems always better when you come. I shall feel sure I am mistaken in thinking him so ill, if you don't come; and I entreat you not to do so if I am *too* anxious, which cannot be wondered at, so

much as my nerves are tried by always being with him alone."

After this he rallied a little once more, or rather roused up at the call for the next number of the Magazine. He never left his bed again, but had intervals comparatively free from his most distressing symptoms. He wrote, propped up in bed, for this number two more chapters of "Our Family," (one of his best works, unfinished, alas! but containing a character of great humour, Catechism Jack); "A Letter from the Cape," "Domestic Mesmerism," a review of "The Chimes," and an "Echo" of two pages, besides drawing numerous cuts for tail-pieces, &c.

The "Echo" describes his sitting for his bust to Mr. Edward Davis. I have quoted it entire.

"Some months since, Mr. Edward Davis, the well-known sculptor, applied to me to sit to him for a bust. My vanity readily complied with the request; and in due time I found myself in his studio, installed in a crimson-covered elbow-chair, amidst an assemblage of heads, hard and soft, white, drab, and stone colour. Here a young nobleman, one of the handsomest of the day, in painted plaster; there a benevolent-looking bishop in clear white sparkling marble, next to a brown clay head, like Refined and Moist. A number of unfinished models, of what Beau Brummel would have called 'damp strangers,' were tied up in wet cloths, from which every moment you expected to hear a sneeze; the veiled ones comprising a lady or two, a barrister, and a judge. All these were on pedestals; but in the background, on boards, stood numerous other busts, dwarfish and gigantic, heads and shoulders, like Oriental Genii coming up through the floor—some white and clean, as if fresh from the waters under the earth; others dingy and smoky, as if from its *subterranean* fireplaces—some young, some old, some smiling

and others grave, or even frowning severely: with one alarming face, reminding me of those hard brutal countenances that are seen on street-doors.

"On the mantel-shelf silently roared the Caput of Laocöon, with deeply indented eyeballs, instead of the regulation blanks, and what the play people call a practicable mouth, *i.e.* into which you might poke your finger down to the gullet; and lastly, on the walls were sundry mystical sketches in black and white chalk, which you might turn, as fancy prompted, like Hamlet's cloud, into any figure you pleased, from a weasel to a whale.

"To return to itself. The artist, after setting before me what seemed a small mountain of putty, with a bold scoop of his thumbs, marked out my eyes; next taking a good pinch of clay—an operation I seemed to feel by sympathy—from between my shoulders, clapped me on a rough nose, and then stuck the surplus material in a large wart on my chest. In short, by similar proceedings, scraping, smoothing, dabbing on, and taking off, at the end of the first sitting, the sculptor had made the upper half of a mud doll, the size of life, looking very like the '*idol* of his own circle' in the Cannibal Islands.

"At subsequent sittings, this heathen figure gradually became, not only more Christian-like, but more and more like the original: till finally it put on that striking resemblance which is so satisfactory to one's wife and family, and, as it were, introduces a man to himself.

"An engraving by Mr. Heath from this bust is intended to form the frontispiece to the second volume of this Magazine, and will be given with the next number, should the interval be sufficient for the careful execution and finish of the plate. The Address, that should have been offered the present month, will accompany the engraving; the same

At the beginning of this year my father
several notes taking a farewell of his friend
one to the late Dr. Moir (better known as D
ing and simple, and so characteristic of
resignation, that the Memorials would lack c
were omitted.

DEAR MOIR,

God bless you and yours, and go
these few lines, as in a bottle from a ship w
on the brink of foundering, being in the last
cal debility; but though suffering in body,
So without reversing my union-jack, I await
Till which, believe me, dear Moir,

Yours mos

TH

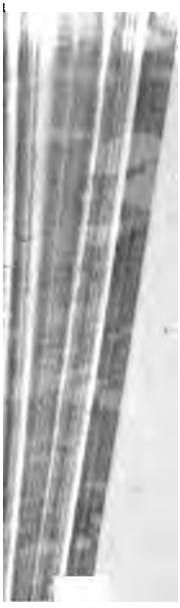
destined to be realised here, but, his children believe, a prophetic foretaste of the hereafter.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL Life! my senses swim
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still,—
Upward steals a vapour chill—
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the Mould above the Rose!

Welcome Life! The Spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapours cold—
I smell the Rose above the Mould!

It was now an acknowledged fact that my dear father *could* not again rally from this last illness; his faithful and tender physicians had reluctantly given him up, and he knew it himself, and understood that all human means were at an end, and that death was coming with slow but certain steps. He had, for years past, known, as well as his doctors, his own frail tenure of existence, and had more than once, as he said himself, "been so near Death's door, he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges;" and he was now fully aware that at last his feeble step was on its very threshold. With this knowledge he wrote the following beautiful letter to Sir Robert Peel, worthy of being the *last* letter of such a man.



...ich I cannot
with all the sincerity of a
time, bidding you a respectfu

Thank God my mind is c
turbed, but my race as an
debility finds no tonic virtu
would have written one more
against an evil, or the danger
movement in which I have h
humanity, opposite to that Cat
which felt with King as well as
the mortal temptations of both s
the poles of Society are already
be the duty of our writers to dr
attraction, not to aggravate the exi
a wider moral gulf between Rich an
one side and Fear on the other. B
task, the last I had set myself; it
pen, you see, and not the pension.

God bless you, sir, and

WHITEHALL, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

I must write one line to express an earnest hope that it will please God to restore you to health and strength; and that you may be enabled to apply your unimpaired faculties to the inculcation of those just and really benevolent doctrines, which are shadowed out in the letter you have addressed to me. With my best wishes, believe me,

Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

My father's devoted friend, Mr. Ward, meanwhile edited the Magazine on his behalf. In the number for the 1st of March, appeared the first public announcement of my father's hopeless illness in the following words:—

"THE ECHO.

"We can hardly congratulate our readers on presenting them, this month, with an effigy of Thomas Hood's outward features, instead of that portraiture of his mind, and those traces of his kindly heart, which he has been wont, with his own pen, to draw in these pages. And we lament still more that we must add a regret to the disappointment of our readers, by communicating to them the sad tidings that the aching original of that pictured brow, is again laid low by dangerous illness, again scarred (to borrow an expression of his own) 'by the crooked autograph of pain.' Through many a previous paroxysm of his malady, when life and death hung trembling in the balance, Mr. Hood has *worked on steadily* for our instruction and amusement;

compelled to desist from comp
admiration of the writer has indu
towards the man, will have some c
amidst his sufferings, which have
philosophy has never failed him;
bed, as in his writings and in his l
lighten the melancholy of those ar
laughter with their tears. We hav
readers and the public, thus briefly
Hood is more seriously ill than even
avoiding to express any hopes or for
to prejudge the uncertain issues of lif

In fact friendship and sympathy p
that skill could do to alleviate his s
in that respect the greatest of the l
sessed more. Loving friends were re
they had long done already; for
helped him with something, even
time. M

esteem, was a note containing only these words in a feigned hand,

A SHIRT!

AND A SINCERE WISH FOR HEALTH.

The envelope contained a bank note for 20*l.* He received besides a copy of very beautiful verses, also anonymous.*

The very neighbours (in London, where next-door neighbours are almost sure to be strangers) were kind and inte-

* Apart from the high value they have in our eyes, the lines are so really meritorious, that we print them. If I could place my hand in the hand, and look in the face, of their writer, I should feel deeply gratified.—T. H.

TO T. HOOD, ON HEARING OF HIS SICKNESS.

Were I in Heaven, my song would be of mirth
When wings like thine are upward spread to fly;
But ah! my brother, would upon the earth,
Hearts good and true might beat eternally!

Though long from Life's idolatry thine own
Hath doubtless turned,—serene e'en to the last,
Oh, be it kept,—to yield its joyous tone
And feel that care dwells only in the past—

To feel no aching void—no mortal fears—
To feel no hankering after faded joy,
To feel while piercing thro' earth's mist of tears
"Thou'rt nearer Heaven now, than when a boy!"

And all the seeds we've gathered as they fell,
Rich from thy ripen'd thought, a goodly store!
If thou must go, shall burst afresh to tell
How pure the soul the precious gift that bore!

Poor comfort still for honest grief to cherish!
Poor bliss which memory alone supplies!
Thank God!—our good affections never perish—
Though in this world of woe the good man dies!

deeply, at times alm
pages should ever come before a
them, it may be some little plea
consolation and pleasure they aff
the gratitude his children will r
them. About this time he direc
the engraving from the bust to l
sheets. This was the same engra
frontispiece to the volume of seriou

There are two published portra
possessing peculiar characteristics, a
style. The original oil-painting fr
was taken which accompanies the vo
was an admirable likeness, the expre
caught, and perhaps, from the dres
giving the best general idea of hi
although of necessity in sculpture t
is wanting, the bust itself, and the
fine and remarkable resemblance to
very faithfully

kind words inscribed, and a signature, were his dying legacy to those who knew and loved him. The number reached upwards of a hundred, and the names and inscriptions were written at intervals as he found strength to sit up in bed. The clear delicate writing bore, even then, but little trace of weakness.

His presence of mind was remarkable, as his was, I think, naturally, and eventually from illness, a nervous nature. One night I was sitting up with him, my mother having gone to rest for a few hours, worn out with fatigue. He was seized, about twelve o'clock, with one of his alarming attacks of hæmorrhage from the lungs.* When it had momentarily ceased, he motioned for paper and pencil, and asked if I was too frightened to stay with him. I was too used to it now, and on replying "No," he quietly and calmly wrote all his wishes and directions on a slip of paper, as deliberately as if it were an ordinary matter. He forbade me to disturb my mother. When the doctor came, and ordered ice to be applied, my father wrote to remind me of a pond close by, where ice could be procured, nor did he forget to add a hint for refreshments to be prepared for the surgeon, who was to wait some hours to watch the case. This was in the midst of a very sudden and dangerous attack, that was, at the time, almost supposed to be his last.

No words can describe his patience and resignation amidst all the fierce sufferings of the last month or two of his dying, as he said himself, "inch by inch." In the intervals between

* It may give the reader some notion of the frequency of these attacks to mention, that I was so used to them as a child, that I looked forward to the time when I should be old enough to spit blood, as some boys look forward to the time when they shall have whiskers. One of the epitaphs my father suggested for himself was—"Here lies one who spat more blood and made more puns than any other man."—T. H.

and console us. My dear m
strength of a true woman's dev
that, after the necessity for conti
on her worn-out frame. She sur
a year.

It was a lovely spring, and n
feel all he could of it, drinking i
shine and fresh air, more eagerly
always loved all nature like a ch
to the full that rare faculty of enj
day or a beautiful flower can b
mind, which, if it suffers keenly, e
said once to us, "It's a beautiful
been lying here, I have thought of
not so bad, even humanly speakin
it out. I have had some very ha
it, and I *could* have wished to sta
is all for the best, and we shall all

Now, indeed, might all th

him, like the lady he speaks of in his "Literary Reminiscences," "Mr. Hood, are you an Infidel?" *must* then have felt the force of that *practical* faith and Christianity, which could trust itself so readily and undoubtingly to the mercy of that great Creator, whose visible handwriting in His creation he had known and loved so well.

Moreover, to prove that this was no mere "death-bed" feeling, but the close of a consistent human life, if more testimony is wanting than his works for the good of mankind (of which he could truthfully say, on that death-bed, that he "never regretted a line") if, I repeat, further evidence is necessary to refute some unreasonable and groundless doubts that have rested on his memory, I will add one more proof.

As a little child, my first prayer was learnt from my *father's* lips, and repeated at his knee; my first introduction to the Bible, which he honoured too much to make a task-book, was from spelling out the words of the first chapter of the Sermon on the Mount as it lay open on his study table;* my earliest lessons of the love and beauty, hid in every created thing, were from the stores of his observant mind; and my deepest and holiest teachings, too sacred for

* This was a large copy of the Bible, in which, as in a corresponding Prayer Book, are written the words :—

"Jane Hood,
"The Gift of her Husband
"1830. "Thomas Hood."

In the Bible are inscribed, in accordance with the beautiful old custom, which if viewed in a right spirit has nothing irreverent in it, the date of my father and mother's marriage, and the births and baptisms of their children. People in those days thought it no sin to chronicle these, the most important events of their lives, in "The Book" which *ought* to be their daily help on their earthly path, as well as their guide to one immortal.—F. F. B.

be set at rest for ever, by the si
of those who knew him longest
against the professedly religious
mere garb of piety, instead of cha
of sins,") because anything false o
discordant note on his sense of
always uplifted in the cause of t
when, as we are told by words t.
merciful shall inherit a blessing,'
failings shall receive that mercy he
others.

In the number of the Magazine wl
of April, the following notice was ins

THOMAS HO

"It is with a heavy and an achir
these pages, that have so often refl
our beloved Editor, and the calm
thoughts, with th-

imagery, in his rare faculty of terse incisive language, in his power and pregnancy of thought,—and in his almost Shakspearian versatility of genius, great in the few, but noble works he leaves behind, greater still, perhaps, in those he will carry unwritten to his early tomb. It is this indeed which principally afflicts him: the *Man* is content to die, he has taken leave of his friends, and forgiven his enemies (if any such he have), and "turned his face to the wall;" but the Poet still longs for a short reprieve, still watches to snatch one last hour for his art; and will perhaps even yet, once more, floating towards the deep waters of eternity, pour out his soul in song."

From this time my father's sufferings increased daily; dropsy, from sheer weakness, having supervened on his already too numerous diseases. Days of exhaustion succeeded nights of agony and sleeplessness, till it seemed marvellous that the attenuated frame could hold out. The trial was the greater for that there were no alternate clouds of hope and fear, to relieve by their very change: all was one dark leaden hue of utter hopelessness.

My dear father was, at times during his illness, delirious with pain; his mind was ordinarily quiet and tranquil, and these times seemed, like transient mists, though hiding for a time, to clear off effectually at last. We shall never forget one night, when his mind was wandering in this way, his repeating Lady Nairne's lovely words,

> "I'm wearin' awa', Jean,*
> Like snow wreaths in thaw, Jean!
> I'm wearin' awa'—
> To the land o' the leal!

* It will be observed that my mother's name was Jane. In the original the lines are addressed to "John," but in the general version to "Jean," an alteration made on the supposition that the poem was by Burns.—T. H.

touching tone, to which the te
strong mind gave additional patl

These occasional obscurings,
seldom, and towards the last h
collected as in his best days.

May was an eventful month to
23rd of May 1799; married on t
the 1st of May 1845—May-day—
the 3rd, he died; and on the 10th
Thursday evening, May 1st, he seen
himself to be dying, he called us
my little brother, just ten years old
us his last blessing, tenderly and f
clasping my mother's hand, he sai
forgive all, *all*, as I hope to be forgi
time calmly and peacefully, but br
difficulty. My mother bending ov
faintly, "O Lord! say, Arise, take
me!" His last

Corner,* Westminster Abbey; but this notion was speedily abandoned, and the first and wisest plan carried out of laying him in Kensal-green Cemetery. His funeral was private and quiet, though attended by many who had known and loved him. Sir Robert Peel would have attended, but was prevented by stress of public business. My dear father's nearest and dearest friends, including Dr. Elliot, Dr. Robert Elliot, Mr. Ward, and several others, with his little son,† followed him to the grave as mourners.

Eighteen months afterwards, his faithful and devoted wife was buried by his side. A painful disease, originally induced by the long anxiety and fatigue of nursing him through his long illness, was accelerated by his loss. The husband and wife, who during their troubled and sorrowful lives, had never, since their marriage, been so long divided before, were soon re-united.

I only really felt the peculiar fitness of the choice of his last resting-place in its fullest force, when, two years ago, I visited the grave, now covered by the noble monument erected by public subscription. It was a lovely morning, just watered by a few fitful showers—the relics of April—which a May sunshine was now lighting up. The pink and white petals of the chesnut blossoms strewed the path, and

* This arose from the mistaken notion that England's Abbey was intended as the last resting-place of her men of genius, and not, as is the case, for any one who is willing to pay about £200 in fees. Is it not a grand thought, surpassing Addison's solemn meditations, that any humble, nameless, titleless, unknown man, may elbow Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Jonson, and Prior in Poets' Corner—always provided, he have £200 or so to pay his way with!—T. H.

† I have a perfect recollection of the funeral, and of the unfeigned sorrow of those kind and beloved friends who attended it. It was a beautiful spring day, and I remember it was noticed that just as the service concluded, a lark rose up, mounting and singing over our heads. This was *in the middle of* the day.—T. H.

..., ... where, we felt, could h
have wished his last resting-place to

And now our task is finished: h
only those know, who have undert
feel how inadequate all our efforts h
fragmentary chronicle worthy of our
at best, but a faint shadow of what h
memories, and wanting in the light a
make them interesting to the general
humbly tried to do our best with the
disposal. In all cases, the blame and
very justly upon us, but we shall hav
rance. It has been our most solemn a
that, if in these Memorials we could a
fresh lustre on that honoured memory, e
shall have been inserted that can for a
hurt any one living. It is, if only th
what would have been the wish of his lo

The following was written by my fa
preceding his ...

in recognition of their brotherly and sisterly affection and kindness.

My "Knight's Shakspere," for a like reason, to dear Robert Elliot.

Chaucer or Froissart, as he may prefer, to T. Reseigh.

Ward, Harvey, Phillips, and Hardman, to select a book a-piece for remembrance.

"Nimrod's Sporting" to Philip de Franck.

All else that I possess, I give and bequeath to my dear wife, to be used for her benefit and that of our dear children, whom God bless, guide, and preserve.

With my farewell love & blessing to all friends

Thos. Hood

"

CHAPTER XIV.

Public Subscription for the erection of a monument—Inaugurated July, 1854—Oration of Mr. Monckton Milnes.

In the September or October of 1852, what the children of Thomas Hood had long planned to do in a modest and unpretending manner, was undertaken by the public. Some sweet lines, by Miss Eliza Cook, drew attention to the fact that no tombstone marked the poet's grave.* A public sub-

* The following lines appeared in "Punch" shortly after, and are, I believe, from the pen of my father's old friend, Mr. Mark Lemon :—

"Give Hood a tombstone, 'tis not much to give
To one who stirred so oft our smiles and tears;
But why a tomb to one whose lines will live
His noblest monument to after years!

acquaintances, gave their
been before mentioned, added th
Honorary Secretary, Mr. John \
the matter very much was due,
assistance requisite for this Chap
and letters collected by him at th

" To which I answer, that in time
Times of more equal lots and
The workers may not seek in vai
Who pleaded once so movingly

" If marble mark the soldier's, stat
If monuments adorn his place
Whose hand struck off the fetters
And his who sought out love in

" Did *he* not fight for toil's sad sons
Was not *his* voice loud for the
Was not *he* potent to arrest the sl
Of Capital, and Labour's desper

" Oh! mothers, think of his melodi
Over the victim of th

the length to which the Memorials have extended will not permit quotations from the letters of the late Lord Macaulay, the late Lady Morgan, Barry Cornwall, Dr. Mackay, Mr. Macready, and other distinguished names. The late Mr. Thomas De Quincey, and the late Miss Mitford, old friends of my father's, wrote most touching notes, and the late Duke of Devonshire enclosed a donation worthy of his generosity, in a letter marked with the greatest feeling and kindness.

Mr. Longfellow also wrote, saying at the close of his letter: "Poor Mrs. Hood and the children, who have lost him! They will have forgotten the stranger, who called, one October morning, with Dickens, and was hospitably entertained by them. But I remember the visit, and the pale face of the poet, and the house in St. John's Wood."

My mother had been dead, as has been described, many years before this was written, but the children of Thomas Hood had not forgotten, nor will they ever forget, the visit of one, in whom their father had taught them to admire a poet of sympathies akin to his own.

At the commencement of 1853, the subscriptions had swelled to a considerable amount, having been increased by the proceeds of "An Evening with Hood," (an entertainment suggested by the well-known George Grossmith) and other lectures of a similar description.

It was now determined to apply to the sculptors for a design. On this point no more need be said than that the choice of the Committee fell on Mr. Matthew Noble,—a decision which the verdict of the country has since endorsed, on more than one occasion, and which a visit to the monument cannot fail to ratify.

On the 18th of July, 1854, the completed monument was unveiled, at Kensal Green, in the presence of a number of friends and admirers of the dead Poet. An oration, describ-

erected, and from that time it has been frequently visited by the Poet's friends and admirers; and it is a sincere pleasure to his children to think they are so numerous.

He was, indeed, (to quote the words of a periodical speak-

Bas-relief, "EUGENE ARAM," from the Monument by M. Noble, in Kensal Green.

ing of the inauguration of the monument) one "of gentle heart and open hand! Foe to none but the bigot, the pedant, and the quack! Friend to the suffering, to the

careworn, and the needy; to the victims of a cruel greed, to all that are desolate and oppressed,—Hood, the generous, kind, and true!"

There remains but one more task to perform,*—less a task than a pleasure. It is to thank those who have, in various ways,—either by the loan of letters, the gift of memoranda, or otherwise,—assisted in the compilation of these Memorials.

* Although not immediately connected with the subject of these Memorials, we must not pass unnoticed the generous subscription entered into shortly after our father's death for the support of his widow and for his orphan children. Nor would it seem gracious to omit mention that in 1847, after our mother's death, the pension, originally granted to her by Sir Robert Peel, was revived in our favour by the kindness of Lord John Russell, as soon as it was suggested to him by some considerate friends to whom Sir Robert Peel, the noblest patron Literature has known, pointed out, unasked, a precedent on which to found their application. For these instances of the generosity and kindly feeling we have had extended to us for our father's sake, we return our earnest thanks.

END OF THE MEMORIALS.

THE SAUSAGE MAKER'S GHOST.

A LONDON LEGEND.

SOMEWHERE in Leather Lane—
I wonder that it was not Mincing,
And for this reason most convincing,
That Mr. Brain
Dealt in those well-minced cartridges of meat
Some people like to eat—
However, all such quibbles overstepping,
In Leather Lane he lived; and drove a trade
In porcine sausages, though London made,
Call'd "Epping."

Right brisk was the demand,
Seldom his goods stay'd long on hand,
For out of all adjacent courts and lanes,
Young Irish ladies and their swains—
Such soups of girls and broths of boys!—
Sought his delicious chains,
Preferr'd to all polonies, saveloys,
And other foreign toys—
The mere chance passengers
Who saw his "sassengers,"
Of sweetness undeniable,
So sleek, so mottled, and so "friable,"
Stepp'd in, forgetting ev'ry other thought,
And bought.

...sides a wife and two fi
His means were not yet
For chopping fas
To meet the call from stre
For first-chop "s

However, Mr. Brain
Was none of those dull men
Who, flying bird-like by a ra
Sigh for the heavy mails of lo
He did not set his face 'gainst
For rapid operations,
And therefore in a kind of wal
Listen'd to some hot-water spr
To have his meat chopp'd, as th
By steam!

Appendix

His anxious Wife in vain
Placarded Leather Lane,
And all the suburbs with descriptive bills,
Such as are issued when from homes and tills
Clerks, dogs, cats, lunatics, and children roam;
Besides advertisements in all the journals,
Or weeklies or diurnals,
Beginning "LEFT HIS HOME"—
The sausage-maker, spite of white and black,
Never came back.

Never, alive!—But on the seventh night,
Just when the yawning grave its dead releases,
Filling his bedded wife with sore affright
In walk'd his grisly Sprite,
In fifty thousand pieces!
"O Mary!" so it seem'd
In hollow melancholy tone to say,
Whilst thro' its airy shape the moonlight gleam'd
With scarcely dimmer ray,—
"O Mary! let your hopes no longer flatter,
Prepare at once to drink of sorrow's cup—
It ain't no use to mince the matter—
The Engine's chopp'd me up!"

THE ECHO.

Our best thanks are due to a Correspondent who signs himself "Civis." The writer of the Letter in the "Britannia" newspaper, who accused us of favouring incendiarism, evidently did not put forward his true objection to our article. He is probably a wholesale dealer in cheap shirts or embroidered shawls—and a lineal descendant from Mrs. Brownrigge, of atrocious memory.

To "P. R." There was a trial of a labourer for sending a threatening letter, very similar to that of Gifford White, recently reported by Judge Alderson. But the sentence was very different—ten years' transportation.

We must refer "Maria" to her French and English Dictionary for the translation of "La Belle Poule." It seems to mean the bell-pull.

To "N. N." The most characteristic "Mysteries of London" are those which have lately prevailed on the land and the river, attended by collisions of vessels, robberies, assaults, accidents, and other features of Metropolitan interest. If N. N. be ambitious of competing with the writers whom he names, let him try his hand at a genuine, solid, yellow November fog. It is dirty, dangerous, smoky, stinking, obscure, unwholesome, and favourable to vice and violence.

P. W. Too political for us—but might suit the columns of our friend Punch.

A. Too personal. He ought to know better than to send such shells, which are only fit for burial in Woolwich Marshes, to a Magazine.

[During this year my father's pen—guided now by a hand weakened by increasing illness—was employed entirely in the service of his own Magazine—with one exception. That exception was in favour of "Punch," for which he wrote the following poem, an allusion to a well-known incident in the State Trials in Ireland.]

A DREAM.

'Twas night—the Globe was folded up,
(The paper, not the earth,)
And to its proper shelf restored
The fairest "Maid of Perth:"
But still with strange intricacy
The things that I had read—
The Irish News, the Scottish Tale—
Kept running in my head;
While over all a sort of mist
Began to slowly creep,
The twilight haze of Thought, before
It darkens into Sleep;
A foggy land where shady shapes
Kept stirring in the gloom,
Till with a hint of brighter tint
One spot began to bloom,
And on the blank, by dreamy prank,
saw a Figure tall,
As vivid as from painted glass,
Projected on a wall!

The face as well as I could trace,
Two sparkling eyes were there,
Black as the beard, and trim moustache,
And curling head of hair;

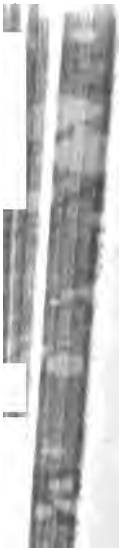
Were ruddy as if b
Of sun or glowing

His dress was buff, o
And belted at the
A curious dirk, for st
Was in the girdle p
Beside a sort of pouch
Of some wild creatu
To safely hold his store
Or silver coin therein
But—suddenly his doul
To one of brighter hu
A jerkin fair and superl
Of cloth of azure blu
Slash'd front and back
Embroider'd o'er and
With sable silk, as used
The

His coat of buff, or azure stuff,
  Became a hauberk bright,
No longer gay in his array,
  But harness'd for the Fight!
Huge was his frame, and muscular,
  Indicative of strength:
His bosom broad, his brawny arms
  Of more than common length;
And well the sturdy limbs might be
  So sinewy, stark, and strong,
That had to wield in battle-field
  A sword so broad and long!
Few men there were of mortal mould,
  Although of warlike trade,
But had been rash to stand the crash
  Of that tremendous blade;
And yet aloft he swung it oft,
  As if of feather weight,
And cut amid the empty air
  A monstrous figure eight;
Whilst ever, as it cleft the wind,
  A whisper came therewith,
That low and clear, said in my ear,
  "Behold the Fighting Smith!" *

And lo! another "change came o'er
  The spirit of my dream:"
The hauberk bright no longer shone
  With that metallic gleam—
No ruddy visage furnace-scorch'd,
  With glowing eyes, was there,

* *Vide* Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth."



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No sable beard, no trim moustache,
Nor head of raven hair;
No steely cap, with plume mayhap,
No bonnet small or big;
Upon his brow there settled now
A curly powder'd Wig!
Beneath the chin two cambric bands
Demurely drooped adown;
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As a relation and intimate visitor, you are aware of my father's fondness for rural life. Every summer, as regularly as it came, he took some country place in the suburbs, with a bit of ground where he might indulge in gardening, but which, as I may say, was only taking the edge off his stomach—his real hankering was after farming—and above all the tiptop of his ambition was to have a landed estate of his own for his agricultural pursuits. "No leasing or rentingfor me," he used to say, "but a regular out-and-out freehold, if it's ever so small, where I can turn out my hobby into my own fields. For if there's an enviable character on the earth," said he, "it's a Proprietor of the Soil, that can stand on his own ground with his own clay sticking to his shoes, and say, 'Here I am, a landlord, and all between the sky and the centre is my own.'" Which, for a long time, in the depressed state of business, seemed only a Utopian idea, no more to be realised than the Pennsylvanian bonds. However, what with one lucky spec' and another, prospects improved, and particularly by a bankrupt, intending to make himself scarce, who sold his whole stock to us, at sixty per cent. discount, for cash down, whereby we realised considerably, being able to undersell all the rest of the trade—not such a sum, to be sure, as would enable us to buy one of those splendid domains or manors constantly advertised by Mr. Robins, but enough to purchase a snug little bit of land in England, or a good track of it in Australia, New Zealand, or the United States; between which the governor, as I call him, having no objection to go abroad, and being

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Those flowers so very blue
  Those poppies flaming red,
* * * * *
His heavy eye was glazed and dull,
  He only murmur'd "bread!"

FRAGMENT.

To note the symptoms of the times,
Its cruel and cold-blooded crimes,
  One sure result we win.
Tho' rude and rougher modes, no doubt,
Of murther are not going out,
  That poison's coming in.
* * * * *
The powder that the doom'd devour
And drink,—for sugar,—meal,—or flour,
  Narcotics for the young—
And worst of all, that subtle juice
That can a sudden death produce,
  Whilst yet upon the tongue.

So swift in its destructive pace,
Easy to give, and hard to trace,
  So potable—so clear!
So small the needful dose—to slip
Between the fatal cup and lip,
  In Epsom salts or beer.
* * * * *

Arrest the plague with cannabis—
And * * * publish this,
To quench the felon's hope :—
Twelve drops of prussic acid, still
Are not more prompt and sure to kill
Than one good Drop of Rope.

1845.

[This year—the last year of my father's labours—found him stretched on a bed of sickness, from which he wrote the few contributions which this year helped to fill the numbers of the Magazine. Hardly able to perform this necessary task, he was utterly unable to write for any other periodical. All, therefore, that remains of his writings, to complete this volume, I have reprinted from "Hood's Magazine."]

A LETTER FROM THE CAPE.

This authenticity of the following epistle will be believed or not, according to the temperament of the reader. There are persons who will recognise the genuineness of the "Letters from the Dead to the Living," but reject those of Fum Hoam as a fictitious correspondence. How, and from whom the document came into the possession of the editor it is unnecessary to state: it will suffice to say that he received full permission to print it, as well as to illuminate it, if he pleased, with his pencil.

To Mr. Philip Muller, Shoe Mart, 91, Minories, London.

Dear Uncle,

You will be astonished, no doubt, at my dating from Africa, and particularly after our giving out only a trip to the Continent—but for reasons you shall have in due course. In the meantime please to note the present as strictly confidential, as containing matters, which for our

interests it is material to prevent getting wind: the truth is we are in what the Americans call a fix—but you shall have the whole story item by item, and almost verbatim, for I have a retentive memory, as if from a short-hand reporter.

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ambitious of farming on a large scale, was studying to make up his mind, when one day he came home from the City all cock-a-hoop with the news that a Mr. Braggins had a vast quantity of land to dispose of at the Cape of Good Hope, at the unprecedented low price of a shilling an acre.

"That's the place," said he, "for my investment. Improveable land of course, or it wouldn't be so reasonable; and, as such, offering opportunities for drawing out its capabilities by chemical cultivation." And nothing would serve him but I must clap on my hat at once, and go off with him to Mr. Braggins, whom we found in his office, hung round with maps of the country, and ground plans of the African estates.

"I believe," said Father, plunging at once *in medias res*, "you have some foreign land to dispose of?"

"Yes—there it is," said Mr. Braggins, jumping down from his stool, and pointing with his finger to the biggest map—"all that tract marked red, beginning here at Bavian Boomjes—a noble expanse, calling aloud on Man, with his physical and intellectual energies, to convert it from a wilderness to a fertile and populous province—a Land of Promise, only awaiting civilisation's dairies and apiaries to overflow with milk and honey."

"And what's the general quality of the soil?" asked my father.

"Why, to be candid," said Mr. Braggins, "there are worse and there are better. Not quite so rich as the fat loams of Kent, nor exactly so hard and sordid as the bare bleak rocks of Cornwall. It needs cultivation of course, being virgin earth fresh from the hands of nature; rather dry, and therefor. .equiring the less outlay for draining."

"*And stiff?*" asked my father.

"Why, medium; but remarkably free from stones, roots, or stubbs,—an eligible substance for the operations of the plough, or spade husbandry if preferred. As I said before, a soil not superlatively rich in quality, but amply compensated by a feature of commanding advantage, namely, the proximity to the African Islands, with an unlimited supply of guano, that miraculous manure that has proved the salvation of the British Farmer; and which, if spread thick enough, must, by analogy, produce the most abundant harvests."

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"Egad!" cried my father, "the estate has so many desirable advantages, I wonder you don't turn farmer, sir, and settle on it yourself!"

"Ah, city habits," said Mr. Braggins, "city habits. All my thoughts and feelings are town made: and whatever some people may say, I prefer consols at ninety-eight, to a landed investment. The truth is, I have not, like you, Mr. What's-your-name, a pastoral bias, or any rural sympathies. If I had, *there* would be my location," and he placed his finger again on the map, just beyond Bavian Boomjes—"a little Goshen, enclosed in a magnificent panorama, including the Table Mountain with all its hospitable associations, and that singular meteorological phenomenon, called 'laying the cloth.'"

"And now," said my father, "there is only one thing more that I want to know, and expect a candid answer,—and that is, how you can afford to sell your land so dirt cheap?"

"Of course," said Mr. Braggins, "the most frank and open explanation will be afforded without reserve. In the first place, then, the expense, to the purchaser, of going out so far, is liberally taken into consideration; and secondly, the land is unsettled waste land, without churches, without highways, and altogether free of that modern curse, a surplus population; and consequently, unburthened with tithes, parish, and poor-rates, that press so heavily on land like so many incubuses, in England."

"That's enough!" cried my father, who you know is a bit of a radical. "That's the country for me! No insolent squirearchy or proud aristocracy to snub and browbeat, and cut a retired tradesman; no rapacious clergy to take the tenth of his pigs and poultry; and no tax-gatherers and collectors, with their six quarters to the year.

and a half year always due. Yes, that's the country for me!"

To shorten a long story, my father bought five thousand acres of the Cape land outright, with the title deeds to the same: and I do believe he was as happy as if he had got a slice of Paradise in a ring fence. The hopes and dreams of his life seemed fulfilled at last; and it was better than half the Speeches at the Agricultural Meetings, to hear him talk of drilling, and ploughing, and manuring, and draining by irrigation, and salts, and carbon, and ammonia, and nitrogen, and hydromel, and oxymel, and ashes, and guano, and how he would subsoil and top-dress, with a rotation of crops. In fact it was a perfect monomania, so that he could hardly express his sentiments on the cut of a coat, without prefacing as one of the landed interest; and scarcely allowed himself time for his meals, with trotting about town to look at patent chaffcutters, and prize ploughs, and other new invented agricultural implements. All which helped to keep him agog; and especially the *Times*, day after day, with its long list of vessels bound direct to the Cape, or with leave to touch at it, till he had not patience to wait for the winding up of the business, but one morning walked off to the broker's and engaged berths for himself and me, by the very first ship; our departure being kept as snug and secret as possible, the governor judging that if it was known he was a landed proprietor, he should be beset by all our poor relations on both sides of the house, to be made stewards, and bailiffs, and the like. In the meanwhile, Samuel was to dispose of the stock, premises, and goodwill, and then to follow abroad with my mother, as soon as advised to that effect, after our arrival on the estate.

I need not describe our voyage, which was much the same as usual, with waves mountains high, and sea-sickness in pro-

portion; but the governor's prospects kept him up under it, and me too. "Courage, Joseph," says he, "we shall soon see land, and, what's more, land of our own. Five thousand acres is no bad lot; and you'll have all the shooting over it to yourself,—wild turkeys and peacocks, and all, and which I take it will be a vast deal better sport than popping at Battersea blue rocks, or Chalk Farm sparrows."

"No doubt of it," said I, "but in the meantime this up and down motion is very unpleasant to endure."

"Not if you think of it agriculturally," said the governor. "Only hills and valleys, Joseph, only hills and valleys. A desirable diversity of high and low ground, such as I trust the estate is; and therefore, with wood and water, capable of being laid out picturesque."

Well, at long and at last, we arrived at Cape Town; and after an interview with Mr. Braggins's agent set out, as advised by him, in a bullock-waggon, driven by a black Hottentot, who knew every inch of the country, to inspect the estate, which, however, lay much further off than was expected or agreeable; but, for want of milestones, cannot tell the distance, except that it took us two whole days and a half to travel; the country getting wilder and wilder as we went on, more tangled with outlandish brushwood, and encumbered with broken ground, till the waggon could get no further. Luckily we were close to Bavian Boomjes, and there was only a wooded hill between us and the property to traverse on foot, which we did, leaving the Hottentot in charge of the waggon and bullocks; and on emerging at the other side of the hill, lo! and behold, there was our estate lying before us as flat as a pancake, and as yellow as a guinea!

I really thought my father would have gone off in an *apoplexy* on the spot: his face turned, through the blue of

disappointment and the crimson of rage, into such a deep purple. "Scrape a grave in it," says he, as soon as he could speak, "scrape a grave in it, Joseph, and bury me at once, for I'm a dead landlord! Land, indeed! I've come into five thousand acres of sand—desert sand—and if I'm not mistaken," says he, turning from purple to white, "there's a lion on it!" As in fact there was, beside a thicket, about as far off from us as our shop from the church.

You may imagine our terror! But though the beast lifted up his head from between his paws to look at us, and gave a flourish with his tail, and growled a little, he did not rise, but allowed us to run off, which we did at double quick; and, indeed, as regards my father, at a supernatural pace, considering his age and bulk, and the heat of a broiling hot tropical sun. I feared at first he would have a fever in consequence, which providentially is not the case; but he has hardly eaten or drunk, or spoken a syllable ever since, through mortification and dejection; and no wonder, for if ever there was Agricultural Distress in this world it is his. What we are to do with the estate Lord knows. Some great people would, perhaps, have interest enough to get a railroad brought through it, and so obtain compensation; but that is not our case. As to the agent, in answer to our remonstrances, he only asks what sort of land we could expect for a shilling an acre; and says, that instead of objecting to the lion, we ought to consider him in the light of a bonus.

The purport of the present is, therefore, to beg that you will break the news to mother and Samuel, who, no doubt, are looking forward to an African Juan Fernandes, and planning a farm ornay. And in the meantime I need not recommend keeping the thing quiet; our only chance being to get some friend or customer to take the estate off our hands,

by the same flourishing representations that Mr Braggins made to us.

I am, dear Uncle,

Your dutiful and loving nephew,

JOSEPH MULLER, junior.

REVIEW.

THE CHIMES: A GOBLIN STORY. By CHARLES DICKENS.

THIS is another of those seasonable books, intended by Boz to stir up and awaken the kindly feelings, which are generally diffused amongst mankind; but too apt, as Old Weller says, to lie dormouse in the human bosom. It is similar in plan to the Christmas Carol, but is scarcely so *happy* in its subject—it could not be—as that famous Gobbling Story with its opulence of good cheer and all the Gargantuan festivity of that hospitable tide. New Year's Day is a graver season, its rejoicings associated with sterner reflections, its lights with darker shadows; its promises and hopes with regrets and tears; and its bells have tones of melancholy as well as of mirth in their chimes.

The hero of the tale is one Toby Veck—we wish that surname had been more English in its sound, it seems to want an outlandish De or Van before it—a little old London ticket-porter,—who does not know the original, and his humble dwelling down the mews, with his wooden-cardboard at the door, with his name and occupation, and the N. B. "Messuages carefully delivered"! But for fear of mistake, here he is.

"They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps; most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him to get out of the way; devoutly believing that, in the natural course of things, he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

"Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire; and blowing on his chilly hands, and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb, and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent, and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the Chimes resounded, Toby trotted still."

His regular stand, where he plied for jobs, was just outside of the door of St. Magnus's Church (nicely drawn by Stanfield), a haunt selected rather out of an old regard for the chimes in the belfry than for any peculiar comfort about the place, which in fact was no snuggery, but at times windy enough to scatter the froth—no—to blow the porter's head off.

"And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was, to wait in in the winter time, as Toby Veck well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected; for, bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried, 'Why, here he is!' Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremen-

Now, amongst the characte
the hinge upon which the wh
not very porter-like, to think
whole order of poor people in g
worst sort, too, sour, and good
allowed that they were one and
right or go right—always com
giving a great deal of trouble—
ness on the face of the earth, an
new year.

Expressions that, vented iro
sound naturally enough; but tha
impulses, and munificent for his
thropist, a very carrier-pigeon of
such hard harsh opinions in com
economists and utilitarians, the F
startling; and presents a difficult
strong reliance on the author's k
membrance of the strange

the porter is drawn too mild, when he concurs in such a lecture as is delivered by the justice, in Toby's presence, to Toby's daughter, for only contemplating lawful matrimony with young Richard, the smith.

"'You are going to be married, you say,' pursued the Alderman. 'Very unbecoming and indelicate in one of your sex! But never mind that. After you are married, you'll quarrel with your husband, and come to be a distressed wife. You may think not; but you will, because I tell you so. Now I give you fair warning, that I have made up my mind to put distressed wives down. So don't be brought before me. You'll have children—boys. Those boys will grow up bad of course, and run wild in the streets, without shoes and stockings. Mind, my young friend! I'll convict 'em summarily, every one; for I am determined to put boys without shoes and stockings down. Perhaps your husband will die young (most likely), and leave you with a baby. Then you'll be turned out of doors, and wander up and down the streets. Now don't wander near me, my dear, for I am resolved to put all wandering mothers down. All young mothers, of all sorts and kinds, it's my determination to put down. Don't think to plead illness as an excuse with me; or babies as an excuse with me; for all sick persons and young children (I hope you know the church-service, but I am afraid not) I am determined to put down. And if you attempt, desperately, and ungratefully, and impiously, and fraudulently attempt, to drown yourself, or hang yourself, I'll have no pity on you, for I have made up my mind to put all suicide down. If there is one thing,' said the Alderman, with his self-satisfied smile, 'on which I can be said to have made up my mind more than on another, it is to put suicide down. So don't try it on. That's the phrase, isn't it! Ha, ha! now we understand each other.'"

There, reader, is a nice magistrate to sit on a bench, and judge and sentence, not only the guilty but the unfortunate! Fit President for a new Inhumane Society, for punishing the rescued unhanged and undrowned! In the name of poetical justice, why did not the Bells with their warning voices din, clapperclaw, and ring their iron lessons into *him*? Why did not the Goblins of the Chimes steeplechase and haunt that cold bad man, with a heart hard as Haytor granite, instead of poor Trotty, and startle and wrench his selfish soul with phantasmal shows of his own daughter with her babe, driven

[illegible], and why?—because they kno
wants, the urgent temptations and
their ragged fellow-beings are expose
charitably and indulgently of each o
failings and misdeeds a large allow
Toby of the tale is a Shandean o
human kindness; and, therefore, whe
are all bad by birth, habit, and repu
the author, that Toby must be onl
merely parodying the Cutes and File
that there is no Casus Belli to justif
of "Hunt him, and haunt him!
Break his slumbers!" On the contr
used by the Bells, and has good rea
the thief in the old story, of their lo
heads.

However, Trotty Veck, having just
an account of a mother laying violent
her own infant at once, overlooking the
the dread of [illegible]

and mobbed by the Goblins; and, like Scrooge, undergoes an awful vision, in which he sees his own daughter, impelled by destitution and misgivings as to the future destiny of her infant, to drown herself and her babe. In his struggles to prevent the catastrophe, the Porter awakes, and discovers that he has only been dreaming a bad dream, induced by a too hearty dinner of tripe. His Margaret is safe and sound beside him, preparing her dress for her marriage on New Year's Day with Richard the smith—an old friend, one Mrs. Chickenstalker, drops in to congratulate, with a huge pitcher of flip—the big drum, the handbells, and the marrow-bones and cleavers, muster round; and the story winds up with one of those Bozzian merry-makings which leave everybody inclined to shake hands with everybody—and their own left hand with the right.

Such, with some episodes, is the plot; in the development of which there occur various scenes of humour, pathos, and power. Here is an unctuous riddle, pleasantly solved.

"'But what is it, father?' said Meg. 'Come! You havn't guessed what it is. And you must guess what it is. I can't think of taking it out till you guess what it is. Don't be in such a hurry! Wait a minute! A little bit more of the cover. Now guess!'

"Meg was in a perfect fright lest he should guess right too soon; shrinking away, as she held the basket towards him; curling up her pretty shoulders; stopping her ear with her hand, as if, by so doing, she could keep the right word out of Toby's lips; and laughing softly the whole time.

"Meanwhile Toby, putting a hand on each knee, bent down his nose to the basket, and took a long inspiration at the lid; the grin upon his withered face expanding in the process, as if he were inhaling laughing gas.

"'Ah! It's very nice,' said Toby. 'It an't—I suppose it an't Polonies.'

"'No, no, no!' cried Meg delighted. 'Nothing like Polonies!'

"'No,' said Toby, after another smiff. 'It's—it's mellower than Polonies. It's very nice. It improves every moment. It's too decided for Trotters. An't it!'

"Meg was in an ecstacy. He could *not* have gone wider of the mark than Trotters—except Polonies!

minute more, it was the best tripe ever stew

On this savoury dish the Porter f
for he knew by heart and stomacl
observation—"there's nothing more
round than dinner-time; and noth
coming round than the dinner."
stropped to a keen edge by exercis
could postpone his own cravings and s
of a pair of chance guests—Will Fern
up in the streets.

"'Stay!' cried Trotty, catching at his ha
'Stay! The New Year never can be happy
The New Year never can be happy to me, if
wandering away you don't know where, withou
Come home with me! I'm a poor man, living
give you lodging for one night, and never miss
Here! I'll take her!' cried Trotty, lifting up
I'd carry twenty times her weight, and never k
I go too quick for you. I'm very fast. I alwa
taking about six of his trotting paces to one
panion; and with his thin legs quivering again

"'Why, she's as light,' said T[illegible]

"With which words Trotty, in a breathless state, set the child down before his daughter in the middle of the floor. The little visitor looked once at Meg; and doubting nothing in that face, but trusting everything she saw there, ran into her arms.

"'Here we are, and here we go!' cried Trotty, running round the room and choking audibly. 'Here! Uncle Will! Here's a fire, you know! Why don't you come to the fire? Oh, here we are, and here we go! Meg, my precious darling, where's the kettle? Here it is, and here it goes, and it'll bile in no time!'

"Trotty really had picked up the kettle somewhere or other in the course of his wild career, and now put it on the fire; while Meg, seating the child in a warm corner, knelt down on the ground before her, and pulled off her shoes, and dried her wet feet on a cloth. Aye, and she laughed at Trotty, too—so pleasantly, so cheerfully, that Trotty could have blessed her where she kneeled; for he had seen that, when they entered, she was sitting by the fire in tears.

"'Why, father!' said Meg, 'you're crazy to-night, I think. I don't know what the Bells would say to that. Poor little feet. How cold they are!'

"'Oh, they're warmer now!' exclaimed the child. 'They're quite warm now!'

"'No, no, no,' said Meg. 'We havn't rubbed 'em half enough. We're so busy. So busy! And when they're done, we'll brush out the damp hair; and when that's done, we'll bring some colour to the poor pale face with fresh water; and when that's done, we'll be so gay, and brisk, and happy—!'

"The child, in a burst of sobbing, clasped her round the neck; caressed her fair cheek with its hand: and said, 'Oh, Meg, oh, dear Meg!'

"Toby's blessing could have done no more. Who could do more!

"'Why, father!' cried Meg, after a pause.

"'Here I am, and here I go, my dear,' said Trotty.

"'Good gracious me!' cried Meg. 'He's crazy! He's put the dear child's bonnet on the kettle, and hung the lid behind the door!'

"'I didn't go to do it, my love,' said Trotty, hastily repairing this mistake. 'Meg, my dear?'

"Meg looked towards him, and saw that he had elaborately stationed himself behind the chair of their male visitor, where, with many mysterious gestures, he was holding up the sixpence he had earned.

"'I see, my dear,' said Trotty, 'as I was coming in, half an ounce of tea lying somewhere on the stairs; and I'm pretty sure there was a bit of bacon, too. As I don't remember where it was exactly, I'll go myself and try to find 'em.'

"With this inscrutable artifice, Toby withdrew to purchase the viands he had spoken of, for ready money, at Mrs. Chickenstalker's; and presently

very loud, to impress the fact upon his gu disagreeable.'

"Yet Trotty sniffed the savour of the hi it; and when he poured the boiling wate down into the depths of that snug cauldron, to curl about his nose, and wreathe his h However, for all this, he neither ate nor dr ning, a mere morsel for form's sake, which relish, but declared was perfectly uninteres

"No. Trotty's occupation was to see Will and so was Meg's. And never did spectat banquet find such delight in seeing other monarch or a pope—as those two did in looki

A very different entertainment is Sir Joseph Bowley, Baronet and M.P. of the poor," in honour of his lady's ding dinner to the tenantry, accom interludes, or farces, so in vogue with imitation of the proverbial eccentric fore horses, and lighting candles at t that Leisure results from Labour, an —provide starving, naked

bourer," had been drunk as a toast, and the outcast labourer Will Fern, intruding on the festival, thus delivered his "experiences" on the subject.

"'Gentlefolks, I've lived many a year in this place. You may see the cottage from the sunk fence over yonder. I've seen the ladies draw it in their books a hundred times. It looks well in a picter, I've heerd say; but there an't weather in picters, and maybe 'tis fitter for that, than for a place to live in. Well! I lived there. How hard—how bitter hard, I lived there, I won't say. Any day in the year, and every day, you can judge for your own selves!'

"He spoke as he had spoken on the night when Trotty found him in the street. His voice was deeper and more husky, and had a trembling in it now and then; but he never raised it passionately, and seldom lifted it above the firm stern level of the homely facts he stated.

"''Tis harder than you think for, gentlefolk, to grow up decent—commonly decent—in such a place. That I growed up a man, and not a brute, says something for me—as I was then. As I am now, there's nothing can be said for me, or done for me. I'm past it.'

"'I am glad this man has entered,' observed Sir Joseph, looking round serenely. 'Don't disturb him. It appears to be ordained. He is an example—a living example. I hope and trust, and confidently expect, that it will not be lost upon my friends here.'

"'I dragged on,' said Fern, after a moment's silence, 'somehow. Neither me nor any other man knows how; but so heavy that I couldn't put a cheerful face upon it, or make believe that I was anything but what I was. Now, gentlemen—you gentlemen that sits at Sessions—when you see a man with discontent writ on his face, you says to one another, 'He's suspicious. I has my doubts,' says you, 'about Will Fern. Watch that fellow!' I don't say, gentlemen, it ain't quite nat'ral, but I say 'tis so; and from that hour, whatever Will Fern does, or let's alone—all one—it goes against him.'

"Alderman Cute stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and leaning back in his chair, and smiling, winked at a neighbouring chandelier. As much as to say, 'Of course! I told you so. The common cry! Lord bless you, we are up to all this sort of thing—myself and human nature.'

"'Now, gentlemen,' said Will Fern, holding out his hands, and flushing for an instant, in his haggard face; 'see how your laws are made to trap and hunt us when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere; and I'm a vagabond. To jail with him! I comes back here. I goes a nutting in your woods, and breaks—who don't?—a limber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers sees me in the broad day, near my own patch of garden, with a gun. To jail with him! I have a natural

Do I say this to serve MY cause!' cri
back my liberty, who can give me back my
back my innocent niece? Not all the Lords
But, gentlemen, gentlemen, dealing with oth
right end. Give us, in mercy, better hom
cradles; give us better food when we're a w
kinder laws to bring us back when we're a
Jail, Jail, Jail, afore us everywhere we turn.
you can show the Labourer then that he won't
ful as a man can be; for he has a patient, l
you must put his rightful spirit in him first;
ruin such as me, or is like one of them that
divided from you at this time. Bring it back
Bring it back afore the day comes when eve
altered mind, and the words seem to him to r
read in my own eyes—in Jail: 'Whither thou
thou lodgest, I do Not lodge; thy people are N
my God!'"

We have pointed out what seems t
in the "Chimes;" and have now onl
our warmest good wishes. May they
heard, inculcating their wholesome less
bearance—reminding wealth of the

DOMESTIC MESMERISM.

"Gape, sinner, and swallow."—Mrs Meredith.

It is now just a year since we reviewed Miss Martineau's "Life in the Sick Room," and left the authoress set in for a house-ridden invalid, alternating between her bed and the sofa; unable to walk out of doors, but enjoying through her window and a telescope the prospect of green downs and heath, an old priory, a limekiln, a colliery railway, an ancient church, a windmill, a farm, with hay and corn stacks, a market garden, gossipping farmers, sportsmen, boys flying kites, washerwomen, a dairymaid feeding pigs, the light houses, harbour, and shipping of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a large assortment of objects, pastoral, marine, and picturesque. There we left the "sick prisoner," as we supposed, quite aware of a condition beyond remedy, and cheerfully made up for her fate by the help of philosophy, laudanum, and Christian resignation.

There never was a greater mistake. Instead of the presumed calm submission in a hopeless case, the invalid was intently watching the progress of a new curative legerdemain, sympathising with its repudiated professors, and secretly intending to try whether her own chronic complaint could not be conjured away with a "Hey, presto! pass and repass!" like a pea from under the thimble. The experiment it seems has been made, and lo! like one of the patients of the old quacksalvers, forth comes Miss Martineau on the public stage, proclaiming to the gaping crowd how her long-standing, inveterate complaint, that baffled all the doctors, has been charmed away like a wart, and that, from being a help-

easy as playing at cat's cradle—in

Now we are, as we have said bef
in England; with a complication
quite a staff of physicians, each
particular disease which he has mad
one for the heart, another for the
stomach, a fourth for the liver, and
are incapable of pedestrian locomotic
Friars, and, between gout in our an
our knees, could as easily walk on ou
as on our legs. It would delight u
that by no painful operation, but only
behind our back or to our face, we co
use of our precious limbs, to walk lil
again like a renewed bill. But alas! a
of Miss Martineau's statements has sa
no chance of such a desirable consumr
common phrase, "the news is too g
have carefully waded through the New

not at all removed by an actual encounter with a professor, who, after experimenting on the palms of our hands without exciting any peculiar sensation, except that quivering of the diaphragm which results from suppressed laughter, gravely informed us—slipping through a pleasant loophole of retreat from all difficulties—that "we were not in a fit state."

The precise nature of Miss Martineau's complaint is not stated; nor is it material to be known except to the professional man: the great fact, that after five years' confinement to the house she can walk as many miles without fatigue, thanks to the mysterious Ism, "that sadly wants a new name," is a sufficient subject for wonder, curiosity, and common sense to discuss. A result obtained, it appears, after two months *passed* under the hands of three several persons —a performance that must be reckoned rather slow for a miracle, seeing that if we read certain passages aright, a mesmeriser "with a white hat and an illuminated profile, like a saint or an angel," is gifted with powers little, if at all, inferior to those of the old Apostles. The delay, moreover, throws a doubt on the source of relief, for there are many diseases to which such an interval would allow of a natural remission.

In the curative process, the two most remarkable phenomena were—1st, That a patient, with a weazel-like vigilance, did not go as usual into the magnetic sleep or trance: and, 2dly, That every glorified object before her was invested with a peculiar light, so that a bust of Isis burnt with a phosphoric splendour, and a black, dirty, Newcastle steam-tug shone with heavenly radiance. Appearances, for which we at once take the lady's word, but must decline her inference, that they had any influence in setting her on her legs again. *The nerves*, and the optic ones especially, were, no

worse for it.

On the subject of other visions tineau is less explicit, or rather after hinting that she has seen w stead of favouring us with her Rev Ainsworth or Eugene Sue, she plu to keep them to herself.

"Between this condition and the mesmeri ient and rare, of which I have had experie give no account. A somnambule calls it a somnambulism and clairvoyance. To me the mering in it. The ideas that I have snatch are, of all ideas which ever visited me, the m may be well that they are incommunicable— relations, and partly from their unfitness for I will only say that the condition is one of no as experience and outward indications can be t of repose, of calm translucent intellectuality, I no reaction followed, no excitement but that who finds himself in possession of a great new

So that whether she obtained a gli salem, or a

and remedies; that she cleared up her own case first, prescribing for herself very fluently, and then medically advised Miss Martineau, and that the treatment in both cases succeeded. Surely, in common charity to the afflicted, these infallible remedies ought to have been published; their nature ought to have been indicated, if only to enable one to judge of supernatural prescribing compared with professional practice; but so profound a silence is preserved on these points as to lead to the inevitable conclusion, that the mesmeric remedies, like the quack medicines, are to be secured by patent, and to be sold at so much a family bottle, stamp included. One recipe only transpires, of so commonplace and popular character, and so little requiring inspiration for its invention,—so ludicrously familiar to wide-awake advisers, that our sides shake to record how Miss Martineau, restless and sleepless for want of her abandoned opiates, was ordered ale at dinner and brandy and water for a nightcap. Oh, J. ! J. ! well does thy initial stand also for Joker!

In addition to these suppressions, one unaccountable omission has certainly staggered us, as much as if we had considered it through a couple of bottles of wine. In common with ourselves, our clever friend T. L., and many other persons—who all hear the music of the spheres, dumb-bells, and other mute melodies, as distinctly as the rest of the world, but of gross mundane sounds and noises are unconscious as the adder—Miss Martineau is very deaf indeed. Here then was an obvious subject for experiment, and having been so easily cured of one infirmity, it seems only natural that it should have occurred to the patient to apply instanter to the same agency for relief from another disability—that she should have requested her mesmeriser to quicken her hearing as well as her pace. But on the contrary, her ear seems

can see through deal-boards, mill-
as lustrous as ebony," that she negl
her hearing might not be so improv
through no denser medium than the
interesting experiment in her own
have preceded the trials whether "J
ships and churches, with her eyes sh
remote inquiry whether, at the day o
rise with or without our bodies, it
organs. If dull people can be cured
few magnetic passes, so pleasant a fact
cealed; whatever the consequence t
registered Voice Conductors and Corne

Along with this experiment, we sho
more circumstantial references to
merely assumed and asserted. Ther
throughout the Letters more singular
with which we are expected to take
granted; as if all her readers were in

for *goître*. We should be delighted to know the whereabouts of that Wonderful Child, and its caravan. And here are more whens—

> What becomes of really divine inspiration *when* the commonest people find they can elicit marvels of provision and insight? What becomes of the veneration for religious contemplation *when* ecstasies are found to be at the command of very unhallowed—wholly unauthorized hands? What becomes of the respect in which the medical profession ought to be held, *when* the friends of the sick and suffering, with their feelings all alive, see the doctor's skill and science overborne and set aside by means at the command of an ignorant neighbour,—means which are all ease and pleasantness? How can the profession hold its dominion over minds, however backed by law and the opinion of the educated, *when* the vulgar see and know that limbs are removed without pain, in opposition to the will of doctors, and in spite of their denial of the facts? What avails the decision of a whole College of Surgeons that such a thing could not be, *when* a whole town full of people know that it was? What becomes of the transmission of fluid *when* the mesmerist acts, without concert, on a patient a hundred miles off?

To all of which Echo answers "When?"—whilst another memorable one adds "Where?" In fact, had the letters been delivered as speeches, the orator would continually have been interrupted with such cries, and for "name! name!"

In the same style we are told that we need not quarrel about the name to be given to a power "that can make the deaf and dumb hear and speak; disperse dropsies, banish fevers, asthmas, and paralysis, absorb tumours, and cause the severance of nerve, bone, and muscle to be unfelt. Certainly not—nor about the name to be bestowed on certain newly invented magnetic rings that have appeared simultaneously with the Newcastle letters, and are said to cure a great variety of diseases. We only object—as we should in passing a tradesman's accounts—to take mere items for facts that are unsupported by vouchers. But it is obvious throughout that Miss Martineau forgets she is not addressing magnetisers; instead of considering herself as telling a ghost story

...plained of, with its odd and
to the high tone of her ideas, and
course: whereas, like the child that
was up to astronomical technicals, a
refined language as her mesmeriser,
of a clergyman. So when a glass of
was willed to be porter on her palate
"a nasty sort of beer," when, reflecting
mesmeriser, she should have recognised
by taste: and again, in the fellow
water was willed to be sherry, she
white wine;" and moreover, on drinking
came so tipsy, that she was afraid to
walk, or go down stairs, "for fear of falling
face." The thing however was not original
insinuates that mesmerism is much older
in reality the reader will remember a
the same kind in the Arabian Nights
willed ideal mutton, barley broth, and
sauce—and how [illegible]

would imagine, as self-tickling. She exhibits in fact a will of her own, and an independence, quite at variance with the usual subjection to a superior influence. She wakes at her own pleasure from her trances—is not so abstracted in them as to forget her household errands, that she has to go to the shop over the way—and without any mesmeric introduction gets into *rapport* with the music next door, which sets her mocking all the instruments of an orchestra, dancing, and describing the company in a ball-room. Another day, when one of the phrenological organs was affected, she was thrown into a paroxysm of order, and was "almost in a frenzy of trouble because she could not make two pocket-handerchiefs lie flat and measure the same size"—all very good fun, and better than stitching or darning. But she preferred higher game. "I like to look up and see spiritual things. I can see diseases, and I like to see visions!" And accordingly she did see a vision,—by what must be called Clairvoyance's long range—of a shipwreck, with all its details, between Gottenburg and Elsinore.

This "inexplicable anecdote" Miss Martineau gives with the usual amiable reliance on the reader's implicit credence, declaring that she cannot discover any chink by which deception could creep in; whereas there is a gaping gap as practicable as any breach ever made by battery. To give any weight whatever to such a tale, two conditions are absolutely essential: that the intelligence should not have been received in the town; and that if it had, the girl should have had no opportunity of hearing the news. And was this the case? By no means. On the contrary, J. *had been out on an errand*, and immediately on her return she was mesmerised, and related her vision; the news arriving by natural means, so simultaneously with the revelation, that she presently observed, "my aunt is below telling them all about it,

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MY heart's wound up just like a watch,
As far as springs will take—
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To Mary Smash, at No. 1. (

DEAR MARY,

This cums hoping yure
larn Mismerising. Its dun with y
as taking sites at Pepel, or talking
nigh you, I'd larn you in no time
only pawing, like, without touchi
back, witch gives them a tittevatir
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A Mechanic his labour will often discard,
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But a clock—and it's case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work, tho' it *strikes!*

EPIGRAM.

As human fashions change about,
The reign of Fools should now begin,
For when the *Wigs* are going out
The *Naturals* are coming in.

RESULTS OF GERMAN STUDY.

THE TWO MINERS.

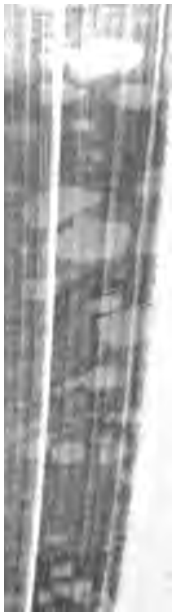
CHAPTER I.

About ninety years ago, a workman at one of the most profitable of the mines in the Harz mountains, lived Michael Hauser. He was at that time an old man; he toiled hard for eight hours during the day, and the interval between his leaving off work and retiring to rest was spent always in the bosom of his family. His wife was still living, affectionate towards her husband, and carrying her love for her children, of many that she had borne, two remaining sons, to an extent that became the common talk of the neighbourhood.

Karl and Wilhelm were both handsome, bold, and vigorous young men, but with characters as unlike as they could be, and which distinctly marked the conduct of each; in nothing more, perhaps, than the difference of their regard for one another. Karl, the elder, was not what would be called

athletic; yet his figure, although thin, seemed to possess strength that might be dangerous to a far bulkier antagonist than himself. His complexion was sallow, and his whole face had an air of reserve, and if the expression may be granted to the case, of pride, that kept at a distance most of the young men of his age and station. None of his features were very remarkable, or drew the attention, with the exception of his eye, which certainly had an appearance that no human eye had ever before possessed. It was large, full, and open to a fearful degree. You never saw it wink. You never saw it lighted up in laughter, or obscured with tears. It has been said, I do not know with what truth, that Karl Hauser never wept in his life. He worked with his father in the mine, but with the rest of his fellow-labourers he had little or no communication. Wilhelm was eighteen years of age, and two years younger than his brother, whom he loved tenderly, and, as it would seem, yet the more that his brother continued to avoid him. He was thick set, and his face chubby. His sparkling blue eye, that seemed to have usurped all the motion that his brother's wanted, was never still. He was his father's favourite. His mother, urged perhaps by pity, showed, though a delicate observer only could have perceived it, a partiality for her Karl.

About six months previous to the commencement of this narrative, Wilhelm had become enamoured of the simple beauty of Bertha Kramer, the only daughter of the widow of a poor lieutenant, who gained, in the small town of Klausthal, a livelihood for herself and daughter by needlework. The young miner had made no mention of his attachment, not even to the maiden herself. He contented himself with walking in the dusk every evening to a clear and beautiful spring—one of the many which are found bursting forth on



One day, however, whilst pe
with Karl, being no longer al
Wilhelm took the following m
brother.

"Karl," he said, "mother a
wife forty years, and they have
together. How preferable is
one!"

Karl turned his head towar
ceeded.

"Now, brother, tell me, would
and comfortless?"

"No," said Karl, and resumed

"Well, now, I like that, brothe
seldom, and when you do it is
purpose."

Karl smiled, but his eye change
"Tell me, Karl, will you walk wi
Mägdesprung?"

"For what—

a mock serious tone of voice; "if what old Verloff says be true, there is a goblin and a sprite, not only in many parts of the mountains, but actually in our own good Carolina-mine. And as for *der Teufel*"—and here, endeavouring to assume a deeper tone of seriousness, he laughed out for some time in great ecstacy. "If young Spindelman speak sooth, you, Master Karl, have had dealings with such a personage. It was only the night before last, as we were taking a glass of Schnapps together, that he told me how one morning, as he was walking alone in the mountains, he saw you in close conversation with—a *man*, as he at first supposed him to be, as large as yonder tree; how he heard you say these dreadful words:—"*No less? Will nothing less suffice you? Great God, what a doom!*" and how, shortly afterwards, he saw him descend into the earth, whereby he knew him to be no man at all, but the black gentleman himself. What do you think of that, Master Karl? And Spindelman is an authority, for he gets drunk every day. Poor fellow, he'll soon drink himself to death. The Brantwein plays sad tricks with his five senses. The devil and you, Karl,"—and he again burst out into an ecstacy of laughter, in which his brother seemed to join most heartily, though he did not utter one syllable, nor turn his head, but employed himself more diligently than ever in chopping wood—as it chanced, his morning's occupation.

"No, Karl," still continued the gay Wilhelm, "I will take you to see *a fairy*, the sweetest in all Germany—a fairy that shall make sparkle again those stern and dumb—"

Karl turned suddenly round, and the word Wilhelm would have uttered died on his lips. Karl, without taking any notice of the effect he had produced, said, "Do not trifle with me. Speak seriously, Wilhelm. What do you wish me to do?"

"Well then, in sober seriousness, I want to show you—"

Before he could say more, his mother entered and interrupted the conversation.

Whoever has made the tour of the Harz mountains will not forget whilst he lives the majestic and awful appearance of their innumerable trees, which, crowded together over the undulating tracts of the hills, and swayed by the winds, present the picture of some mighty and supernatural ocean. To such a scene were Karl and the anxious lover now hastening. The sun still hung among the hills, and the pleasure of seeing that huge ball of fire drop into the valleys was yet reserved for the youths: their road led them over a mountain top.

Karl seemed to be acquainted with the business upon which they were bound. He listened to the frequent bursts of passion which escaped from his brother's lips with a cold and unchangeable silence.

"Oh, Karl!" exclaimed the fond youth, "you are cold and quiet, and have no experience, no sympathy. If it were otherwise, you would know how blessed a thing it is to love—to love as I do, with a fear of rejection, creeping and trembling before a hope that is dearer than certainty itself. Karl, am I not happy?" He looked into his brother's face for an answer, but receiving none, poor Wilhelm continued—

"You know, Karl, that father said, whichever married first should have the two rooms in the cottage. Now, as there is little chance of your entering upon the married state for some time, if ever, I shall become the owner, and *you, my dear* Karl, must be content to visit us there."

At length they arrived at the Mägdesprung. The sun went down.

"My dear brother, look at that light foot. See with what a maidenly grace it bounds over the stones. Wait till she approach—look on her face, and tell me if she is not an angel?"

Karl looked towards the spot to which he pointed, but in truth he saw nothing; for little Bertha was at such a distance, and her form so indistinct, that none but a lover's accustomed eye could trace it. Karl continued silent, and a quarter of an hour elapsed before the maiden drew near.

Wilhelm exclaimed at the top of his lowest voice—

"There, there ——."

And in his eagerness to observe the treasure, he did not at all perceive the movement of his brother, who, as if impelled from the mouth of a cannon, rushed from his hiding-place, and stood before the widow's daughter. She shrieked, and crying "Oh, my dear Karl," threw herself into his arms.

CHAPTER II.

THE first impulse of Wilhelm was to leap upon his brother and Bertha. A few moments afterwards he was retracing his steps homeward, and weeping like a child. "It is too hard," he said. "I cannot bear it." As his tenderness became relieved by his tears, and as *they* soon ceased to be any relief whatever to him, vexation, disappointment and ill-feeling got the better of his good heart. "He shan't carry it so prettily," he said. "He has done it to

against a tree, once more he b

As he approached his home h
excuse he should make for Ka
was got over, when, upon enteri
quietly sitting at the *ofen*, his
abendbrod, old Michael reading
and his brother himself employe
a twisted branch of a tree, an
miners are particularly skilful. H
he said nothing. Karl, looking
embarrassment, said, "Wilhelm,
You take me to a spot which I ha
and you leave me to find my way h
is hardly kind of you." It was
remain silent. He stared at his
seemed choked with the suppression
dared not indulge, but said nothing.
of his behaviour by the old people.
rather silently; but, in other respects
as usual

pressive voice, as if he were compelling tne words which came from him, said,

"Karl! I can't speak to you as I should wish to speak to a brother. You are either too proud or too ill-natured to answer my questions,—and I will not—I am determined—be angry with you, because it is so. Never mind. I can bear it and more. If yesterday morning I had been offered the whole of the mine over which we are walking to give up that girl, I should have refused, and thought myself rich in doing so. If you had cut this limb from me," and he held out his big arm, whilst a tear started in his eye, but he checked it, "if you had cut off this arm, I say, I should have borne the pain and the loss of it much more easily than I can—do bear the loss of hope. I am not saying all this to show you how great a sacrifice I am willing to make, or to brag of it; but you shall know that I have not loved her lightly; you shall know that I am able to give up even to you, from whom I *can* expect no return, the only—next to our dear father and mother—the only thing worth living for. Tell me, do you love her? Does she?"—and it was here that his voice first began to tremble,—"does she love you?"

Karl had been unmoved during the whole of this pathetic appeal. He turned now towards Wilhelm, and with a stern, inflexible manner, said——

"Boy! when you took me to the spring, I knew not whom I was to meet there. What passed there, or as much of it as you witnessed, for I know not how long you remained, may be a sufficient answer to your question." With which words he turned his head away, and was again silent.

"I have done," said Wilhelm, and putting on their miner's clothes, they went down the pit to work.

A week afterwards and there were no bounds to the happiness of Michael Hauser's wife. She knew, she said, that one thing only had been wanting to make her Karl as gay as the wildest of them. "In fact," she said, and she was a woman of experience, "it takes different things to make different people happy. Now some must go to the Wirthshaus—some waltz—some gamble, and if a man can get no pleasure in any of these, all that is left to give it him, and which he, without knowing it, requires, is a wife."

Little Bertha smiled; and assisted her future mother-in-law in removing the coverings from the gay furniture, now five years deposited—having been originally designed as the marriage portion of a daughter who did not live to enjoy it, in those two rooms which poor Wilhelm had so ardently hoped to have made the home of *his* Bertha.

Of all the lovers that have been known Karl was the most singular; and how the charming Bertha could fancy him was a matter of no small surprise to all who knew nothing in the world about love affairs. Whatever had been the origin and progress of their attachment, it is unquestionably true that the sullen and gloomy miner had now a more than common influence over the affections and conduct of his betrothed; yet even towards her, as to all the world besides, he was cold and peevish.

Love blinded Bertha, and she did not feel his conduct. Perhaps there was some reason for his moroseness with which she was unacquainted, and for which she pitied him, and, it may be, loved him the more. We shall learn in the sequel.

Wilhelm went about his work as before. Afflicted, as he was, by his loss, he was too good to give to the causes of it the least uneasiness. He left home earlier in the morning, and returned home later at night. And it was only when his

pride was working within him, or when he was compelled by circumstances, that he ventured into the room in which *she* sat. On such an occasion he had remarked the apathy of his brother's manner to her. "He does not love her," he internally said; "does not love her, as I do—did. I hope she may be happy. Heaven bless her!" The last three words were unconsciously *uttered*, and in a tone that did not escape the mole-eared Karl. Wilhelm perceived it. He arose from his seat, approached his brother kindly, took him by the hand, and saying softly, "Forgive me; I could not help it," left the room.

"Not later than ten," said little Bertha to her *Bräutigam*, as she stepped over the threshold of the door for the last time previous to her marriage. "Good bye!" and so saying, she kissed him, and departed.

Wilhelm was lying at the foot of that spring, which even now he cherished more than any other spot, as Bertha passed it on her way home. He saw her, but he turned his head away, and played with the waters of the fountain. He felt the whole world going round with him, as the sensation of a delicate hand, touching his back, crept through his blood. Having apologised for the interruption, "Master Wilhelm," said Bertha, "I am a very foolish girl, and I know you will think me half crazy for my superstition; but I must throw myself upon your generosity, or be unhappy for ever."

Wilhelm's heart beat violently, but he did not interrupt the lady.

"You must know that—I'm sure you will laugh outright—twelve years ago, when I was a little girl at school, having more time upon my hands than I knew how to employ to any

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...g—a widowed bride. It
not now have concerned myself
dreamt of it three times last ni
me so unhappy that I do not k
unless I find means to ask her."

It did not require much argum
to become the messenger. He set
nine o'clock, it was not yet dark.
house, he was informed that the
ceding, on account of the ill health
it for a temporary residence in a
was left for Wilhelm but to return
not reach until a late hour, when e
retired to rest. Having entered
difficult, he made his way cautiousl
for some time, he sat musing upon
had been engaged. He could no
imagination of Bertha should be p
of the truth, to become, as in
eventually the

which he gently opened: nor, until after he had opened it, did it occur to him, that that door had never been known to remain unlocked, when Karl was at the inside. He trod softly, and with the candle approached the bed; he called his brother's name * * * *

* * * * *

Exactly four minutes after Wilhelm had left his own room, he was again sitting in it, his eyes bursting from his head—his hair standing on end—his strong limbs quivering—he gasped, panted, and seemed to be choking from the violent effect of horror and dread. Confronting him, stood his brother, foaming with rage, and every feature, his large eye excepted, maddened with expression. There was no candle in the room, but the moon was shining full on their faces.

"O Karl! O Karl! Karl, Karl!"

"Silence!" said the elder in a loud whisper, and thrusting his fist into his brother's mouth to stop his utterance. "Silence!—By Hell, I'll murder you if they hear you!"

"Oh! how horrible!" exclaimed Wilhelm, still in vehement agitation, but adopting his brother's whisper.

"How dared you, viper! enter that room? How dared you pry——"

"No, Karl, I did not pry. Believe me, I did not—I——."

"Lower, lower,—if they hear you, I'll kill you."

"Well, then! but, indeed I did not pry. It was for your own good that I came. For *her* good. I would rather have been shot than known that——

"Name it not. I spurn you, boy! But the misery is on you, not on me. *I* have learnt nothing. You have a living curse within you: and the pains and the tortures of damnation are honey-drops compared with it."

"Oh, Karl, kill me if you will! but do not talk thus."

"Yes! you shall die! but not now, nor by my hand,

You *must* die! You cannot live, knowing these things. Your good angel shall be your destroyer."

"Oh! I am not awake,—and, Karl! you are not——"

"What?" said Karl, sharply and bitterly: and Wilhelm, not daring to answer, rushed to his bed, and hid his head in the clothes.

For some minutes both were silent. At length Karl spoke:—"What brought you into that room?" Wilhelm explained the nature of the transaction in which he had been engaged for Bertha, hastily, but intelligibly: and his recital seemed to call upon Karl for all his natural boldness and self-dependency.

"Look you, Wilhelm! No human soul has seen me at such a moment. You are the first. I have not repined at my lot. I have lived above it. I never felt the common passions of men, and therefore sorrow and fear could be no part of my feelings, in bearing it. I have seen great things. I have bought knowledge which you can never learn—that kings do not possess, and wise men dream not of. Is this nothing?—I have leaped into the bowels of the earth, and traced nature in all her handiworks. Is this nothing?—I have held commune with the invisible spirits of another world, and spoken with restless and departed souls. But I have paid for all this—and you know the price, Wilhelm! You must leave this place to-morrow. Let your secret *be* a secret: and never let me see you more. Be wise—content yourself—leave me to myself—and, if you can,—forget this night."

Wilhelm, more collected after his first shock, said, "Karl! I am in your power. You have the means of crushing me—body, but not soul. I have become innocently acquainted with your secret—call it what you please—by your own *inadvertency*. Take what advantage of my situation you

think proper. I shall *not* leave my old parents now, when more than ever they need a protector—a protector and a comfort. When you ask me to forget this night, you ask me to forget the light which is in heaven, the air that we breathe——"

"But," interrupted Karl, "there is one thing. You will not divulge this to the old people?"

"It would break their hearts."

"You will not divulge it to them, then? You promise?"

"I do, I do!" and he sighed deeply.

"Nor to any one?—You promise?"

"Nor to any *but* ONE," said Wilhelm, firmly, but with intense passion: "nor to any *but* ONE, Karl. That poor wretch—she shall not be your victim."

Karl, who seemed to have forgotten the tender maiden, now unconsciously and peacefully sleeping, received this intimation as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet; he was frantic, and his tempestuous passion added to the whisper which he was compelled to adopt, and his wide eye all the while quietly glistening in the moonbeam, gave to the scene a hideous effect. He fell upon both knees, and really clung to his lately despised and discarded brother.

"Wilhelm! dear Wilhelm! if you have one spark of brotherly love in you—if you feel one drop of your mother's blood throbbing in your veins—spare me. Be not so cruel. I told you that I had nothing in common with man—that I was a stranger to his passions. One being has linked me to this world; else I had not borne the load of life so long. Bertha has been a whole world to me. I am no less to her. For her sake, I have sustained life, which was bitter, and found it sweet. And she, before she knew me, life was to her a joy, a blessing. Since then, it has become a paradise. Rob her of that, and you murder her. Take from her one

thing, and you annihilate her. Wilhelm! you know how much I am accustomed to kneel for favours. But, beggar as I am, and as you see me, be kind to me! be good! be charitable! be brotherly! and I will make you richer than empires. Do not refuse me, for her sake,—and you once loved her,—do not!"

Wilhelm replied, "The man, Karl, who turns from his God, has need to bend to a worm. You would not be in this posture, if what you had occasion to ask were right. I may kill her; or, it may be, only humble your fiendish pride. But, come what may, I know, and shall do my duty."

"The riches of these mines shall be poor compared with yours:" and he waited for a reply.

"Thrice their value!" Again he waited.

"You shall have power infinite! Will nothing satisfy you?"

Wilhelm remained silent.

Karl, after a pause, rose from the ground. His features, now nearer to their wonted austerity, assumed an expression of scorn and pity; and without uttering one word more, he retired to his room. Wilhelm threw himself upon his bed, and burst into tears; and, when he awoke the next, or rather the same morning at seven o'clock, was surprised to find that he could have slept at all.

CHAPTER III.

"*Viel Glück nachbar.*"—"*Congratulire.*"—"*Viele Freude theurste nachbarinn*"—"*Der Brautigam soll leben*"—"*Die kleine schatz soll leben.*"

Upon the morning that was to change Bertha Kramer *from the* happiest girl in the village to the happiest woman

in the world, at half-past eight o'clock, exactly two hours before the ceremony was to take place, the neighbours and fellow-workmen of Karl were amusing old Michael and themselves with these and similar attempts at civility, all of which were received by the old miner with bows that threatened to reach to the bottom itself of the deep Carolina. Karl and Wilhelm were both present. Karl astonished every one by his gaiety, and nobody more than his brother, who sat quite apart in a corner of the room with his face buried in his hands. Poor Wilhelm! He had been wishing himself dead a thousand times; and then, thinking that wrong, had wished a thousand times again that he had never been born. Worn out by such vain conflicts, he collected himself as well as he could, muttered "God's will be done!" and continued sitting with his face hid. He might, perhaps, have remained in that position until the marriage was over, if he had not been roused by Karl, who, in a voice that sounded as if it was meant to comfort and revive him, said,—

"Come, man, rouse; never sigh on such a day; *you* may be as happy yet."

Wilhelm, like a man who has lost his senses, held up his head, and stared his brother widely and full in the face. Karl, without noticing this, continued,—

"There, that's right. Donner wetter, brother, you are not to take it to heart in this fashion. Wish me joy——"

"Joy—joy—joy—" cried out the youth. Wish *you* joy—*you*—*you*—JOY—HIM! Father—oh—oh, oh—" and he again dropt his face into his hands.

All the neighbours looked at Michael, and then at Karl; but as they did not seem willing to make any inquiry into this singular conduct, the old man, having previously ascertained that Wilhelm was not observing him, gently waved

the oldest of the party by the coat, drawing the wearer nearer to him, and then, by look, getting the rest of the company round him, he, in a low voice, thus spoke:—"It was not, friends, until this morning that Karl told me that Wilhelm himself here has an affection for our little Bertha. It appears, although he never mentioned it to us, that it has been going on for some time. As he never disclosed the secret himself, Karl says, it would have been very wrong in him to have betrayed it, if he had not feared that his hot temper, as the moment approached, would lead him into some excess of violence, which, you see, might very easily have happened."

"Father, he lies!" cried the youth, starting from his chair. "I do indeed love her, but——"

"Ah, poor fellow," thought the neighbours, "we see how it is," and they let him go on.

"—but he lies most foully. Ask him one question," he said, his cheeks crimsoning with rage.

Karl passed him hastily, and whispered into his ear, "Your promise!"

"True, true," he replied, and burst out of the room.

"And a better heart than thine never beat, my dear Karl," said Frau Hauser, moved to tears, as her eldest son followed Wilhelm out of the room, as she said, to appease and tranquillise him—"Heaven bless you both!"

"But did he tell you *all*? And can you forgive me?"

"All, and I forgive you."

"And will she come?"

"She cannot. The illness of her mother prevents her: *but she* acknowledges the fulfilment of your share of the

compact. Wilhelm himself would tell you this, and more if his jealousy and unkindness did not keep him away. He left his father and mother about an hour since, and has hid himself no one knows where. I almost despise him for his want of generosity; but I hope the fool will come to no harm. Why do you sigh, Bertha?"

"For Wilhelm, love."

"For him?"

"Yes. Have I not made him unhappy? Have I not nourished a passion in him which may be his ruin? Did I not daily visit that dreadful spot? Indeed, Karl, there are things to make a girl sigh, whose days have crept on so quietly as mine have. I am sure, if I had known it, I would not have gone to that ugly spring a second time.

"Forget it, child."

"But surely he will not offer you any violence? Oh no, I am sure he will not. No, my dear Karl—he is too good. He loves you too well. Ah, yes, and I could prove it to you, if you would not be angry with me."

"Was I ever angry with you?"

"Well, you must know that I saw Wilhelm about an hour ago."

"You!" interrupted Karl.

"Well, well, but he did not see me. There, I said you would be angry—I will *not* tell you."

"Oh! Bertha, if you knew what agony your words bring to this heart, you would not trifle with me."

"Indeed, indeed! I am sorry for it. But why should they? Can you be jealous of Wilhelm?"

"You say you saw him this morning. Was he alone?"

"You shall hear. Anxious to receive an answer to my message, I was descending to your cottage in the hope of meeting with Wilhelm, when I saw him rush from the door

from his pocket—he knelt ag
I heard him—it was the Bible,
fervently and distinctly; he n
hoped God would be kind to y
wished that I might be happy
this moment, seeing you coming,
away."

Karl, by his manner, had eviden
than was conveyed to him in the
speech of Bertha's had a visible
him. From that moment till he
his lovely and innocent bride, he
At the altar, even, as he stood, the
the envy of his companions, his br
spirit was oppressed. To the ma
were offered him he returned not
shed, half in joy half in fear, by h
cold and insensible. He led her f
she clung to his arm, but he

boy, and foresaw that he would come to no good: others pitied him, and said that he had been unfairly outwitted by his brother. His absence, however, made nobody unhappy or uneasy, but Michael himself, who called his Wilhelm a loving, kind-hearted boy, that deserved to be horsewhipped for making his old father wretched.

Karl and Bertha were meanwhile loitering on the mountains. The latter, happy as her situation could make her; the former, still silent and dull. At any other moment Bertha would have been affected by his reserve—a stranger would have been struck with it; but the novelty of her situation had bewildered her, and she knew not whether the silence of Karl was the result of the late ceremony, or his natural temper. She would not, she could not, find fault with him; and, trembling at his side, she walked, unwilling and unable to disturb him. At length, Karl stopped, and taking her by the hand, which he held fast, looking her full in the face, he said,—

"Bertha, it was his own fault—his own deed—he had the choice—I offered it to him—there was no alternative."

"What do you mean, love?" said Bertha, timidly.

"Wilhelm—my brother—that prayed for me at the tree—you cannot deny it—you told me so yourself."

"Yes, I did, Karl; but why do you look so wildly? Why do you press my hand? You hurt me, Karl."

"Do I, child?" said he, as if starting from a dream. "I do. Forgive me, love, forgive me:" and he walked slowly on; and she followed, amazed and frightened; and so they reached home.

It is midnight, and there is not one sound to be heard in the whole village of Klausthal. Every creature has gone to

receiving any tidings of Wilhel
hour quietly to sleep. It is twe
at rest. One o'clock sounds—Be
like the striking of a flint. Sl
a glimpse of her husband creej
concealing with his hand a lighted
towards the stairs, and, without
scends. The heart of Bertha beat
but one impulse, and she obeys it.
more gently even than Karl, she
and follows the glimmering of the li

Karl reaches the bottom, and st
ment, assures himself that everythir
and opens carefully the cottage dc
threshold, and as carefully closes it.
darkness. She stands fixed to th
reached at the moment of her husb
and her fear and her surprise rende
long she remained in this situa
to l

chance of being observed. The door opened—and Karl entered, but looking most pale, anxious, and disturbed. In his left hand he bore a spade. His right hand—and Bertha, to her inexpressible horror, perceives it—is covered with blood. The assassin, the murderer, the fratricide—for such indeed she imagines him—mutters to himself these words—she hears him distinctly—"I am happier now, much happier." A gleam of hope burst in upon her. "Thank God," she thought, "he is innocent; he could not speak thus with his brother's blood upon his soul. There is some mystery connected with it all, and in the morning I shall be made acquainted with it." Karl spoke again. "For Bertha's sake I am glad of this. Her life will be more peaceful. The storm that threatened her days has passed over, and, at all events, there will be sunshine for her." Saying these words, he made a movement, as Bertha thought, towards the staircase. As cautiously as she could, she reached her room again, and, almost fainting with apprehension, waited her husband's return to bed. Some time elapsed before he made his appearance. His back is turned towards Bertha, and she gazes upon his hand—the blood was gone. Leaving the candle still burning in the room, he resumed his place at the side of his lovely and innocent wife.

"He sleeps," said Bertha, hearing him draw his breath heavily, and having herself kept awake upwards of an hour: "he sleeps—no murderer could sleep." She raises herself in the bed, and her motion does not awake him. She *leaves* the bed; still is he undisturbed, and still he breathes as calm as in sleep. "One look, and I will be satisfied." She took the candle and placed it before his face.

Wretched, wretched Bertha!—with affright, with horror, with an astonishment that took from her the ability to speak, the power of moving one muscle of her fair and deli-

had raised the lids, that space its fixedness.

The body of Bertha shook be long before her speech returned and she wept, and she fell on her name. "Karl, my dear Karl,— breathed, his chest rose and fell, him. She seized him violently and up. The candle fell from her hand, a The moonbeams mantled her with pearance of Karl's features, as he ru to her, was truly awful. It was no it was not remorse. It was frenzy weakness and distress. He clasped over the poor wretch, whose face wa a piercing, heart-rending tone, he cri I CANNOT, I CANNOT—it is my curse MARBLE MOCKERIES!!!"

no, it was to *dream* and perspire; from one until three, the Grim Spectre of Schaffenwalden danced without ceasing at the bottom of the bed: from three till six I was oppressed with the vision which I commit to paper, and now send for your edification. Publish it—do what you please with it—but I beseech you entertain a proper esteem for past favours, and send me no more Spectres from Schaffenwalden.

Your faithful

January, 1845. BENJAMIN JONES.

A NOTE FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

ONE of the most beautiful poems in the English language is Collins's Ode to Evening. Its melody is exquisite; and the construction and rhythm are worthy of study. There is in the composition a peculiarity which greatly helps the charm; by one of those happy characteristic effects which genius by art or instinct is so apt to produce. *The whole poem is but one sentence.* There is no full stop till the end. The verse flows on unbroken, like one of those gentle continuous breezes that breathe on a fine summer evening.

EPIGRAM.

A LORD bought of late an outlandish estate,
At its Wild Boars to Chevy and dig;
So some people purchase a pig in a poke,
And others, a poke in a pig.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

SINCE the publication of the first volume of this series many kind friends—and many kind strangers, one as far off as Australia—have afforded information which throws some light on the earlier portion of my father's career as an author.

The first thing I had better do is to correct a mistake of my own, the insertion of a review of the Cook's Oracle, which I was led to believe was my father's, but which really was from the pen of John Hamilton Reynolds. Between him and my father I am now able to apportion the Odes and Addresses, my Australian correspondent having furnished me with a list of those marked by my father as his own, in a presentation copy. According to this, he contributed the verses addressed to Graham, Mrs. Fry, Richard Martin, the Great Unknown, Joseph Grimaldi, the Steam Washing Company, Captain Parry, and William Kitchener.

I have also found that my father was for a short time a contributor to "Maga," in which, in 1826, appeared the "Ode to the Moon," and the "Monkey Martyr;" the former subsequently republished in "the Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," the latter in the second series of "Whims and Oddities."

The "Verses in an Album" (p. 230, vol. i.) were written in 1823, and not in 1825 as I supposed. I have found the

original leaf, whereon, beneath them, are the following lines by Barry Cornwall :—

TO THE WRITER OF THE ABOVE LINES.

WHY then,—sing for ever
In an amorous tone
Till the great Apollo
Crown thee for his own,—
So may laurel shade thee,
And no care invade thee
Near his golden throne !

There,—with love and singing,
Happy may'st thou be
As the green woods ringing,
When from branch and tree
Music falls in showers
Hiding the spring hours
With its rich melody.

There,—with song and pleasure
Dower'd, and the ray
Of the God, whose treasure
Passeth not away,—
Live, and sing for ever,
Like the Pindus river
Crowned with deathless bay.

B. W. P.

May, 1823.

Proctor, with the true poetic instinct, recognised my father as a brother bard even at this early period. In the "Flood of Thessaly," and other poems, published by him *at the beginning* of the same year, one of the poems in the

volume, "The Genealogies," is dedicated to my father in the following words:—

"To Thomas Hood.

"My dear Sir,

"I offer this fragment to you partly because you are a lover of the mirthful, as well as of the serious; but principally because I am anxious to incite you by this open acknowledgment of your rare poetical powers to exercise them for the gratification of the public.

"I would not be thought forward in thus becoming the herald of your reputation, but I am nevertheless desirous of saying (what I have never before said to you) that believing your poetical faculty to be equal to very high accomplishment, I shall venture, in case you enrol your name among the living poets, to look forward with confidence to your complete success.

"I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"B. C."

The lines by Pauper, at p. 379, vol. ii., which I conjectured to be Reynolds's, are, I am informed, by Mr. Dilke (who has my most sincere thanks for the valuable assistance he has given me in this edition) by Barry Cornwall.

At p. 348 of vol. ii., I have given my reasons for believing that my father wrote some pieces for the stage. My conjecture has been borne out by several facts I have since learnt. Mr. Folkard, an old friend of my father's, informs me that a farce of his, called "York and Lancaster—or a School without Scholars," was acted at the Adelphi Theatre about thirty years ago. Of this, unfortunately, only the following song remains. It was sung by Wilkinson, as a melancholy schoolboy—in fact, the only scholar at a Yorkshire school: the

other two characters in the farce being sustained by Yates and Matthews.

When I was first a scholar, I went to Doctor Monk,
And elephant-like I had, sir, a cake put in my trunk ;
The Rev. Doctor Monk, sir, was very grave and prim,
He stood full six foot high, sir, and we all looked up to him.

They didn't pinch and starve us, as here they do at York,
For every boy was ask'd, sir, to bring a knife and fork.
And then I had a chum too, to fag and all of that,
I made him sum up my sums too, and eat up all my fat.

For goodness we had prizes, and birch for doing ill,
But none of the Birch that visits the bottom of Cornhill.*
And we'd half a dozen ushers to teach us Latin and Greek,
And all we'd got in our head, sir, was combed out once a week.

And then we had a shop, too, for lollipops and squibs,
Where I often had a lick, sir, at Buonaparty's ribs ! †
Oh ! if I was at Clapham, at my old school again,
In the rod I could fancy honey, and sugar in the cane.

I am indebted to Mr. Robert Bell—and much indebted to him—for a further proof of my father's connection with the stage. In the year 1826, under Mr. Bell's editorship, appeared "The Atlas," supporting on its shoulders the world of literature and art, "the largest sheet ever issued from the press," and almost the only one treating of such topics at that time. For this journal my father was for some time the dramatic critic. In the second number appeared the Ode to Gibbon Wakefield, to be found at page 443 of vol. i.

* Birch's pastry-cook's shop is still at the bottom of Cornhill.

† *Buonaparte's* ribs—a favourite sweetmeat some thirty years since.

of the Works. Unable to trace its origin, I assigned to it the date of Wakefield's trial instead of the date of Miss Turner's abduction. In the eighth number was given "the Ode to Mr. Wrench," which will be found at page 363 of vol. ii. of the Works. Mr. Wrench was again acting at the English Opera House in 1831, to which date I erroneously attributed the ode that I possessed only as an undated newspaper cutting.

Of course the reprinting of these criticisms entire is out of the question. But I have gone through them carefully with a view of extracting such portions as are characteristic of my father's style and manner of thinking. In many instances these extracts will have the further merit of recalling to the minds of old play-goers the dramatic celebrities of their youth. They have appeared to me on both these grounds so interesting—and on the former so valuable as specimens of my father's writing at that early period in his career, that I print them in the belief that the public will agree with me that they deserve a place here.

THEATRICALS.

On taking our place as theatrical critics in the "Atlas," it may be expected that we should bestow a few words on ourselves. And first, we hope, and mean, to dispense impartial justice amongst those jealous, ambitious, unreasonable, amusing people called actors, and actresses. We are aware of the difficulty of the task,—but we come unbiassed by any stage connections, and resolute to perform our office without fear or favour. We are not partisans of any lady or gentleman upon the boards. There are persons, we know, who

what is pleasant in Mrs. Fa
Wrench does not blind us t
There are other persons who r
are gone by, and therefore co
Munden till after his retirem
been happy enough to have
Siddons, and the great Kemb
that retrospective kind. The l
shall deserve them, may expect
prose and verse,—the faulty wi
a wholesome severity. In the
critic's proper place, though he
shall take our seat, and from t
both play-wrights and players.

For the present week it wa
Elliston's Falstaff. But his un
tripped up the heels of our inte
with him upon its face. As far
well for his performance : his la

Macready's manager—fell!—Drury's Emperor lay grovelling upon the boards!

> "Fallen! fallen! fallen!
> Fallen from his high estate."

Oh! Great Lessee, then wert thou lessened! thou didst lose, Great Manager! all thyself, and self-management. The Whitsuntide rabble, that had perhaps quaked before thee at the Surrey—holiday butchers that had scrambled down from thy benches at thy bidding—men that had bowed to thy Olympic dignity—beheld thee prostrate! They hooted and hissed thee to scorn. The gentle Sambo, thy own Mr. Spring, sigheth now, instead of his usual smiling; and Wenston shaketh his head. Thy enemies—men that have smarted from thy kick and thy stick—have lifted up their horns. Williams croweth at thee. Poole is avenged. The refractory glass-blowers are chuckling over thee in a paragraph. "There are forty laughing like one."

Thy fault is, after all, venial—a gentlemanly frailty—though the fit was ill-timed. To drink is human; but we dread the effect of such high, flagrant example upon the universal establishment. If, hereafter, a Hamlet shall come in maudlin, who shall reprove it? Canst thou fine Lear for being only in his cups? In our mind's eye we see a groggy Macbeth. The three overtaken witches are tumbling into their own cauldron. The figurantes dance reels bacchanalian. The scene-shifters are misjoining fragments of land and sea—ill-painted blotches, for Stanfield has dipped his brush into a full rummer. Rosina is singing suspiciously out of tune and time; and Othello (there is precedent for it) is unaffectedly drunk. Wilt thou ever hold up thy head again upon the stage? We hope so, after a few salutary vows, and a decent retirement. But remember the lesson for ever-

COVENT G

WOODSTOCK.—As soon as the
the public with a novel, the next
for the drama; and, in most cas
process quite so well as hare. The
—the three volumes are served
the public have accepted it with
The novel did not seem to us furn
stage adaptation—and for want of
drags on rather heavily. We w
reconsider the character of Sir H
representation. There was too
not enough of the hearty, hunter-
in fact, the Sir Henry Lee of the n
innocent to be classed

liberation—of the Loyalists, and the marriage of Alice Lee with Markham Everhard—literally all in a breath.

On giving out Woodstock for repetition, it was answered with general approbation; but we should advise a great deal of pruning before the piece is played again—or, to refer to our first comparison, let the gristles and skin be taken out. One scene, indeed, proved so uninteresting to the gallery that the gods betook themselves to conversation, not in whispers—and a noise ensued that would have silenced Miss Paton for ever.

We have read strange stories lately of this lady abruptly leaving off in the middle of her song, because an unlucky boatswain made a remark in the one shilling gallery. On a second observation, it is said that she threw up her song, and left the stage! The very singing-birds might have taught her not to be so easily put up, or put down. It is but an Irish method, after all, of spiting her friends and obliging her enemies; and besides, singers are not paid to give themselves airs, but for giving them to other people.

BENEFITS.

THE performers' nights are, by custom, exempt from criticism. They are set apart for the actor's harvest, and it would be as unkind to enforce the right of censorship as to insist upon the privileges of the free list. At such times the children of the drama play, not for reputation, but for profit. They are reduced to the condition of the unfortunate gentleman in the Spectator, who advertised to murder himself by subscription. It is not the fault of performers if they must burlesque themselves, like the late Billy Waters,

... upon the sheep's back
tempt the sober families who m
theatres once a year, to attend
of their benefit; and they must
play-goer with some extravaga
Whitechapel may see Mr. Macread
in a month, but his Looney Mac
once in a season. It is from non
Mr. Farren abuses the character of
money in his purse," if Mr. Young
feathers; or Harley to prove ho
Hamlet. Their follies are not m
slips of gentlemen in their cups.
singers dance, it must be winked
promise a *pas de trois* with Mrs. (
while Mr. Fawcett condescends, "
swallow a broadsword; and the fa
Ripe" is volunteered by Mrs. Dave
in pantaloons is no novelty, but she
murder Othello and D...

COVENT GARDEN.

At Covent Garden, the new piece of Woodstock has lasted, like a bachelor's leg of mutton, all through the week; but we would rather see the joint a second time than the play. *A propos* of mutton,—we must object to Mr. Kemble's farce of eating in the supper scene. There was an abundance of knife-and-fork work, as if the very platter would follow the eatables, but little of true mouth-service; it was a sham fight with the victuals. He played it as brother Stephen used to play Falstaff—without stuffing. He was like the miller in the proverb, that makes a meal, but does not eat at all. It had the mere sound of eating, like a turkey's gobbling. We can fancy how Wrench would have devoured it; but a manager, perhaps, cannot be expected to be so hungry as an actor. Let him doff, too, those transverse sticking-plaster patches, as numerous and frightful as Munchhausen's in the authentic portrait. They seem a burlesque allusion to the dethroned Charles, as "a king of shreds and patches." As there is a deviation in that part from the novel, the whole story of his bricklayer's accident down the front of the house, and the scratching of his august face against the rough cart, had better be omitted.

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.

There has been a theatrical row at Philadelphia, but between a manager and an actor. A Mr. Wemyss persisted in using the expression of "a brave Englishman," as set

intolerable in our climate. C
Englishman thrust neck and cro
untimely cough ; or an unfortunat
acquaintance, who has a snake-like
hissing that Mr. Mathews once,
would have offered him a guinea to

PASTA'S MED

—♦—

Of Madame Pasta's acting in the
impossible to speak in terms of su
performance full of genius, and a
sculptor, and the musician. It woul
to her own to describe the sublime
and gesture with which she gave th
Jason asks, "Che

with which she gave the passage, "Mira infido, a quale stato, sol per te ridotto io sono." In the expression of tenderness in all its shapes, Madame Pasta is unrivalled. Her caresses are always full of grace and beauty; and is there, in the whole world, a more lovely sight than the gentle endearments which mark the affections of a fond but delicate woman?

Our vulgar performers, our Romeos and Juliets, show their ardours by the extremity of their hugs—they love as bears fight. Madame Pasta, in the last scene of Romeo, throws back the hair from the forehead of Juliet, and simply clasps her head. There is a depth of love in that single action that we never before saw expressed; it is not a caress of dalliance—that would be out of place when Romeo is on the brink of eternity—but of a love as pure from grossness as that the mother bears her child. It is a beautiful commentary on a phrase which has always been a great favourite of ours, the *carum caput* of the Latins, the φίλη κεφαλή of the Greeks. Madame Pasta, when she clasped the lovely head of Ronzi de Begnis, made us feel the full force of the *carum caput*. We have since seen the same action used on a less bewitching subject, but with almost equal effect. In Medea, her caresses of her children are unspeakably lovely; she does not smother them with kisses in the manner of our Coras, but the mother's passion speaks in her eloquent face, and she bestows one kiss on her babes, single and sweet as the feeling which fills her heart. But these are beauties to be seen, not to be told; and our readers, to appreciate, must behold them in the inimitable acting of the Siddons of the lyric drama.

told by Reynolds in his "Life and
seems to have had a friendly reading
to have adopted the hint. It was a
Dogs draw, the manager knew, in Kam
in Drury Lane? The readers of t
remember, in the tale called the "
Scotch hound, belonging to Sir Kennet
stantly on the warrior, like Crab upon
an excellent opportunity to dramatise tl
Unknown, and to have a real dog at t
ingenious Mr. Beazley undertook the lit
Bishop, the songs to dish up; whilst t
all the repositories of dog-dealers and
wharfs of Bankside and Horsleydown,
mastiff. He succeeded finally, we believ
The new performer is a fine creature o
turned up with white, and a bushy tail,
name of Neptune. We are not in posse
his engagement, but rumour hints that

breed, he excels. He looks well in armour and feathers; he has a good presence, with a skill and energy at fencing, and a taste in dress and attitude, which the designers of the lottery-pictures toil after in vain. He is just such a prince as schoolboys dream of when they read of Valentine, the subduer of Orson—he would make a capital king's Champion at a coronation. But he has no soul of whim, no airiness. He will never be the sprightly Prince Hal, which he lately attempted. His mirth is as hollow as the pathos of Mrs. W. West, whom we can fancy to wipe dust sometimes out of the corner of her eye, but not tears. She is contented to charm without the sorrow that "makes beauty more beautiful than beauty's self." So Mr. Wallack is not born to jest and smile, but to fight and frown—both favourite habits of the royal Crusader. His exclamation of "Ha!" supposed to be characteristic of Richard, was too much after the pattern of a pavior's sigh; but through the rest of the part he bore himself right gallantly, and tore down the "rag of Austria" like a lion indeed.

Mr. Bennet is accused of copying Mr. Macready, which is a pity, when he might be as good an original. The proprietor of Virginius could not have done better for the Knight of the Leopard—but comparisons, Mrs. Jenkins says, are odorous. Sir Kenneth was worthily sustained, and his personation of the dumb Nubian in particular; but we wish there had been another Mr. Younge for the Hermit of Engaddi. Mr. Archer has a good sensible face, and he brought no discredit on physiognomy by his performance. Though obliged to be three gentlemen at once, like Cerberus, he had little to do, and he did not overdo it—a rare merit in an actor. Neptune, on the contrary, threatened to exceed his part. He defended the standard of England, and limped on with one leg wounded,—that is, tied up,—very plausibly; but in the last

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breed, he excels. He looks well in armour and [illegible] has a good presence, with a skill and energy [illegible] a taste in dress and attitude which the [illegible] lottery-pictures toil after in vain. He is just such a [illegible] as schoolboys dream of when they read of [illegible] subduer of Orson—he would make a [illegible] at a coronation. But he has no soul of which [illegible] He will never be the [illegible] attempted. His [illegible] West, whom we can fancy to wipe [illegible] corner of her eye, but not [illegible] without the sorrow that "[illegible] beauty's self." So Mr. Wallace [illegible] smile, but to fight and [illegible] royal Crusader. His [illegible] characteristic of [illegible] a pavior's sigh; but [illegible] himself right gallantly, and [illegible] like a lion indeed.

Mr. Bennet is [illegible] a pity, when he might be as good an [illegible] of Virginius could not have done better for the [illegible] the Leopard—but [illegible] Sir Kenneth was worthily [illegible] the dumb Nubian in particular; [illegible] another Mr. Younge for the [illegible] Archer has a good [illegible] on physiognomy by his performance. [illegible] three gentlemen at once, like [illegible] and he did not overdo it—a rare [illegible] on the contrary, threatened [illegible] the standard of England, and [illegible] wounded,—that is, tied up,—[illegible]

... house.

* * *

On the second night, an apol
of Mr. Horn, through indispo
of the manager begins already
too, was away, though her nam
Another lady sang "Di piacer,"
her behalf; and the "Horn, th
by the chorus singers in the las
these accidents there was a del
left-hand stage box. A group
youngest, a blue-eyed child, with
and natural as a flower; the two
coloured ribbons, both arch and
the trio looking altogether like
We wish he had painted them, fo
again.

is an odd argument. By a parity of reasoning, when we object to a horse-dealer that the horse we are examining has three lame legs, the jockey may say, "The defects of his legs are so glaring as to be evident to the eyes of a tailor, and are therefore the less to be insisted on by the judicious and delicate horseman." But our main business is with the legs of the horse, and the voice of the singer, and we cannot pass over defects in either one or the other on the score of their grossness.

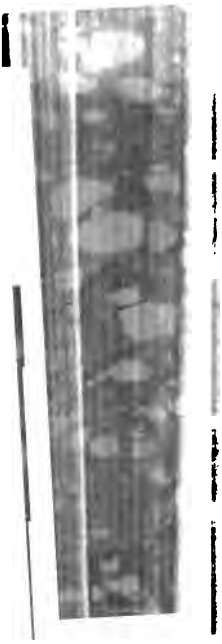
VAUXHALL.

It is no slight merit in these times to redeem pledges; and on Wednesday we redeemed ours by visiting these Surrey Gardens. It happened to be the night of the re-celebration of the battle of Waterloo. For at Vauxhall it was found profitable to keep such festivals twice over, and the place was all in a blaze with emblems of military glory. The names of Wellington and Waterloo showed fiery off indeed in parti-coloured flame, and seemed a pattern for History to write of the hero—

"With a pencil of light,"

according to the suggestion of Moore. There was an abundance of illumination, but we think we have seen the ornaments more tastefully and airily disposed. The trophy shields were formal, and the crowns somewhat lumpish and heavy—light, as Dr. Donne would quibble, should be *light*—but there was a seasonable and splendid rose in June that did honour to the genius of the lamps.

The conversion of the Rotunda into a concert-room is a decided improvement. We never relished much the gusty

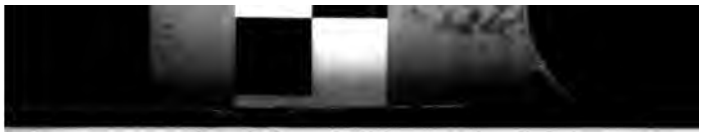


fiction, therefore, to say that in th
Taylor sings all the better for th
our ears to Miss Stephens with
are squatting, like a hare, upon a

* * *

But Vauxhall, in spite of the
punning friend, is not exclusively
nihil. To pass over panoramic v
an artificial waterfall (a relatio
Tinney); there is the ballet. Ma
Monsieur B. Vestris dance with equ
fireworks are splended; and the
comes down the perilous cord, smal
and crackers, like an American fire-

Come, come, I am very
Disposed to be merry—
So hey! for a wherry
I beckon and bawl!

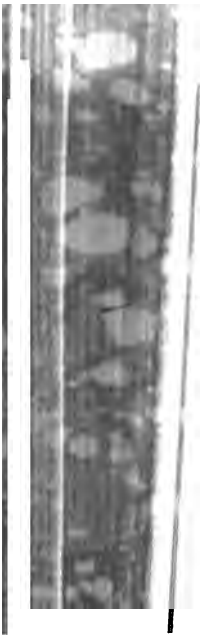


I pass, and turn short all
At once on the blaze—
Names famous in story,
Lit up *con amore*,
All flaming in glory,
Distracting the gaze!

Oh *my* name lies fallow—
Fame never will hallow
In red light and yellow
Poetical toil—
I've long tried to write up
My name, and take flight up;
But ink will not light up
Like cotton and oil!

But sad thoughts, keep under!—
The painted Rotund*er*
Invites me. I wonder
Who's singing so clear?
'Tis Sinclair, high-flying,
Scotch ditties supplying;
But some hearts are sighing
For Dignum, I fear!

How bright is the lustre,
How thick the folks muster,
And eagerly cluster,
On bench and in box,—
Whilst Povey is waking
Sweet sounds, or the taking
Kate Stephens is shaking
Her voice and her locks!



Instead of the band

Then out we all sally—
Time's ripe for the Bal
Like bees they all rally
Before the machine !-
But I am for tracing
The bright walks and fa
The groups that are pa
To see and be seen.

How motley they mingl
What men might one sir
And names that would t
Or tickle the ear—
Fresh Chinese contrivers
Of letters—survivors
Of

To friends—to note fashions,
To make speculations
On people and passions—
To laugh at the odd!

To sup on true slices
Of ham—with fair prices
For fowl—while cool ices
And liquors abound—
To see Blackmore wander,
A small salamander,
Adown the rope yonder,
And light on the ground!

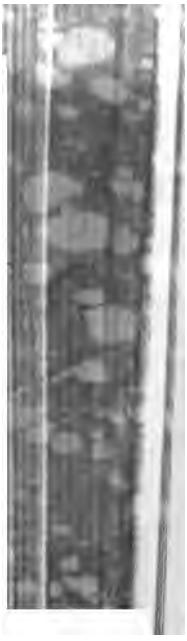
Oh, the fireworks are splendid;
But darkness is blended—
Bright things are soon ended,
Fade quickly and fall!
There goes the last rocket!—
Some cash out of pocket,
By stars in the socket,
I go from Vauxhall!

WRENCH.

—♦—

NEXT to the inimitable Kelly,—accomplished as art can make her, yet natural as instinct—the only complete actress on the stage—a bequest seemingly from the superlative old school, talked of by the elderly playgoers—there is Wrench, worthy of her companionship—

"Each lends to each a double charm."



very poor-rates of performance."

We are aware that the rise a
do not excite an equal interest,
we do trust that Mrs. Bland w
many who were once charmed
because it is somewhat past its s

SURREY TH

The Rake's Progress.—We th
theatres had ceased to take cha
town; at least it is some East
was played at both houses, for
don apprentices. Did uncle-killi
for the representation, or were
disgusted with that annual stag
numerous Milwoods and young p
....

with embezzlement and murder. They would not like, whilst enjoying their holiday fruit, to be reminded of that last bitter orange that moisteneth the culprit's lip—to have the gallows for an everlasting drop scene. There must have been, too, something dull and uninteresting in a tragedy, tending to a catastrophe which they had witnessed, probably in reality, at least once a week, before the Debtors' door of Newgate. Perhaps, having been sundry times admonished in earnest by the Judge or the Recorder, they resented, as superfluous and impertinent, such a make-believe lecture. Folks that have snuffed the Old Bailey rosemary and rue—that have witnessed the awful black cap, jostled with Jack Ketch himself, and nodded farewells to condemned friends with halters about their necks—must find something marvellously stale, flat, and unprofitable, in the play's unemphatical warnings!

AN IMAGINARY FIRST NIGHT.

In the absence of a real subject, we will attempt to sketch the progress of an imaginary modern play, and to show up, by the way, some of the prevailing absurdities of authors, actors, and composers. Not to seem invidious, we will lay the scene at Drury Lane; because, whatever sorry picture we may draw, that theatre cannot be damaged by the application, as it is expected to show quite as a different thing under a new and judicious management.

Gentle reader, link your own arm in mine, if you please, to Brydges-street. There is no mob, you see, unless we count in the bill-mongers about the entrances. The public promenade without a single shriek to the pit, and are

particularly nice and fickle in their selection of situation. There is no Hobson's choice about seats. There is room for small families in the gallery. The first, "first company," two youths in black cravats, and three ladies in Braganzas, monopolise the dress circle. Nineteen gentlemen, on the free list, straggle in about five minutes before seven. The pittites and the party in No. 6 look at each other for half an hour longer, till the ting-tinkling bell announces that the orchestra are going to "play away the overture"—a medley of music discomposed for the occasion, and called new, as we speak of the New River. It commences according to the recommendation of Mr. Puff, in The Critic, with three crashes, or "morning guns;" and then away go the notes, capering and scampering up and down the gamut, shivering and quivering, sometimes in concord, sometimes all discords, shrieking and scratching and grating, like the dragging about of ragged iron fenders, with every now and then a smart crash like the splitting of a piece of new Irish linen. Anon, a bumping running bass, as if the double drum had a bad tumble down stairs from the garret to the bottom of the house. The secondary violinists seem to be sawing, and the leader with a finer hand-movement to be filing, their instruments. The music has something of the sound of both of those harsh mechanical operations. The trombonist, with despairing energy, seems operating on himself with a patent stomach-pump. The kettle-drummer—good with both hands, like Randall—is punishing his instrument up in a corner. Heads and arms are wriggling with universal rapidity; the music is in full gallop; when suddenly it pulls up on its haunches, and the listening faculty is canted head foremost a good yard in advance. A dead pause—and then the fiddles fall again into hysterics. Another rumble of thunder, and a small peaking pipe drops in all alone like a

dribblet of small beer, or the childish treble of an infant at a christening. Before it is turned off, the bass-viol grumbles in, as if weary of standing so long upon its head. And then a fresh crash, followed by three little crashes. The trumpets blow up for a storm; the fiddles work themselves into a tearing passion (it is Orpheus being torn into pieces anew by the raving Bacchanals), the whole winding up in a row of descriptive uproar. There is no need of telling what noises the music speaks for; like the labelled passages in the Battle of Prague, the delighted Londoner easily recognizes the beating of beds—the Tower guns—a runaway coal-waggon—the mail-coaches—and a chorus of coppersmiths.

A moderate applause, running about fourteen hands high, succeeds. The musicians rub down their bald heads and shining brows with their handkerchiefs; and this is a modern overture. Our remarks upon the music are suspended by the rising of the green curtain; and the stage discloses two walking gentlemen, in feathers, preparing the foundation of the play. They are the pioneers of the plot, and have a deal of rubbish to clear off before the piece can begin its march. One of them is a military officer, and his sweetheart, it appears, has just been carried off by banditti. He orders, of course, an immediate pursuit, but loses his start by coming forward to sing two verses about love and a soldier's duty;—and as there is no time to be lost, the audience encore the song.* The lady and the robbers might get a good five miles ahead in the interval; but you shall see, in the next scene, that the ruffians forego all the advantage, by stopping to dance with some holiday-making villagers on the road.

The captive lady quickly interests the youngest and handsomest of the countrymen, and they converse apart, uninter-

* Vide "The Last Guerilla."

ruptedly, whilst the head robber is hob-nobbing with the farmer's wife. She declares that she can sing the tale of her woes, though she cannot speak ;* and the clown listens most attentively, for he has heard hitherto only of females that speak but cannot sing. In the meantime the militia come up, so secretly that not one of the robbers discovers that he is a prisoner till, on preparing for a dance *à la ronde*, he feels that the regulars have tied his legs.† While the felons are disposed of, a young female, in a Hampshire Leghorn and a short russet petticoat, trimmed with with sky blue, comes and dry-sobs over the stage lamps. She confesses that she is jealous of the attentions of her rustic lover to the lady in chains. The villagers crowd round. She appeals to the dairymaids and shepherdesses for a character, and they all range at her side ; she dares the male rustics to say that they have ever kissed even her ruddy little finger, and they drop their heads to a man, as acknowledged victims of rejected addresses, and hold up their hands.‡ She leaves off crying, and sings, reproaching Lubin, to the tune of "Auld lang syne," with his perfidy, and tears the marriage licence before his face. The villagers look blue and brown, but the lady in chains, learning the cause of the quarrel, comes forward, and declares that Lubin can hope for no part in her love, for her heart has long been bestowed on another. The eyes of the bandit sparkle, but she places her hand in the glove of the captain of infantry. The bandit stamps his boot firmly on, and cries, Hah ! He slaps his forehead—thumps his chest, as if to try the soundness of his lungs against a fit of raving—clutches his hair, and tries to turn his own head, and then to pull his own scalp off ; in the

* Vide last scene of "The Shepherd Boy."

† Vide the surprise scene in "The Last Guerilla."

‡ "Broke[illegible]"

meantime wriggling himself by a sort of toe-and-heel work, expressive of great agitation, to her side. He demands fiercely if she has forgotten their former engagement, but she replies that since he was outlawed, and dead, therefore, in the eyes of the law, she had considered herself released from the former vows.* The robber swallows the news the wrong way, and chokes; but at last, remembering that it is but a jilt lost, leads her over to the King's captain. The officer and the lady make a profound bow and curtesy to the male-factor, thus turned benefactor; the wedding day is fixed on the nail, and the romantic footpad is requested to give away the bride. The rest of the gang are immediately released, without the forms of a trial; each takes the hand of a pretty villager, they strike up first a dance and then a chorus;—and this, reader, is somewhat like the progress of a modern play!

TO MISS KELLY,

OF THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

KELLY, two quiet hours agone,
Thy part was o'er, the play was done,
The tragic vision fled.
My lobster salad is discuss'd,
My wine and water mingled just,
And thou art in my head!

CLIFFORD is gone—for all the while,
And BAKER'S everlasting smile,
Is vanish'd from me quite,

* "The Last Guerilla."

Like foolish portraits on a wall,
Sway'd by a curtain's rise or fall,
And not for after sight.

But thou, without or with my will,
Thy ringing tones attend me still,
And melancholy looks;
Again I see, and echo these
Again, like golden passages
Gather'd from olden books.

Not apt to lend my faith to cheats,
Or look for honey in the sweets
Of artificial flowers;
Though critical and curst withall,
Though early mingled grief and gall,
I recognise thy powers.

Tears thou canst bring, where tears have sprung,
Oft, from an aching heart—not wrung
By griefs at second hand;
And smiles, to lips that have not curl'd
Seldom at humours of a world
Most vigilantly scann'd.

And years bring very chilly damps,
That dim the splendour of the lamps,
And shame the canvas skies;
The brightest scenes, I know not how,
Have ch
No

I cannot weep when lovers weep,
Nor throne a tyrant in my sleep,
Nor quake at tragic screams;
The fond, the fervent faith is flown
Of boyhood; and a play is grown
Less real than my dreams.

And yet when I confront thee, still
I quite forget that sullen chill,
So perfect is thy art;
Again the vision cheats my soul,
For why? Thou dost present a whole,
Where others play a part.

The saddest or the shrewdest flights
Of tragical or comic wights
Are ne'er put out of joint,
And things by feebler authors writ,
Are better'd by thy better wit,
And dullness finds a point.

A kind of verbal novelist,
Up and down life, thou dost enlist
All humours, high and low;
That, dramatised, inform thy face
And voice, with every trick and trace
Of human whim and woe!

The stage, it is thy element,
Wherein thy mind preserves its bent,
Thou dost not seek or scorn,
The critic's meed, the public praise,
As if ordain'd to live in plays,—
Not actress made, but born!

HOT WEATHER AT THE PLAY.

THE present is scarcely weather for theatrical amusements. Without a paradox, they are too much of a relaxation. It is too warm for crowds of any kind; and the heat furnishes a quiet answer, at least as regards summer theatres, to the recent proposal of a contemporary for having plays performed about noon. The stage hour and the fashionable dinner time might not clash quite so awkwardly, but the peers and peeresses would have an objection to coming in cool undress chintzes. In such a memorable hot week as the present, when Atkinson has just killed a brace of bears without any profit to the grease-pot, a melodrama about lunch time must be a luxury! Even after seven, the atmosphere of an overflowing house is sufficiently genial; glowing and steaming like the air of an orangery, but without its fragrance.

Let us suppose ourselves in the dress circle, but wishing ourselves in any other sort of balcony. What a scene of general relaxation! The "perspiration of delight," to borrow a phrase from the critic in the *Chronicle*, stands upon every forehead; handkerchiefs, as signals of distress, are flagging with their owners in all directions; curls, unwinding into lankness like cotton balls; and collars curling off from the obnoxious glowing cheek, like the leaves of the American sensitive plant. The thin pale gentleman at our right looks cool, but he is only at a white heat, and his powder is going off, for the very reason that it ought not to go off,—because it is wet. That stout lady's visage in the left-hand box might pass for Aurora's,—intensely rosy,—and a leash of *pearls*— (are they not?)—escaped, perhaps, from her tiara,

are stealing down her brow. The whole front row, "with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms," according to the tremendous lines in Milton, is all in a flutter of fans. There are but two cool persons in the house,—that sugar-baker, in his great coat, in the pit, and the anchorsmith up in the gallery.

A momentary relief! The box-door opens, not at, but, in our backs, and lets enter a current of air that cools us all on one side, like a sole on a fishmonger's slab; but the comfortable zephyr is soon smothered by the entrance of two stout Lancashire agricultural gentlemen, with the chill off. The air warms up again; the fumes of extra strong lavender endeavour in vain to suppress the odour of the unconsumed gas—that baneful vapour, which Sir Humphry Davy, instigated by the complaints of a playgoer, recently inhaled, and nearly died, as he had lived, for the interests of science. After the noxious inflation, he was but just able to throw himself, for a superficial grave, on his grass-plot! Of the unwholesomeness of coal smoke, as a drink, we have no doubt; but we think the simple glare of the lamps, with the tearing tentarrare music of a modern opera, might have accounted of themselves for the head-splitting symptoms of the playgoer.

The curtain draws up, and the house is a trifle cooler. On the stage there are correspondent tokens of a mild summer. The performers are evidently distressed; but, unlike other distressed people, fight very shy of their handkerchiefs. They use them gingerly like dusters; the cunning red and white on their cheeks being anything but "warranted fast colours." The ghost looks flushed in spite of his flour; the Siberian exile indulges in nankeens, and Rosina shows as dishevelled as Ophelia. The tyrant that came in a lion goes out like a lamb; and arms and legs, just before passionately

energetic, fall suddenly tame and ridiculously listless before they are well clear of the side-scene. In some instances the heat works an improvement. The languishings of affectation for once seem natural, and a pair of carmine cheek bones, as if only coloured after nature and the French apples. Liston looks admirably lax and oily, in keeping with the season; Mr. Bartley, who inclines to overact himself—a failing that leans to virtue's side on the stage—plays always the better for hot weather; and the lady who used about Christmas to volunteer an encore, is content to come only when she is well called, and to sing if she must.

* * * * *

Theatrical matters, to speak in the language of the price-current, continue in a dull state. The few people in town who have ears have been attracted during the last week to Mr. Arnold's, by the translation of an opera of Winter's, which is said to have been popular on the Continent. It sounds oddly, for Winter's music to be heard in a summer theatre; and no less so, that translations of foreign pieces should be called "English Operas," the presumed staple of the house in the Strand. We always supposed it was a foundation for the encouragement of native compositions; but the production of Tarrare, Der Frieschutz, and the Interrupted Sacrifice, have corrected that delusion. Far is it from our hearts to be ungrateful to the importer of Weber and Winter; it is not his fault, doubtless, that our operas must be born abroad; but we must lament over the fact. It used to seem to us not quite Utopian, that we might grow a real indigenous opera—if not quite new, and of the same composer, at least out of our stock melodies and old airs in bottle—short and sweet snatches of song, like those in the Beggar's Opera; and that it might run a race of favour with any of its cousins-german, and be half as popular as Gay's.

We have an objection to the divorce of music from its husband tongue, the language of its fatherland. It becomes broken music, as we say of broken English. It discourses with difficulty and doubt. The words and sounds have, before translation, a natural agreement, like the features of a face, but which is disfigured inevitably when A and B exchange noses. We are more averse still to serious opera, which is generally a bad melodrama made tedious with music—neither a concert nor a play; or a concert interrupted by a lord mayor's procession in the street—a compound interest that, in spite of Cocker, is of less value than either of the simple ones. Finally, we have an invincible dislike, on or off the stage, to all Peruvian loans, feather capes, bows and arrows, and red-bosomed savages, like brick-makers gone outlandish—one and the last of our objections to the new opera. The music is generally replete with beauty, but of a delicacy that will not make it so popular as the Freischutz about the smaller streets.

HINTS TO PAUL PRY.

Oh, pleasing, teasing, Mr. Pry,
Dear Paul—but not Virginia's Paul,
As some might haply deem, to spy
The umbrella thou art arm'd withal,
Cool hat, and ample pantaloons,
Proper for hot and tropic noons;—

Oh no! for thou wert never born
To watch the barren sea and cloud
In any desert isle forlorn—

Thy home is always in a crowd
Drawn nightly, such is thy stage luck,
By Liston—that dramatic Buck.

True as the evening's primrose flower,
True as the watchman to his beat,
Thou dost attend upon the hour
And house, in old Haymarket Street.
Oh, surely thou art much miscall'd,
Still Paul—yet we are never pall'd!

Friend of the keyhole and the crack,
That lets thee pry within and pore,
Thy very nose betrays the knack—
Upturn'd through kissing with the door;
A peeping trick that each dear friend
Sends thee to Coventry, to mend!

Thy bended body shows thy bent,
Inclined to news in every place;
Thy gossip mouth and eyes intent,
Stand each a query in thy face;
Thy hat a curious hat appears,
Pricking its brims up like thy ears;

Thy pace, it is an ambling trot,
To post thee sooner here and there,
To every house where thou shouldst not;
In gait, in garb, in face, and air,
The true eavesdropper we perceive,
Not merely dropping in at eve,—

But morn and noon, through all the span
Of day,—to disconcert and fret,
Unwelcome guest to every man,

A kind of dun, without a debt,
Well cursed by porter in the hall,
For calling when there is no call.

Harm-watching, harm thou still dost catch—
That rule should save thee many a sore;
But watch thou wilt, and, like a watch,
A box attends thee at the door—
The household menials e'en begin
To show thee out ere thou art in!

Old Grasp regards thee with a frown,
Old Hardy marks thee for a shot,
Young Stanley longs to knock thee down,
And Subtle mourns her ruin'd plot,
And bans thy bones—alas! for why!
A tender curiosity!

Oh leave the Hardys to themselves—
Leave Mrs. Subtle to her dreams—
'Tis true that they were laid on shelves—
Leave Stanley, junior, to his schemes;
More things there are, the public sigh
To know the rights of, Mr. Pry!

There's Lady L—— the late Miss P——,
Miss P—— and lady both were late,
And two in ten can scarce agree,
For why the title had to wait;
But thou mightst learn from her own lips
What wind detain'd the lady-ship?

Or Mr. P!—the sire that nursed
Thy youth, and made thee what thou art.
Who form'd thy prying genius first—

(Thou wottest his untender part),
'Twould be a friendly call and fit,
To know "how soon he hopes to sit."

Some people long to know the truth
Whether Miss T. does mean to try
For Gibbon once again—in sooth,
Thou mightst indulge them, Mr. Pry;
A verbal extract from the brief
Would give some spinsters great relief!

Suppose, dear Pry, thou wert to dodge
The porter's glance, and just drop in
At Windsor's shy sequester'd lodge,
(Thou wilt, if any man can win
His way so far)—and kindly bring
Poor Cob's petition to the king.

There's Mrs. Coutts—hath she outgrown
The compass of a prying eye?
And, ah! there is the Great Unknown,
A man that makes the curious sigh;
'Twere worthy of your genius quite
To bring that lurking man to light.

O, come abroad, with curious hat,
And patch'd umbrella, curious too—
To poke with this, and pry with that—
Search all our scandal through and through,
And treat the whole world like a pie
Made for thy finger, Mr. Pry!

I HAVE now completed my task. It has been no easy one, but I have found a great pleasure and pride in its accomplishment. Numerous letters from various quarters have convinced me that my labours have been appreciated. From them I feel some satisfaction in learning that my comprehensive reproduction of all my father's writings, however slight, is rather widely approved. I intended this edition for those students and lovers of my father's writings, to whom everything he published would have some interest. For the general reader, as I stated at the very outset, there are the volumes of serious poems, those of wit and humour, and the two series of Hood's Own.

I am not, however, at all disinclined to bow to the decision of those friendly critics, who decide that I have not learned "the art to blot." I did not expect to escape censure altogether, and I had rather be blamed for reprinting too much than too little. My belief is that my father's fame is too well established to be injured by the reprinting (granting it, for the argument, injudicious reprinting) of some of his more ephemeral writings. On the other hand, I should be very sorry if any admirer of his works could point to this edition, and mention some favourite bit, however unimportant, as "conspicuous for its absence."

My own conviction, and an honest one, is that I have done best in not blotting. But at the same time I am ready to believe that my convictions may be wrong. It would be ungracious in me to quarrel with criticism so friendly expressed and so candidly given.

Throughout the whole course of the work I have on all sides received advice, information, and assistance, for which I can only return my most sincere thanks here to all collectively. To attempt to enumerate those to whom I am indebted would entail a list sufficiently long to warrant some

of my less friendly critics in calling it "book-making," after their genial wont. As my conscience most clearly absolves me of that charge hitherto, I cannot allow even my most sincere gratitude for many kind acts to lead me astray here.

My experience since the commencement of the series assures me that there will be many alterations—possibly additions—to be made in this collection hereafter. I shall feel much obliged to any of my readers who will point such out to me. It is my earnest hope to leave behind me a perfect edition of my father's works, for the study, the delight, and the benefit of a public, which is, I think, daily becoming better acquainted with his writings.

[The following stanzas have a peculiar interest as the last poem—indeed, the last literary work of any sort—written by my father.]

STANZAS.

FAREWELL, Life! My senses swim;
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still
Upward steals a vapour chill—
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the Mould above the Rose!

Welcome, Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the Rose above the Mould!

THE END.

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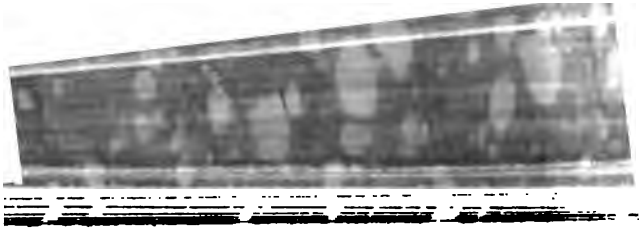

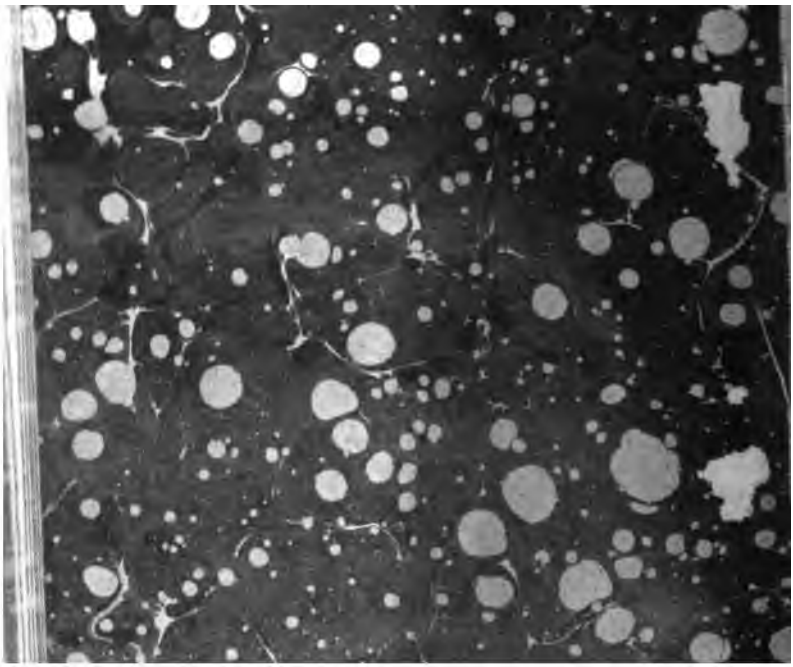

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